

Freeway F/ Beanie Sigel

"Craziest"

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Verse 1: Treach

My thoughts are thundering, tumblin
Sons of bitches, switches, from yelling ta mumbling
You ain't a pal of me, my family ties but not wit Mallory
My analogy ain't for salary, as I roll reality thru galaxies
Four centuries, it's sent to me with the scent of oi
Witta chain representing penitentiaries
from Roman town to Borentown
From Newark to Illtown
And all you know from
lifers, Rikers ta foesome
Wasn't driving to fast, I was flying to low
You think I'm rocking too quick, I think you're listening
to slow
I'm abruptin construction, a pumping assumption
You diss while your family say I'm the best shit since
fuckin
Struckin 'bout an obstruction or turning something of
nothing
From more things to more things, it's the rip in every
function
Funkin it up, pumping it up, chumping the ducks
Lookin ta hump Ms. Junk in the trunk, pump pumpin
me up

Chorus:

Jersey niggas are the craziest
New York niggas are the craziest
DC niggas are the craziest
Philly niggas are the craziest
LA niggas are the craziest
Chi town niggas are the craziest
Texas niggas are the craziest
Utah niggas are the craziest

Verse 2: Vin Rock

My lyrics be laced with 40 ounces of funk and stuff, you
get rushed, you

get bust
You call yourself callin my bluff, enough's enough
I'm puttin it down on the real end
This one goes out to all the people who be questioning
my skills, niggas I been rockin since lee twillz
and we feel that we build careers of steel
So all the rest come up and test but only stress is what
you'll find
thinkin
Vinnie don't write and Vinnie can't rhyme shrinkin
The sleepin MC I eat like good 'n' plenty
Lyrically spankin ya that's why they call me Uncle
Vinnie
And oh yes, I just appeal to the masses
young to old folks, the upper, lower, middle classes
They don't begin wit no lying professor
they begin when Vin pick up the pen and pad up off the
dresser
Lesser, a man should never challenge a clan
wit thirteen years experience of rippin mic's put in our
hands

Chorus:

Detroit niggas are the craziest
Miami niggas are the craziest
Little Rock niggas are the craziest
Oak Town niggas are the craziest

Verse 3: Treach

I got barbarians to bogard me in
at a club that barred me when
a broad got thrown like barbnigan born again, thrown
aboard
A brim is broke to the back I brawl and band from
brains ta balls
Da boots word ta-burr-bam-boo break the loot
Blowing up brain cells BOOM like Beirut
Assume the same suit, fuck that fly shit wit the flavor
ca shi
Gives last name ain't Suzuki but still my sidekick
Whip that hide quick if ya slide quick, blood clot ya
Blood clique
You ain't rolling if our tape ain't what ya ride wit
Niggas snipe shit so I'm on a knife tip
Like the youngsters 'bout ta take you on some hip-hop
ride shit
If you ain't jumpin then don't pump it
I'm hittin Jermaine in Atlanta cos he owe me loot for
that jump shit

Fuck astronauts I rock it
and from now on if you bite my style when I see you,
I'm in your pockets

Chorus:

Cleveland niggas are the craziest
Virginia niggas are the craziest
Kentucky niggas are the craziest
St. Louis niggas are the craziest
Atlanta niggas are the craziest
Maryland niggas are the craziest
San Diego niggas are the craziest
Seattle niggas are the craziest
Boston niggas are the craziest
Illtown niggas are the craziest
Zoo Crew niggas are the craziest
Jersey City niggas are the craziest
All my Newark niggas are the craziest

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