

## **Junior M.A.F.I.A. "Crazaay"**

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Statistics have shown that youth violence  
Is at record high today in America  
Due to excessive use of drugs and alcohol  
Man, how the fuck do you know?

My mind's just spinnin' off that indoor smoke  
Got me seein' double visions 'cause I'm tore up loc  
It's no joke the weed smoke got me crazaay  
And the BJ got me pissy like a baby

I was fuckin' with these twinz gettin' crazaay endz  
Robbin jewelry stores for the cash and the gems  
Identical bastards on some fast shit, tried to stash it  
Took the nine plastic, had they fam on some sad shit

My conscience buggin' filled wit all the bad memories  
I'm visionin' dead enemies tryin' to kill me  
In my sleep, same niggaz that I put to rest  
Got me wakin' up pourin' down a hella 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 motherfuckers dead  
You see the murder still flash back in my head

Smokin' that denk, sippin' that drink  
Make a nigga act kinda crazaay  
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Nigga it's dark, it's hard for me to fuckin' see  
I guess the hash and Hennessey got the best of me  
I got the urge for a snake related killin' spree  
Larceny, bent on the marijuana trees

Murder contracts, collectin' C note stacks, I react  
And push the niggaz shit back

I never 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' off a motherfuckin' 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 with this freak ass hottie

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I of the Snakes watch for fakes and jakes  
Blood money I make, transactions up state  
Sparkin' weed and drinkin' the Buddha still got me  
thinkin'  
Thoughts of 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 the one lastin' cock the fifth and start blastin'  
Try me die instantly, a couple of shots is all it takes

Aim slugs to your face perpetrator fraud  
I kill you and your broad  
Got your ass wishin' you was out this 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 with the heat stashed in the Montero jeep

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