

## West Coast

## Crazy Town

Crazy causing trouble drug abusing  
I've gotta drinking problem I'm not looking for solutions  
Uh, and I'm the reason the beats bang  
A punk rock criminal I talk with the street slang  
People talk but ain't a true that we catch you up  
It's so tough the music hits you harder than you hold up  
I'll take you for your riches while the cops are eating doughnuts  
It's so nuts the doctors wanna lock me away  
See people either dock me or they mock what I say  
For you can find me smoking Buddha by the dock of the bay  
(hey hey)  
We got homies in New York we got respect in LA  
We got some hot chicks out in Vegas we got some poker to play

This is for the West (uh) Coast (yeah) Calais call it Hollywood  
Alcoholic frolic always up to no good  
And this is for the West (uh) Coast (yeah) the city of sticky greens the best coast if you know what I mean

Now I was driving through the bush with a trunk full of cash when the car broke down I told my girl get out and push  
Man I don't understand why the earth should be illegal  
'Cause there's people drinking forties running around and killing people  
It's a cases circumstances times are getting rough  
Everyone has a gun they don't break-dance enough  
Everyone's looking for the easy way out  
We meet women on the road and are all easy no doubt (uh)  
I used beg my mom for a new pair of sneakers  
But nowadays I'm paid and we're sponsored by Adidas  
Boom boxes, bitches, boots and sweat suits, Chevy's on switches, lovin' tattoos  
This shit we say makes the world go round  
But nothing can compare to when your girl goes down  
I like them feisty, nice and dirty with class  
Not so dirty that there dirty but so dirty they last

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[x2]

We do it all night long and on and on [x2]

The city of dreams sick of them raw  
And when it comes to our dreams we're livin' them all  
But nothings changed  
You can read our name on the wall  
You see we got it like that  
No we got it like that oh  
And I admit I'm addicted to the dope life that heaven sent  
I admit that this life could kill an elephant  
And this mic could kill a million men  
And this tinkle fuckin' lady and all of her friends  
Damn, keep the banging get your swerve on  
maybe this could be the album that I keep my shirt on  
So take this track and put it in your pipe

Crazy Town represent yo' we're livin' the life

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[x2]

We do it all night long and on and on [x4]