

Nazareth

"Craze"

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[TAME: We're gonna run through this]
[Boom Skwad: Like this, like that, like this, like that]
[TAME: This shit like the West Nile virus]

[Verse One]

I'm the north Doctor Kevork, smokin' on Newport shorts
Fuck what you though cuz beefin' with me
Will get your front porch torched.
Snub nose like a force, addressin' issue like The
Source
I'm Osama Bin Ladin's attack force
Blastin' off screamin', "Fuck da passport!"
Commin' thru customs, talkin Russian, broke off
Robatussin
Open up them beeps
I'm puzzle da hussle by tusslin'
Snd whip the beats out in the streets.
Ain't nothin you come up with fuck with me
Production companies have lunch with me
Eatin' ya'll for dinner
I'm a museum classic for all you wax spinners
Its only logical for me to spit it as ill as possible
By any means nessa, applyin' pressure
You gettin' ya gord n' Latrell's messed up.
I push up like a calestenic, hallu-sin-a-genic
That's what's up, rollin' cabbage up, actin' up
I'm like "Hell with you", and you like hate this picture
I'm cocky to the paparazzi, the black Chachi
Nigarachi, on more drugs than Whitney Hou' and
Bobby
I'm probably high now, infa-red dot cha eyebrow
Black and chan kick ya ass like "Kay-Yo! Pai-ow!"
Lyrically takin' the liberty
Dissin' my enemies with obsenities
Suppin' my entity, takin' amphetamines
With energy like it was ten of me
Mentally sick, quick to spit
Shit on anything that you publish in private or public.
Call me Mr. Fuck-it

[CHORUS]

They say I'm crazy, I'm crazy crazy
[like this, like that]
And you can say it baby, baby
I-iii-ii be just smokin with my weed
[like this, like that, like this, like that]

[VERSE TWO]

True indeed like callin' out all you ballers
Runnin' through Walker's office makin' all the caucus
nausious
Smokie-mon, Obi-Wan kenobi, Thomas Dolby
I be blindin' you with science, the West Nile virus
From dirty New Jersey with thirty dirty rifles for hitmen
About to put a hit on Christie Whitman
Blue and grey'd up, my dues is paid up
I be in the back seat tell bitches turn my tape up
Fuckin up ya sheets now

CHORUS

[VERSE THREE]

This covert operation has been rated triple-x
From the Internet chatroom topic in the flesh
My usual phramacutical use make me hard to produce
Because my brain is toxic slop atomic soup, voodoo
juice
The notty topic coffee shops, I'm holdin' it down like
waybacks
The Todd Bridges of rap, I'm catchin' contact from my
A-das
Olympic trinkets hold secrets, peep how they freak it
Like Remy and Marshall getting Tame all weeded

CHORUS

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