

# Drive Me Crazy (feat. Vic Mensa)

## Kaytranada

I'm here and y'all know they've been waitin' for me  
Since I was 15, now I'm Yella, a hundred miles and runnin'  
Easy come and easy go, that's why I work 'til midnight  
I'm out of town, shorty very, dirty on the turnpike  
My piss clean, I caught a case of happens to the best  
The lawyer said don't smoke  
I'm like, "Good lord, buddha keep me blessed"  
I'm buyin' Nike stock when I see these checks  
Motivated by niggas because it's bigger than me  
I know that, I might go back to my old shit  
Bring the fro back, that's a throwback, yeah  
Watch your mouth, why you tryna talk like you know somethin'?  
My competition is myself, therefore I ain't worried 'bout no one  
Not a soul, pot of gold  
Lookin' like a stain, niggas'll wet your mud  
Leave you behind yourself, you're playin' catch up  
Boy is that your blood?  
Cause I done blew inside my mind since I first wrote a rhyme  
Y'all all late, rappers be stuck in the booth, I'm All State  
They're imposters, steak and lobster  
Surf my turf, better wear your chopper  
Next to Oprah at the opera, okay  
If you had Everything you'd ever wanted  
Right in front of me, what's it gonna be?  
The lights and the drugs and the girls finally drives me crazy  
Drives me crazyGotta love it though, they're hatin', homie  
I be on Sunsets then go back to 68th and Stony  
Cooked out my basement  
Dropped my tape and got my homies' placements  
I'll play the keys in my sleep on the beach, that's a dream vacation  
Say you ain't heard, I'll let you lie, just know you digged your grave  
No turnin' back once you done found that that's the hand you played  
Game over, on the drivin' range in the Range Rover  
Halfway sober with my middle finger up, fuck these hoes  
I'm a tiger in the jungle  
In the middle of the summer with the wood on me and a fiend for the snow  
(White girl?) She a fiend for the blow, I'm a G, to the code  
You know me, I need Keke Palmer off TLC for that T.O.P  
Keys to the Jeep and the deed to the boat

Y'all cruisin', y'all losin'

Yeah I make pop music but I'm still king with the flow

This what you should've been thinkin' about Picture everything you ever want, want, want, want

Right in front of you

The lights and the drugs and the girls finally drives me crazy

Drives me crazy

Songwriters

LOUIS KEVIN CELESTIN, VICTOR MENSAH, ALAN HAWKSHAW Published by

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