

# Jay-Z

## "Go Crazy (Remix)"

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[Young Jeezy]

Guess who's bizzack (Back)  
Still smell the blow in my clothes  
Like Krispy Kreme, I was cookin them O's (Cookin them O's)  
Like Horse shoes, I was tossin them O's  
Time to re-up gotta recycle the flow (Cycle the flow)  
I'm emotional (I hug the block)  
Aye, I'm so emotional (I love my glock)  
Cash rules everything around me, so what's realer?  
Bout the skrilla, call me a ghostface killa (Yep)  
It's kinda hard to be drug-free  
When Georgia Power won't give a nigga lights free  
Switch hustle, been killin 'em ever since (Since)  
It pays to tell the truth dawg, it only makes sense

[Chorus]

When they play a new Jeezy all the dope boys go crazy  
(Chea!)  
and watch the dope boys go crazy!  
I pop my collar then I swing my chain  
You can catch me in the club, pimpin doin my thang  
(Aye...)  
When they play a new Jeezy all the dope boys go crazy  
and watch the dope boys go crazy!  
you pop ya collar then you swing ya chain  
for all the gangstas in the street that be doin they  
thang, Aye!

[Jay-Z]

Uh, more than a hustla I'm the definition of it  
Master chef, Lord of the kitchen cupboard  
More than a street legend, homey it's hova  
More than a relief pitcher, I'm the closer  
The Mariano of the Mariott, ah  
If money talks, the whole world's bout to hear me out  
See I'm a hustla's hope, I'm not his pipe dreams  
So when they speak of success, I'm what they might  
mean  
Attract money my worst color is light green  
My favorite hue is Jay-Z blue  
Don't follow me youngin, follow my moves, I'm not a

role model

A bad influence got the world drinkin gold bottles  
When Puff was in that tuff spillin Mo'  
I was at my video, Cris' on the speedboat  
In my lifetime nigga, go through your research  
Same timers my nigga, that was me first  
Chrome shoe'd the GS, I came feet first  
In the game like a baby boo on the reach birth  
I got the keys if you need work  
I can Kingpin you a line, the diamond of time, uh!  
My niggaz love it when I talk like this  
My corporate people start buggin cuz I talk like this  
The corporate thugs is like, "Nah Hov" Talk that shit  
The dope boys go crazy when they hear that boy Jay-Z

[Chorus]

[Fat Joe]

Whattup Jeez?

Cracks...life, what's the matta wit yo head?  
Cracks...life, all you niggaz gon end up dead  
Cracks...life, everybody servin rat til he ride  
Everybody think they somebody, til somebody end up  
shot  
Listen, I'm in that GT, Choppa on the passenger side  
No skeets skeets, choppa on the passenger side  
They said Trap or Die but said fuck it  
Damn near half my life I been a suspect  
Feds low in them Coupe Devilles  
So I keep one eye open like Bushwick Bill  
They said my mind's playin tricks on me (Damn right)  
So I let off a half a clip on em'  
Ain't no witnesses tellin the story (Hell naw...)  
Then my bitch spent all of the bail money (And then  
what?)  
I don gave 'em my pimp cup for a gangsta hat  
Traded my gangsta hat for some gangsta raps  
Only to find out that no gangsta's rap  
Half of these niggaz is pussy, ain't never served crack  
(Crack, crack, crack, crack)  
It's like a damn nightmare  
Just when you thought I was gone, I reappear  
on some chopped up, screwed shit, poppi got his  
swagga back  
Hot sick, clue shit, bought a brick of half of rap  
In that 'cedes when it's said and done  
Yeah poppi kinda crazy, squeeze the pound for fun  
(Nigga!)

[Chorus]

[Young Jeezy]

Won't stop til my whole team in thug mansions (Chea)  
And I say I like Pac, now that's a thug's passion (Ha ha!)  
And this the realist shit I ever wrote  
And all eyes on me, like a microscope  
Young Jeezy give 'em one more chance  
Tried to shine like you, and spent his whole advance  
(Aye...)  
Like my main man Pulla, talk real slick  
Look I'm ok, but my watch sick  
Yean gotta like a nigga, just respect my mind  
and this how I'm eatin now, so respect my grind (Spect  
my grind)  
The way I put them words together  
'Minds me How I used to put them birds together

(Chorus)

[Young Jeezy]

Buy 18 the hard way (Let's get it!)  
Have a humble nigga thinkin about gun play (Chea)  
Now who the fuck wanna play wit guns?  
Alotta holes, alotta blood dawg, the shit ain't fun  
(Nope)  
So I suggest you don't play wit my chains  
I'll send these hollows atcha, let 'em play wit ya brain  
(That's right...)  
These streets is watchin, The name is warm  
The product's white, A star is born (Yeah...)  
Pimpin I'm so fly, If I take this parachute off, I might fall  
and die (Damn...)  
Wrap the work like spandex wit the latex (Chea)  
Then we ship it out of town, call it safe sex (Aye....)

[Chorus]

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