

So crazy, so crazy, so crazy, you are so crazy (4x)

Aight dawg, you in vibe with a hog
That'll spit a bar like a brick of raw
Bitch you off your poor tricks, war with natural ability
To put both hands up on the Statue of Liberty
I'm smackin the enemy with accurate agility
Attack your facility then it's back on my killin spree
Jigga and Nelly is cool, it's the wack ones that's killin me
While Clinton got head I was in the sack with old Hillary
The fact I'm an ill MC strapped with artillery
Got your family at your funeral clappin with misery
It could happen to him or me, rather the other way
Baretta bust his face, pillow over the widow watch her suffocate
Doody, you rather tough today
Calm down muh'fucker, you rather rough today
Fuck the dumbness, run this rap shit, clap with the steel
Dump the gun quick, punk lips come back with his grill {*BLAM*}
Half the times rapin Florida Evans
Kick the door off a church, went in and slaughtered the reverend
It's a quarter to seven
If I kill you by eight they should have you in the morgue by eleven
Send him to hell when I spot a MC
Then I battle him through a séance cause they was hotter than me
You should not bother with P (why?)
Cause I'll make a scrub-ass motherfucker disappear like Father MC, what?

(So crazy, so crazy, so crazy, you are so crazy - 4x)
Don't care about your parents, don't care about your wife
Don't care about your kids, don't care about your life
Don't care about your schools, don't care about your jails
Don't care about your sins, don't care about hell
Don't care about your parents, don't care about your wife!
Don't care about your kids, don't care about your life!
Don't care about your schools, don't care about your jails!
Don't care about your sins, don't care about HELL! (so crazy)

Your record would be dope if it had some violence in it
(He got a GUN!) Now let's listen
Imagine a pit on two feet with buck teeth
Spit flames at rabbit nicknames then I bust heat - that's me!
The limelight in this lifetime we ain't sharin
Got the eye of the tiger starin in a square ring
One punch and the further you float, the hurdle the ropes
Slap Jesus five then I ride to murder the Pope
Every word is for dope, don't say you heard it befo'
Once off of that, and get your lip services broke
I preferred it was wrote, D-12 has spoke
that The Source magazine give the unworhiest quotes
I serve you with notes, snares, bass kicks and hi-hats
Punchlines, skills, and Proof with mind raps
I'm a Venus flytrap with a bazooka and shit stains
Huntin for flies, doin lines with Rick James
I ain't scared of Suge or Death Row
Ask Bush which is more dangerous, a airplane or a pretzel?
You're reachin for toast, put three in your coat
for bein too close like you speakin to ghosts, and I'm fleein the coast

When the gat clicks you see blackness
In the darkness your carcass is next to catfish
This is real insanity
So fuck that pilot that crashed Aaliyah, we gon' kill your whole family

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