

Tray Deee

"Way Too Crazy"

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featuring Jayo Felony Daz Dillinger

Verse One: Tray Deee

I'm from the city of no pity where them gangsta's at

Dippin Lacs flippin sacks makin paper stack

Ain't no rules it's just who's pushin major weight

and just to claim your stake you gots ta gain some rate

Checkin fools for your dues let em see what'cha got

Every step is for respect you either keep it or not

On these blocks I done dropped niggas down to size

Ain't no question when it's flexin, who been down to ride

Til I die, it's just that Eastside mentality

that cause tragedy, now who ya think can handle me?

I'm at my peak, out on these streets with heat

Homicidal techniques and puttin niggas to sleep

I keep busters on point so they don't get lazy

Why you think they sayin Tray Deee's so crazy?

[Jayo Felony] He looked up in the mirror, tell em what did you see

[Daz] A crazy G from the LBC gettin way too crazy

Chorus: Tray Deee

They say Tray Deee, is a way G

Ba-by, and I'm just too crazy

They say Tray Deee, is a way G

Ba-by, and I'm just too crazy

They say Tray Deee, is a way G

Ba-by, and I'm just too crazy

They say Tray Deee, is a way G

And I'm just too crazy

Verse Two: Jayo Felony

How dare you step on my blue suede shoes

Nigga your crew boo-boo but you were born to lose

See everytime I write a rhyme it's like my last fuckin
time

Now do niggas wanna sell dope or do niggas wanna
drop dime?

Bicth let me flip this brick and, get up off my dick

All I can get from you is a motherfuckin hit

Bitch, ?? ?? for real, fuck a cheap thrill

cos you givin up the ass, haven't you heard crack kills

Wanna see me gold, hell no see me flow

C's walkin on the moon by 2004

Want me to blast but not, cos I'll blast your spot

They got a AK for your fuckin pepper spray

You sackin down white gal, pow yow all day

It's either Beach to the Bay, where the Gz play

Motherfuck my enemigos, spray you or you spray me

Me and my nigga Tray Deee on the C/sea, we're gettin
way too crazy

Chorus: Tray Deee

They say Felony, is a way G

Ba-by, he's way too crazy

They say Felony, is a way G

Ba-by, he's way too crazy

They say Felony, is a way G

Ba-by, he's way too crazy

They say Felony, is a way G

He's way too crazy

Verse Three: Tray Deee, Jayo Felony

Saggin khakis, totin Magnums wit plans for blastin
(BUU BUU!!!)

Whoever wanna chance if their hands the fastest

Rich and get beat, no retreat, deceit

Pullin whole cards hard, niggas playin for keeps

Stay indiscreet, evade them weak niggas that shaky

Don't mistake me, I stay pullin off safety

A straight G from the heart with mine

down to ride, and I ain't never hard to find

Apologise to me, apologise to me

cos you's about to meet your end, nigga that's on 4
times 10

I'ma boy, with a straight jacket and Chucks, what the
fuck

on mine? Pickin niggas like chickens who givin it up

I make brothers pull their pants up, never try to sag

In presence of a real ridah, that represent the C-rag

(From Long Beach to San Diego)

[Daz] It's Tray Deee

[Jayo Felony] and Jayo

[Daz] Actin a fool and gettin way too crazy

Chorus: Tray Deee

They say Felony, is a way G

Ba-by, he's way too crazy

They say Tray Deee, is a way G

Ba-by, he's way too crazy

They say Felony, is a way G

Ba-by, he's way too crazy

They say Tray Deee, is a way G

Ba-by, he's just too crazy

Outro: Daz Dillinger

Ha ha, yeah

(He's way too crazy)

Doin it like that everyday all day, ha ha

(He's just too crazy)

And y'all just don't understand this where we drop this
on y'all

(He's way too crazy)

And we gon' continue to drop it like this til we die

(Is a way G, ba-by, he's way too crazy)

Tray Deee and Jayo Felony

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