Everybody's Crazy

Nas

Peace
Peace, yo
Nasir bin Olu Dara bis do Allah
Fisk full of dollars in a dice game god
D and D glasses cloth Kangols guided by angels with white wings
Nas the Viking fresh from my ankles thankful
Gangster see gangster do, I'm Langston Hughes predecessor
Gun on my dresser slang I use upset college professor
More knowledge than Webster dictionary
Obituary column plus sign 'em
The first fake rapper murdered for rhyming
The jig is up gut 'em like fish swiss cheese 'em up
My wrist is freezing up sick of these ducks on my hiatus
Poking out their chest like they tall as sky scrapers
But they small as a shanty in a African village
Soft as cotton candy we assassins
Let the shottie off in club floors pellets spraying your familiar
You screaming like you love war
Everybody's crazy, somebody's gonna get shot
Get rob, get done, get stomp, get drop
Ladies love thugs and my thugs love hip hop
Thugs love ladies and ladies they love hip hop
But everybody's crazy, somebody's gonna get shot
Get rob, get done, get stomp, get drop
Ladies love thugs and my thugs love hip hop
Peace, fuck you with a fist in your ass
You pussy with yeast, you shook of the streets, you a Sisqo fag
You know blood baths I makes 'em fake thugs I hate 'em
8 slug I'm bustin' no discussion or waiting
'Cause now instead of coke rhymes it's laying
No analog it's digital, criminals turned rapper times is changing
Niggaz get flashier, houses more plusher
Bitches giving ass up at ages more younger
Hands on the clock keep turning, hands on a glock they keep squeezing
Bullets stop in your sternum they stop you from breathing
I'm light years far your mouth get all white
When I'm near you, I frighten your heart
I want you to watch me notice stare look closer

Feel I'm who you posed to be real I know it hurts you

Soldiers approach you, you want to squash it
You older than most dudes although Nas
Did you and your whole crew, but
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Peace, I know where niggaz sleep
It's too many schemes too many plots
War plus money and man I got too many spots
Hungry niggaz get tutored to thinking new shit to come up
Killers fuck with killers you sleeping you getting stuck up
Not me, I'm not ready, I'm low but I be watching
We all connected so your man know my man
Your man knows my fam' they was cool when they was locked up
Beat cases and now niggaz back on the block what
Brothers is taking secret routes when they drive
Tinted windows ears to the street stay on their job
Peep niggaz that got prices on their head so high
Their own my will take the contract surprise
So we play a mental game, intimidation
Got pussy niggaz get pressed up on and paying
I wish these niggaz would step up wait for the day and
Since I'm famous they thinking assault rifles won't be spraying
Who ever thinking coming to my vault for the safe
I got some niggaz with acid get it thrown in your face
Play dirty catch your moms in J-30
Whatever whodie we all crazy we all 7:30 now
Everybody's crazy, somebody's gonna get shot
Get rob, get done, get stomp, get drop
Ladies love thugs and my thugs love hip hop
Thugs love ladies and ladies they love hip hop
But everybody's crazy, somebody's gonna get shot
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