Papa Crazy

Run Dmc

Crazy, papa crazy
Now papa don't give a damn, or say, "Thank you, m'aam"
Eatin' filet mignon, lobster tails and crab
He eats the finest food, he ain't the kindest dude
And then to put it to you straight he's crazy, lazy and rude
His temper's boiling hot, whether you like him or not
Not to mention 'bout his mansion and his big ol' yacht
He never gave me a dime or even spent some time
And that's why I had to cold write this rhyme, about
Papa crazy, crazy, papa crazy, crazy
Now papa livin' like a rich man, up on the hill
Yeah, my daddy got a Caddy, funky, fresh Seville
He got diamonds and furs, for his and hers
And a cat in the hat, that just chills and purrs
Now he eats and grubs and rocks beats at clubs
While mama makin' nothin', while she sweeps and rubs
You wanna know about his dough, how he got paid?
Well the last that asked, got sprayed and laid, because
Papa crazy, crazy, papa crazy, crazy
Papa hang with crazy, people crazy, times of the night
Runnin' 'round with crazy women, but but that's alright, because
Papa crazy, papa crazy, crazy, papa crazy
Yo, run, my papa was crazy, crazy as can be
And my mama said that he left me, when I was three
But my mama never told me he was out of his mind
Drinkin' wine, all the time, never earnin' a dime
He didn't care where he slept or where his clothes were kept
He was so in debt, somebody broke his neck
And on the day that papa died, they wrote on his grave
That, papa died a bum, but he died brave, because
Papa crazy, crazy, papa crazy, crazy
Papa crazy, crazy, papa crazy, crazy
Papa crazy, crazy, papa crazy, crazy

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