

## **CrazyTown** **"Think Fast"**

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Do that shit, ah  
(Shit,shit,shit)  
Ha, ha, eh, that's right  
(Shit,shit,shit)  
(Ha, ha, ha)  
Motherfucker, nice ride  
Eh, come on

You know that bitch baby, he's talking shit about our  
clique  
But he don't crazy, you see the writing on my dick  
You know that trick Tracy, yes, she's making me sick  
Living that life we used to do the same shit

Shit gets drastic some kids need help some need there  
ass kicked  
And some would never learn to earn their own way  
Living of their daddy had he not been rich  
They'd be broker than a joke and forced to switch

You gotta change your tune or change your pitch  
Life ain't easy man, life's a bitch  
Shit is harder than hard about as hard can get  
Keep on going where you're headed you's alive to  
regret it

Yes it hurts, to face the truth and realize  
That the worlds got your neck in a noose  
If things ain't like they ought to be you gotta think fast  
The aftermath of your actions whiplash

Think fast

This is some of that lonely shit

Yo, I know you all tired of these wanna be thugs  
Claiming the real be running, grabbing the steel  
Thinking they're going to peel somebody's cap  
My niggas cap roaming the streets with black cats  
Chrome straps sipping on brew  
Ready to react of any nigga they see that nigga could  
be me

Capital ICE got a motherfucking 357, to put eleven  
holes in their chest  
Thinking they could test a real rider from the West

Haa I roll flossin' me and my girlfriend Nina Ross  
And the ghettos been good to me  
But you've got to take precautions  
Brothers get what they least expect it or neglect it  
You'll never catch the dirty in the streets without  
protection  
Nowadays you got to pull shit  
Haters on some bullshit jumpin' out of Cadillacs  
And low lows with a full clip  
If your tool spits shake the spot or get your duck on  
'Cause if you press your luck on, stupid is what you're  
stuck on

Think fast

That girl Shelia got a daughter  
She be clubbing every night  
Sheila had her daughter young still that just ain't right  
Plus she rides the white horse  
She used to ride my pony  
If I hit it now, I'd break it  
'Cause Sheila's just too bony

She can find you  
Four, three, two

Smoking speed released the lions  
I'm not lying I'm not sober  
I'm still trying hiding the truth  
With substitutes a hundred proof  
A fuck up, face it  
One of L.A.'s wasted youth  
Label me as an enemy of the lost star  
For your protection and the tension caused  
My family's not too happy with the trouble that I've  
caused

See we be breaking the law  
Smoking on non menthols thinking fast  
So I'm ready for any all out brawls  
And ya, brothers get your hustle on  
Ballers and get your shit tight  
House parties get shot up  
And turned up before midnight  
Drivebys and fistfights, zig zag and crack pipes  
There's a fifty fifty chance  
Thats the night will be last night

Think fast  
Yeah

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