

Big Brovaz

"Way Too Crazy"

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Verse One: Tray Deee

I'm from the city of no pity where them gangsta's at
Dippin Lacs, flippin sacks, makin paper stack
Ain't no rules it's just who's pushin major weight
and just to claim your stake you gots ta gain some rate
Checkin fools for your dues, let em see what'cha got
Every step is for respect, you either keep it or not
On these blocks I done dropped niggas down to size
Ain't no question when it's flexin, who been down to
ride
Til I die, it's just that Eastside mentality
that cause tragedy, now who ya think can handle me?
I'm at my peak, out on these streets with heat
Homicidal techniques and puttin niggas to sleep
I keep busters on point so they don't get lazy
Why you think they sayin Tray Deee's so crazy?
[Jayo Felony] He looked up in the mirror, tell em what
did you see
[Daz] A crazy G from the LBC gettin way too crazy

Chorus: Tray Deee

They say Tray Deee, is a way G
Ba-by, and I'm just too crazy
They say Tray Deee, is a way G
Ba-by, and I'm just too crazy
They say Tray Deee, is a way G
Ba-by, and I'm just too crazy
They say Tray Deee, is a way G
And I'm just too crazy

Verse Two: Jayo Felony

How dare you step on my blue suede shoes
Nigga your crew boo-boo but you were born to lose
See everytime I write a rhyme it's like my last fuckin
time
Now do niggas wanna sell dope or do niggas wanna
drop dime?
Bicth let me flip this brick and, get up off my dick

All I can get from you is a motherfuckin hit
Bitch, ?? ?? for real, fuck a cheap thrill
cos you givin up the ass, haven't you heard crack kills
Wanna see me gold, hell no see me flow
C's walkin on the moon by 2004
Want me to blast but not, cos I'll blast your spot
They got a AK for your fuckin pepper spray
You sackin down white gal, pow yow all day
It's either Beach to the Bay, where the Gz play
Motherfuck my enemigos, spray you or you spray me
Me and my nigga Tray Deee on the C/sea, we're gettin
way too crazy

Chorus: Tray Deee

They say Felony, is a way G
Ba-by, he's way too crazy
They say Felony, is a way G
Ba-by, he's way too crazy
They say Felony, is a way G
Ba-by, he's way too crazy
They say Felony, is a way G
He's way too crazy

Verse Three: Tray Deee, Jayo Felony

Saggin khakis, totin Magnums wit plans for blastin
(BUU BUU!!!)
Whoever wanna chance if their hands the fastest
Rich and get beat, no retreat, deceit
Pullin whole cards hard, niggas playin for keeps
Stay indiscreet, evade them weak niggas that shaky
Don't mistake me, I stay pullin off safety
A straight G from the heart with mine
down to ride, and I ain't never hard to find

Apologise to me, apologise to me
cos you's about to meet your end, nigga that's on 4
times 10
I'ma boy, with a straight jacket and Chucks, what the
fuck
on mine? Pickin niggas like chickens who givin it up
I make brothers pull their pants up, never try to sag
In presence of a real ridah, that represent the C-rag
(From Long Beach to San Diego)
[Daz] It's Tray Deee
[Jayo Felony] and Jayo
[Daz] Actin a fool and gettin way too crazy

Chorus: Tray Deee

They say Felony, is a way G
Ba-by, he's way too crazy
They say Tray Deee, is a way G
Ba-by, he's way too crazy

They say Felony, is a way G
Ba-by, he's way too crazy
They say Tray Deee, is a way G
Ba-by, he's just too crazy

Outro: Daz Dillinger

Ha ha, yeah
(He's way too crazy)
Doin it like that everyday all day, ha ha
(He's just too crazy)
And y'all just don't understand this where we drop this
on y'all
(He's way too crazy)
And we gon' continue to drop it like this til we die
(Is a way G, ba-by, he's way too crazy)
Tray Deee and Jayo Felony

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