

# Crazy (feat. MC Breed)

## Obie Trice

Yes sir

They say I'm crazy  
And I don't give a fuck  
Loose in the club  
40 by the nuts, crazy  
Lay a nigga down like wha  
Cause they don't know nothin' about me

Verse x1

Trice is the truth  
Puncture your roof  
If with, I annunciate ain't getting through to you  
Listen nigga school craft raise me  
Hey bay bay, you don't want to fuckin' play with me  
I got the K covered up in the back  
Got the pistol on my side  
Nigga O stay strapped  
Stacks in the jeans  
Dis is a natural thing  
I don't act out a movie  
I'm actually the sssene  
I pull up on the scene  
Nigga holla back  
Wit a bad bitch Italian and black  
They don't take double takes  
They take Kodak's  
Coast through the club, relax  
Where the vip at  
Coast under the cub  
Host underneath the dug  
Suppose to  
I'm a muthafukin' thug  
But they say crazy  
Cause he don't give a fuck  
First nigga play me  
Light his ass up

Verse x2

Yea I'm crazy  
The hood made me  
So O abide by the code on the daily  
Niggas get it twisted  
Bitches get it twisted  
Cause I live like unrealistically

Hey, my nigga Breed in the booth wit me  
Motor city till them pall bearers dip me  
Underneath the soil  
Ain't no future in your fronting  
Nigga I'm Detroit loyal  
(MC Breed)  
Oh so what you know karate?  
I know crazy  
Hit you with something  
Leave your left side lazy  
Comin' for the whole shebang yea  
Belie that  
Take it like I want it  
Get behind ya like I need that  
Still I get more whassups than Martin  
Get drunk come through  
Bust up the party  
Tonight, very night  
Breed and Obie Trice  
They say I ass crazy  
And you muthafuckin' right  
Verse x2  
Say I need Ritalin  
Cause when the chopper start rit-a-lin  
Bodies start droppin', disappearin'  
Tempers start flarin'  
Nigga nuttin' up  
Ain't no coming back from that bra  
Hey, bad day some faggot in the bag  
Give a fuck what neighborhood you at  
What deal a dick you suckin'  
When the pistol buckin'  
Lord knows how my family's sufferin'  
And I ain't the nigga that start the beef  
I laid back  
I ain't got a problem with G  
But liquor in niggas like 12 hits of E  
Suicidal  
Somebody on they way to see Jesus  
These daemons keep chasin' me  
Get away from me  
Or the AK speaks  
No wonder why they see him as a freak  
They say he crazy  
In the muthafuckin' streets  
Verse x2

