

Crazy (Remix)

Kevin Gates

Come up through the struggle not too many get to tell
Got up and shook it off every time we ever failed
(Why do we fall? So we can learn how to pick ourselves back up)
Transportation make you happy when your life's a living hell
Sirens jump behind us, praying we don't go to jail
Window skimp, two attempts, handing bands over
Seeko hit, shot and missed 2 then stand over him
Bread Winner, huh? Look who in the building
Let me check my Instagram I might be at a million
Pissed on, you out ya mind, I'm out mine
Better not flinch wrong
I'm on my grind, rock supplying like the Flintstones
Reputation on the line and the clips long
They 9 to 5, slangin' nine you get blitzed on (Bitch I want the only driver, Luca Brasi)
Bitch I'm papered up
Diamonds glistening, rocking feelings, I ain't tapered up
Get on your shit, get out your feelings, hatin' fake as fuck
Some feel I'm trippin' how I'm livin' I can't change it up
I'm a praying mane droppin' change case spray shit up!
Might just be me I'm in the strippers ain't no breaking up
She talking reckless, bitch whatever phone I'm hanging up
Dick so good can't seem to keep this bitch away from us
And me and Nook will fuck your bitch she wasn't made to love
Phone ringing while in a meeting that's my dog calling
Won't point a finger, give an order and they all stalking
Speech muted, pressing pause no longer hearing voices
Became a boss, couple cars I got steering choices
Said I was crazy, wasn't goin be shit back in elementary
Bitches on my dick, fresh steppin out McKinley
Hoop dreams never had em, tryna to fetch a chicken
Say its gangsta, there go Lump hanging out the window
Trying to rob me I got shot, two weeks he expired
Nigga burnt ya truck, what up? Ain't nobody die
Lil bright nigga came thru spitting, wasn't no dumping back
D Dub got off, then got ripped up, you ain't fuck with that
We on our knees praying daily God brung him back
Putting cookies in my daddy head, a fuckin rat
My daddy don't wanna sell me nun, Nook done brung the pack
Bone turned me up (??)

Stroke got hit while he was with me now we clutching bad
And we riding round the bottom with a bunch of strap
Mane we pull up on Buck, ya heard me
Me and Stroke in the car, ya heard me
I got the MAC-11 with the whisper thing on that bitch
You call my phone talking bout, "Mane what you doin' out?"
I say, "Mane God got me, my nuts hanging to the floor"
You was on speaker phone, Buck was right there on side me ya heard me
Bitch ass boy
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnyrics.com/>