

# She Got Crazy

Bone Thugs-N-Harmony

I jumped up, got my coat and walked right out of the door  
Because she got a little bit crazy  
I don't want no deranged lady  
That'll have a nigga sleepin' under daisies.  
(2x)

I don't want another insane lover  
Cuttin' on my rubber  
Houndin' me just to tell her I love her  
Gotta give it to them big butt girls  
The ones that don't give a fuck  
"Just-wanna-bust-nut" girls  
When them feelings involved  
Now you playin' with fire  
Gotta let 'em know from the gate  
Man, you ain't tellin' no lies  
I just wanna (touch that)  
I just wanna (couple times)  
I just wanna (no ties)  
Can a thugsta hit that there?  
No need to blow me up one day, we right back here  
Doin' what we do, I see you like that there  
Baby girl, let me just keep this fair  
You do you and I'll do me  
Can we do it, do it like that?  
Keep it creepin', creepin'  
Yes they say it's better than sneakin', sneakin'  
But when it's all over, it's just over  
No knives or policemen

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Now me and her been rollin' together  
Now for quite some time  
And she been naggin' a nigga  
The whole damn ride  
When I first met the girl  
Everything was all good  
She grew up around my way  
So hey, the love was all hood  
So I figured it was cool  
And we could do this  
And, plus she had a booty  
that was sicker than lupus  
I had to scoop it  
Anyway, we started hangin' out  
And talkin' on the phone mo'  
And before you know  
we on her floor doin' the Grown Folk  
Everything was cool, y'all  
We had it plain and simple  
She wasn't my broad, and I wasn't her man  
More like "homie-lover-friends"  
She said she understand

But I can't tell she comprehend  
'Cause she keyin' on my Benz  
While I'm sleepin', she be creepin' on me  
sneakin' in my pockets  
Lookin' for numbers in my phone  
And condoms in my wallet  
Then she overdid it  
This bitch pointed a pistol at me  
Talkin' about "We need to talk"  
'Cause she ain't happy  
So shit....

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Little sweet thang  
she love to floss  
Clothes to her lip gloss  
Makin' hard thugs turn soft  
Lookin' like Diana Ross  
Slim, sweet and sexy  
Something like a little sister  
'Til the day I messed around and tried to kiss her (damn)  
To be so skinny, baby girl had a nice round ass  
I used to stay two steps behind her while I walked her to class  
Back in school, a nigga's mission was to fuck 'em and flee  
But I was young, so I let her get close to me  
And I was kinda in love  
Everyday a nigga wit' her  
After school a nigga wit' her  
At the mall takin' pictures  
All the while I got my niggaz sayin' I'm breakin up the group  
I'm out here missin' my rehearsals  
'Cause I'm tryin' to knock boots  
She ain't even let me hit it  
Got me talkin' about commitment  
Got me climbin' through the window  
Won't even let me get it  
Last thing that she said  
Snapped me back to reality  
We in the 12th grade  
Talkin' about "you wanna marry me?"

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