

U Crazy

The Beatnuts

"I can't forget or reject the sights of the ghetto,
the smells of the ghetto, and especially the sounds of the ghetto, you know?
"

Yo...my nigga JuJu what's up baby?

(Psycho Les, Psycho Les)

(JuJu, JuJu)

Let's get this money, let's get hung ya na'mean? (big thugs, big thugs)
niggas crazy man!

I'd rather die like a man and live a coward life
At a night moving the fangs the crooked up and powered white
You know me, I was OT
Getting it lo' key, remembering what old timers told me
The first law you wanna hold heat burst yours
Props to seek have you sleeping in hurst doors
The conversation indicated props are sharp
He said he never hold many cause it might be marked
It's like this give me mine or I'm a take what's yours
Make love war, spray up doors, say no more
Instead of picking weight up more, I'm picking mic's up
Lounging on my mothers sofa, kicking my Nike's up
Like Koobi Agi who could stop me
Your coke is doodle papi
My people said they need they cash back, cash that son
I caught a flash back the crimes and the whip times change
Niggas shine me, I sparkle like a diamond ring

YOU CRAZY, thinking you gonna stop the rule (Psycho Les, Psycho Les)
TOO LATE, we get your heart rate out control (JuJu, JuJu)
THINK BIG, now live bigger baby that's the goal
and maybe a little later, WE'LL BE HOT TO HOLD
YOU CRAZY, thinking you gonna stop the rule
TOO LATE, we get your heart rate out control
Here's my outlook, bitches put out with no output
cause see a little later, WE'LL BE HOT TO HOLD

Let me get a EQ (inaudible) up, beats is clear
You say you flipping pies, you must work at a pizzeria
No need to fear, The Nuts is here
And it's about to be off the da hook this year
Let the buzz in your ear, like the fuzz in your rear
Every time you see me, I'm guzzling beer
Blazing them trees, counting up gee's
Old school on the pro to bouncing a beat
What's my name? (He said) You know da game? (You fine)
Every time I swing my fists I hit right (Right)
The professional boxer, knock you out of ox-y-gen
Now you out the game, ob-so-lete
Hit you wit the shit you ain't used TA
And (inaudible) snakes all in my head like Medusa
But I won't let them get the best of me
You can smell what I'm cooking but you can't have the recipe

Look homes, I'm trying uplift this shit
Make history, something for the kids and shit
Put my heart in my music for as long as I live

Nigga the sound of the ghetto coming out of the crib
Hard-core to art form bigger than rap
All I know is that a lot of new niggas in crack
Sounding like dummies man niggas should act
It's wrong and where I come from biting is wack
Maybe that's why niggas never walk through the hood
They ask, there intentions never been any good
Little bitch ass niggas if I catch them I would
Put my foot up they ass man as far as I could

"Can the small talk fat man and let's get it on!
Maestro if you will..."