

LL Cool J F/ Ricky Bell, Ralph Tresvant

"Crazy"

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[intro (talking)]

imma make the hits
yall book the shows

[Hook]

Aiyyo
Bling bling, whats that? Sheek Louch is back
Ride ride, you got my back? where the heaters at?
12 gauge, tech nines, yo! where the hit em at?
D block, we got 'em going crazy, crazy

[Verse One]

Aiyyo, whos that looking through my window
Blaaaow, y'all muh'fuckas know my style
Any nigga looking and I'm daffy ducking his ass
Beat upside down, straight bucking his ass
Louie bat to his head, roll a truck in his ass
Old man style, bust a bottle, cut 'em wit glass
Yeeeeeeah!, it can be who? Sheek the mc
Spit hard, the mc, in the yard, the mc
I eat dictionaries and spit out little pieces of paper
Thats why my vobulary sick
Use big words like, suck-my-dick
You dont wanna play Louch, wit out entering cheats
I'm like Eddie Kane nigga from the Five Heart Beats
Coke thicker than ya muh'fucking cream of wheats
Paper too small nowadays, I write on sheets
And I done made so many hits, I'm about to cop cleats

[Hook]

[Verse Two]

Without baking soda still keep the arm and hammer
D block flag waving on the rangest tanner
In our jungle, all gorillas keep a banana
Spraying dumb, yo heat is old as nana
Listen, if you wit us no time for bailing
Sheek Louch, D-block, stop Rose like jalen
No bull, nickle plate catch me pailing
Scoop big niggaz, put 'em through half the sailing
Yeah! I dont care if I sell or not

The boy is hot, that be wit a oven glove
Fuck mainstream, keep me wit gangstah love
Street shit, Sheek shit, bring life to tug
Ha ha, I'm like new, but I been here tho
Just low, I ain't drop and y'all wanting a show
Book it, let the hood in and let me rock
Bring the hardest niggaz from ya block, what up!

[Hook]

[Verse Three]

I got ? signs, fuck dog, beware the owner
Step out, shopping boxes, Lemon Coronna
Scratching my ass, hoping that the kids tresspass
One of 'em vietnam niggaz, my stitch wit hair triggers
I'm hot like, bout to start breaking you up
I feel the earths a little baller niggaz shaking me up
I'm bout to dig inside ya pockets, start caking me up
I get coke before, I ever be outside wit a cup
And yo what, thats right, the god sick wit it
May be before, but right now the kid Louch forget it
I'm the best out right now, spread the news
I could write a book, Louch the new Langston Hughes
Yellow Play Boy nigga, stin Pepe Lepues
I dont just clap, Sheek'll make the 4 go off
Espionage and all that, like ????
Hit the block and make the o's go off, oow!

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