

## Crazy "Chopper"

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(Crazy)

Ay, ay,

Ay you know me,

Ay, it's, it's, it's....it's Doc Holli-muthafuckin'-day,

(You don't know me fools?)

A.K.A. Crazy muthafucka now,

You know what I'm sayin', ay,

I'd like to say um...hello to the muthafuckin' Feds,

And the muthafuckin' um....police,

And all of them muthafuckas thats tryin' to shut the

Iberville down,

You can't shut me down when I got this here ya know?

First Verse (Crazy):

When I first got my chopper, I couldn't use it,

Now these niggas wanna thug hate me, so I abuse it,

Pay your dues nigga that's what, Rodney told me,

If a nigga cross my family, his life is what he owe me,

I'm the rowdiest nigga here, you better read about it,

Ain't no coke, hit Louisiana unless I know about it,

Doc Holliday, the name you pigeons jock,

Used to call me Crazy in the 'Ville when I was slangin'

rocks,

Now I tote a glock,

Ready for war,

My cousin Tiger got the C-4, blow up your car,

I got niggas that be beggin' me, to take a hit,

A hundred breathers comin' dressed in black, aw shit,

I'm the real don in this bitch, fuck all you other niggas,

I be checkin' niggas nuts, while you be countin' figures,

If you plan to go to war, then call the coppers,

Me and my breathers we was raised totin' choppers

Chorus (Crazy):

When I first got my chopper, I couldn't use it,

Now they wanna thug hate me, so I abuse it,

Pay your dues nigga that's what, Rodney told me,

If you ever cross the family, your life is what you owe

me,

When I first got my chopper, I couldn't use it,

Now these niggas thug hate me, so I abuse it,  
Pay your dues nigga that's what, Rodney told me,  
If you ever cross my family, you life is what you owe me

Second Verse (Crazy):

Always claimin' that your money long, down to supply  
me,  
If you wanna go to war BITCH, you couldn't find me,  
But I'll find you, and after shows,  
Me and my breathers kickin' in your fuckin' door,  
It's a must that I bust that ass,  
But you gone see it comin',  
Look for the reaper wearin' a hood, you see him  
runnin',  
Nigga, I run shop,  
That's how we breath,  
Slangin' everything from 'roin to coke nigga, to weed,  
Lead up the highway, with the pigs chasin',  
I'm a three time loser, I'm not gonna face 'em,  
Shakin', with my hands up on the trigga if I, die tonight,  
Remember me nigga,  
As a heartless muthafucka, King of the block,  
The breather from New Orleans that been thuggin' like  
Pac,  
Ain't no way in Hell muthafuckas, that they could stop  
us,  
Even in my grave I'ma still tote my chopper

Chorus

Third Verse (???? + ????):

(????)

Watch where you thug, in the desert storm of slugs,  
Nigga ain't no love when you fuck with a young thug,  
Out of blood,  
I'm huggin' my pistol,  
Because these niggas out to get you,  
You knockin' my issue,  
I got my K ready to split you,  
I'm leavin' 'em done, and ain't nobody gone be livin',  
I'm bustin' for funds, so all your chest gone be rippin',  
You test if you want,  
You get your whole clique fucked,  
Ask the last nigga, he still chillin' in the trunk

(????)

Slug peeler foreala, made nigga,

Cuz I tote a nine milli,  
Chest ripper, hollow point slugs I deliver,  
My heart's bent cuz I run with those graveyard fillers,  
Snitch niggas, try that slick shit to get'cha issue,  
Thug nigga, all about my cream and cake,  
Fuck them bitches brown nosin' cuz they lame and  
fake,  
Perpetrate, you need your fate,  
Not great from hate,  
Keep your vest on, but chopper bullets penetrate

Chorus

(Crazy)  
We don't care, put your choppers in the muthafuckin'  
air,  
We don't care, put your choppers in the muthafuckin'  
air,  
We don't care, put your choppers in the muthafuckin'  
air,  
We don't care, put your choppers in the muthafuckin'  
air,  
Crazy alias Doc Holliday,  
Breathe with me!

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