

# Mighty Crazy

J. Cole

Yeah,  
It's me!  
Feels good,  
Carolina, what up? (Blazing)  
Fayetteenam, what up?  
Therapist.  
Yo, ay, Yo! You niggas gotta be outta your rabbit ass mind,  
A savage over this cabbage,  
You really think I'm finna let your faggot ass shine? (no)  
Whipping niggas like big body Cadillacs,  
I'm on my grind, yo,  
Bonafide hanzo,  
I could see through you niggas with cataracts, blindfolds,  
As matter of fact, I'm so bomb- niggas scatter that,  
Niggas that, Niggas so rat, Niggas better act pronto,  
My whole state in a reign, better pack ponchos, y'all know.  
Shit is real in the ville, you could die slow or quick,  
Survival's a bitch!  
But everybody don't meet her, so tuck the nine yo,  
Wherever y'all roll, niggas allergic to 5-4.  
God knows I don't put up no facade, no,  
No fraud, niggas scheming like Side-Show Bob,  
Keep my eyes so wide, not another wise,  
Disrespect me, you could watch your mother sigh,  
From the other side, punk-ass nigga.  
Jump and get lumped fast, throw you in the trunk,  
Blast pop while I pump gas,  
Skunk ass niggas is trash, you need a sponge bath,  
My niggas will ride all day like a funpass,  
That's some New York shit,  
I'm from the south, though,  
Don't never disrespect me, watch yo' mouth hoe,  
I got agent clout though, y'all niggas dissin' me is doubtful.  
You talk shit? Watch your life fade like the outro

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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