

Tha Liks "Goin' Crazy"

Visit "[Goin' Crazy](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Smokin...

Hey!

[J-Ro]

I'm a lik, your a lik
Everybody on that shit
Everybody wanna get
All fucked up
I'm a lik, your a lik
Everybody on that shit
Everybody wanna get
All fucked up

[J-Ro]

Ladies shake it up
Mackin'-Ro shakedown
I shake the ground
When I roll through your town
I shake my glass of cognac with ice
I shake dice
I shake niggaz with bad advice
Bullet comin at ya like rice at a wedding
Lace you with a fresh white hospital bedding
Liks are westcoast veterans
You weak like the Bengals
Soft like mangos and rainbows
I train hos to love me
Only gotta rub me
I make the whole world wanna pop that bubbly
And by the way, I'm Al
Al-co-holic
I act a fool and frolic
Till I hurl in the toilet
J-Ro dangerously
Givin you brain surgery
Like a drunken doctor
Drunken mic-rocker
The hos mouth smell like cock, uh
I should sock ya
And lock ya
In a room with nothing but bread and vodka
[Ha!]

[Chorus]
Can't you see
I'm losing my mind
Goin' Crazy
Over this hip-hop, hey!
Can't you see that
I'm losing my mind, again
(Tash) Say what?
Over this hip-hop, hey!

[Tash]
I'm back at-ch ya
Ca-tash-tra
Spy master with a deuce-deuce
I bump heads with rappers
Tryin to knock them niggaz screws lose
So come watch the fireworks, believe me its a trip
While Tash will fry ya extra crispy, like Stevie's on the
strip
I never rap typical
I might change the topic, though
Rap about the ghetto then I switch to something tropical
Fuckin' wit ya opticals
I jump right out ya screen
Make your woman do the splits, put a rip up in the jeans
'Cuz Calvin Klein's
No friend of mine
But I be fuckin with his dimes on the billboard signs
Rhymnes shine like spotlights on inmates at San
Quentin
E-Swift bang the tracks, make the hottest jams written
Sittin' in the dark
Flows sprark the light
If you drunk while you rappin time to park your mic
It's like this, muthafuckers
Time for all y'all to peep the flow
Y'all goin' crazy now
I lost my mind like 3 weeks ago
Feelin' like a UFO
Everybody stop and stare
Fresh out the chair
On "Who Wants to be a Millionaire"
Time for us to take it there
Peep what we showing you
You goin' crazy now
We know what the fuck you goin' through

[Chorus]
Can't you see
I'm losing my mind

Goin' Crazy
Over this hip-hop, hey!
Can't you see that
I'm losing my mind, again
(J-Ro) Yo!
Over this hip-hop, hey!

[J-Ro]
Yo, Swift twist the beat that hit hard like Tyson
squabbles
Ain't a drunk, my motto rowdy as the game module
Me and my apostles, puff and breathe through nostrils
Honeys peel Milano
Wanna ride this colossal
Might find me and Tash, in a green El Dorado
With some models that gobble
South-side Chicago
Might be poppin' bottles
Rocky Mountains, Colorado
Or Harlem world
Poppin' collars up in the Apollo
Goin'crazy

[Tash]
Crazy, crazy, crazy
Them niggaz lookin jealous
'Cuz y'all niggaz can't blaze me
Page me on battle night
We'll do it via sattelite
Channel 2, Pay-per-view
I'll serve you without a mic
Leave your eyes without a face
Disappear without a trace
Last seen in outer-space
You all in court without a case
Don't fight it
The Liks is united
They say we broke up but every story's two-sided
[Nigga...]

Can't you see
I'm losing my mind
Goin' Crazy
Over this hip-hop, hey!
Can't you see that
I'm losing my mind, again
Over this hip-hop, hey!

[J-Ro]
Niggaz goin' berserk
Yeah, uh huh, uh huh

[Uh huh] uh-huh
Niggaz need
Niggaz need a new drug
One that don't make ya sick
One that don't make ya throw-up
One that don't make ya sleepy
One that don't make ya beat up on your kids

Visit [Tha Liks](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.