

M.O.P. f/ Termanology

"Crazy"

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[Intro] DO IT!! Fuck, what the fuck huh? DO IT!! Yeah, yeah.. C'mon!! Mo motherfuckin P [Lil' Fame] Don't let me tell you where I'm from (CROOK-NAM) we cain't stop here We go to any other hood and set up shop there Get guap' there, try that in (BROOK-NAM) and get rocked there If you lookin for brotherly love, it's not here Shit's not fair, them young gun boys from (BROOK-NAM) run up inside of number spots here, we got it locked here, we kill cops here I'm one of those niggaz you witness livin the music It only takes me one point two seconds to lose it My shit bang inside of gamblin spots where niggaz throw dice It motivate 'em for the whole night, niggaz be so hype Niggaz already know what my flow like My shit inspire riots with the po-lice, imagine what my show like! It's M.O.P. fo' life You never heard a nigga that spit it like Lil' Fame in your whole life I do it for the hood, I'm never loungin where the faggots at I'm one of them savage cats, these motherfuckers is CRAZY [Chorus: repeat 2X] C'MON!!!! (*"Damn shit's changed since back in the day*") These motherfuckers is crazy (*"WORRRRD UP"*) C'MON!!!! Crazy (SING IT!!) These motherfuckers is CRAZY [Termanology] I get it poppin like poppin a Oxycontin in the Rotten Apple in Times Square at 12 o'clock on New Year's, the crew's here, M.O.P. (nigga) And S.T. (nigga) 1-2-3 (get 'em) I got the KRS flow, mixed with Esco' Pull a fresco, meet the 38 special Turn dizzy, Lil' Fizzy and Bill with me I'm still 50 levels ahead of these cats really Billy Danze, CHECK, Lil' Fame, CHECK Nine milli' fo'-fizzy big glizzy, CHECK Get the fuck back pah, we them trap stars Turned into rap stars, whippin the fast cars Spittin them crack bars, grippin them black arms Givin them bad scars we really is that hard It ain't a facade, it's God in the MC You wear me on your neck, and let your shit bleed Religious people tat Term on they arm Call me Allah, my story is the holy Qu'ran I'm the God, I spit the sun moon and the stars Say what you want, I'm a young Rakim with the bars So, go ahead and think I'm too nice to do it and say grace 'fore you bite the bullet (these motherfuckers is CRAZY) [Chorus] [Billy Danze] Stand down 'fore I put your man down, homey Danze

down like Nino Stuck in the time, still doin crime like it's
legal Molestin the grind, just check how I climb over
beats I'm a beast, I especially shine for the streets So
I'm inclined on the yellow lines, y'all think it's deep But
to me, it's where I meet the homies all week If you get
with 'em you stick with 'em, you ain't gotta creep And if
you creep, it's awkward cause homey never sleep I
made it clear that's how you rock shit, y'all remember
me Switched lanes, I ain't never changed, forever
(M.O.P.) Yeah with uncontrollable wits, CEO in this bitch
and crocodiles and gators, you haters havin a fit I'm
levitatin and flowin, in my own zone Drownin bottles of
'gnac, bringin it back home You better know how to
react, or get your shit blown S-T dot Marx, nigga we get
it on (these motherfuckers is CRAZY) [Chorus]

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