Mighty Crazy

Son Lewis

Yeah,
It's me!
Feels good,
Carolina, what up? (Blazing)
Fayettenam, 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 hancho,
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

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/