

## Campaign

# "Crazy World"

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bad bitches, countin doe, baggin rocks - crazy  
vehicles.....kitted.....my whole teams committed - we  
was poor as  
kids..... but now it seems we've done did it and blew -  
other  
niggas find the style hard to chew, talkin bout we too  
wild, and  
that's  
emphatically true, so don't cross us....or you'll be on the  
ground countin losses - for rea; - every nigga I know  
will peel a  
motherfuckin dome like stockin - we be the owner of  
the style  
many niggas be jockin - blocks be rocklin - Glock pops  
alot and,  
damn,  
there ain't no stoppin me or my mans. We like  
whatever.  
Pop told me that this money's not forever so I look for  
investments  
for  
my crew to bury treasure. That be it, say when ya makin  
money , paw, ya see it - cause if ya can't be paid, it's  
like ya can't  
be shit HOOK Ringleaders are coming, get up your  
dick-beaters  
- or heaters - and share the mind state of a fetus - can't  
beat us -  
and  
lyrically them niggas can't see this as it go's - we turn  
kilo's  
into litres. Pounds turn to smoke in the concrete flood -  
and blood  
will  
often turn the dirt into mud. Bullets become shells -  
names become bells, and if you blow street trial, nigga  
your cell  
becomes hell - said even time don't tell, at least that's  
how it used  
to be, but it's a different day and time and strong eyes  
don't see

down  
the wire - ready to blow the empire like a friar, smoking  
blunts strong as desire - a messiah - raised amongst  
men that  
conspire  
to retire but often end up the town crier - In the fire of a  
cold world yo, said it be flamin - still we aimin to be the  
one - Titus  
& Haymon HOOK Get ready - my whole teams known to  
rock  
steady - No Getty - I gots more sauce than spaghetti - a  
machete -  
I'll  
turn your whole frame to confetti - to the nitty-gritty, we  
bout to flip the pity petty - when braves become slaves  
and plots  
become  
graves - and strays fly in the air like they was  
Blue-Jays Robbers can be cops - while thuggs police  
blocks - I sit  
beside my window sippin sky on the rocks - to see the  
church  
got locks - no goodness in gracious - Loungin with  
robber barrons  
in  
rooms thats palacious - to weigh dissin us with the  
need to  
lay down - no more misunderstanding - coming at you ,  
aye-now,  
who be  
talking - better than that yo, who be hawkin - I suggest  
you turn around and just start walking, or I'm a catch  
you coolin  
talkin  
what a fly life and keep it real and cut your throat with a  
butter-fly knife HOOK GET SWAZY - WE ABOUT TO FLIP  
THE SCRIPT AND GET  
CRAZY RICH KIDS UP FOR RICH BIDS  
BABY - GOIN ALL OUT - GETTIN DOWN GETTIN GRAVY  
- ON THE DAILY

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