

Tupac

"Weed Got Me Crazy"

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Roll me a cigarette dog!
They got me feelin crazier than a motha fucka.
I got bad ass in this motha fucka.

Puffin on lye.
Hopin that it gets me high.
(Makaveli the don, representin the outlaws.)
They got a nigga goin crazy.
(Bad ass representin the LBC)
(What cha wanna do. You know how we do.

Time goes by.
Puffin on lye.
Hopin that it gets me high.
They got a nigga goin Krazy.

I Feel crazy.
(Tell em bout it.)

Last year was hard.
But life goes on.
Hold my head against the wall.
Learn the right from wrong.
They say my ghetto intrumental,
Dextrimental to kids.
As if they can't see the misery in which they live.
Lately, for the outcome, damn I'm reckless.
Check it. You don't have to bump this but please
respect it.
I took a minus and now the hard times are behind us.
Turned into a plus, now they stuck livin blinded.
Hennessy got me feelin bad. Time to stop drinkin.
Rollin in my drop top Jag.
What's that cops thinkin?
Sittin in my car watch the stars and smoke.
I came along way but still I got so far to go.
Dear mama, don't worry. I'm a watch for snakes.
They'll set you that a lover. But it's hard today.
I got the letter that she sent me and I cryed for weeks.
This one came out when I tried to speak.
All I heard was:

Chorus repeats

1, 2, 3, 4.

I see blodds and crips runnin up the hill.
Lookin for a better way.
My brothas and sistas it's time to bail
Cuz even thug niggas pray.
Hopin God hear me.
I entered the game. Look how much I change.
I'm no longer innocent. Casualties of fame.
Made a lot of money, seen a lot of places.
And I swear I seen a peaceful smile on my mama's face
When I gave her the keys to her own house.
This your land. Your only son done became a man.
Watchin time fly. I love my people do or die.
But I wonder why we scared to let each other fly.
June 1-6 7-1
The day mama pushed me out her womb, told me
"nigga get paid."
No one can understand me. The black sheep.
Outcasted from myfamily.
Now packin heat. I run the streets. A young runaway.
Live for the day when ya die I could hear ya say.

Chorus repeats.

God help me out here, cuz I'm possessed.
I need the root of all evil for my stress.
Cuz now it's like a stong prescription drug.
It's got me addicted to the pleasure and the pain
it'sinflicted.
Something about the paper wit the pictures of the
presidentshead.
Damn it's like a motha fuckin plague. It spreads.
It's epidemic. Forgotten, forgotten it got worse.
I keep my head on straight, makin money cuz it's
cursed.
Makin money makes a difference day by day
So I gotta stay paid, no doubt. Day in and day out.
This life is like a vicious cycle called fightin to live.
No matter how hard you try, it's in death.
You gotta die.
Bottom line: peers didn't make it to the years to come.
Dear life doin right or dear life leavin dumb.
Who has the answers? I wonder. I turn to my elders,
They aged and experienced, but they can't even tell ya.
Or tell me there'll be light at the end of the road
Cuz they don't even know.
A million thangs run through my mind.
You ain't gotta be in jail or be doin time.

Chorus repeats

Feelin fucked up in this bitch.
Smoke half a ounce to the head.
Drop the top. Indo. Hawaiiin. Lansbread. Buddha. All
that shit.
I'm fucked up in this motha fucka.
And Hennessy don't help. And Hennessy don't help.
Thug passion in this motha fucka.
Makaveli the don puttin it down to the fullest.
Maximum overload. 3 day theory.
Killuminati to your body with the impact of a 12 gauge
shoty.
Doubalized slugs. No love. Straight thugs.
One time for my niggas in the jail cell.
(One time for my niggas locked up.)
One time for my niggas doin life in hell.
One time for my niggas on Death Row.
(For my niggas on Death Row. Weat side. California
syle. L.A.)
One time for my niggas livin broke.
(You know what time it is. No doubt. Get high. Puffin on
lye.
Wonder if it get me high. Yeah. Crazy.)

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