

Diab Amr "Crazaay"

Visit "[Crazaay](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Intro: [News Report]

Statistics have shown that youth violence is at record
high today in America
due to excessive use of drugs and alcohol-
MAAAN!!! How da fuck do you know!!!!

[Larceny]

My mind's just spinnin off dat indo smoke
Got me seein double visions 'cause I'm tore up loc
It's no joke, da weed smoke got me crazaay
And da B&J got me pissy like a baby
I was fuckin wit deez twinz gettin crazy endz
Robbin jewelry stores for da cash and da gems
Identical bastards on some fast shit
Tried to stash it
Took the nine plastic, had they fam on some sad shit

[Trife]

My conscience buggin
Filled wit all the bad memories
I'm visionin dead enemies tryin ta kill me
In my sleep, same niggaz dat I put to rest
Got me wakin up pourin down a hellas sweat
The drugs got a nigga high and I can't explain
Tye and skunk playin tricks on my fuckin brain
Shit is strange 'cause I know deez muthafuckas dead
You see the murder still flash back in my head

Chorus:

Smokin dat denk, sippin dat drink
Make a nigga act kinda crazaay
(REPEAT 4X)

[Larceny]

Nigga it's dark, it's hard for me ta fuckin see
I guess the hash and Hennessy got da best of me

I got da urge for a snake related killin spree
Larceny, bent on da marijuana trees
Murder conracts
Collectin C note stacks, I react
And push the niggaz shit back (uh huh)
I neva new this young buck would be a lonester
'Till they hung my picture, wanted on a poster
I pack two hot glocks, fuck the holsters
Neva new this lil' G would get the most of
Robbin and stealin, then led to killin
Makin a livin
Offa muthafuckin drug dealin
Then came beef, The Snakes was wanted in the streets
Shit got hot, my other half did a creep
Handled his business 'cause he was on his third body
Then laid low wit dis freak ass hottie

Chorus
(REPEAT 4X)

[Trife]

I of da Snakes
Watch for fakes and jakes
Blood money I make, transactions up state
Sparkin weed and drinkin
The buddha still got me thinkin
Thoughts o' death and all the bodies that I left
Face down, you know the routine for the cream
Means necessary
Cock suckas got buried
Nigga raise up or get blazed up
Who be da one lastin
Cock the fifth and start blastin
Try me
Die instantly, a couple o' shots is all it takes
Aim slugs to ya face
Perpetrator fraud, I kill you and ya broad
Got yo ass wishin you was out dis position
Listen, the ganja have me on a mission
Stick the clip in
I stop all the bullshittin
I get it on
Trife, killin ass nigga rule the streets
Creep wit da heat stashed in the Montero jeep

Chorus
(REPEAT 4X)

