Crazaay

Junior M.a.f.i.a.

Statistics have shown that youth violence
Is at record high today in America
Due to excessive use of drugs and alcohol
Man, how the fuck do you know?
My mind's just spinnin' off that indoor smoke
Got me seein' double visions 'cause I'm tore up loc
It's no joke the weed smoke got me crazaay
And the BJ got me pissy like a baby
I was fuckin' with these twinz gettin' crazaay endz
Robbin jewelry stores for the cash and the gems
Identical bastards on some fast shit, tried to stash it
Took the nine plastic, had they fam on some sad shit
My conscience buggin' filled wit all the bad memories
I'm visionin' dead enemies tryin' to kill me
In my sleep, same niggaz that I put to rest
Got me wakin' up pourin' down a hella sweat
The drugs got a nigga high and I can't explain
Tye and skunk playin' tricks on my fuckin' brain
Shit is strange 'cause I know deez motherfuckers dead
You see the murder still flash back in my head
Smokin' that denk, sippin' that drink
Make a nigga act kinda crazaay
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Nigga it's dark, it's hard for me to fuckin' see
I guess the hash and Hennessey got the best of me
I got the urge for a snake related killin' spree
Larceny, bent on the marijuana trees
Murder contracts, collectin' C note stacks, I react
And push the niggaz shit back
I never new this young buck would be a lonester
'Till they hung my picture, wanted on a poster
I pack two hot glocks, fuck the holsters
Neva new this lil' G would get the most of

Robbin and stealin', then led to killin'
Makin' a livin' off a motherfuckin' drug dealin'
Then came beef, the Snakes was wanted in the streets
Shit got hot, my other half did a creep
Handled his business 'cause he was on his third body
Then laid low with this freak ass hottie
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I of the Snakes watch for fakes and jakes
Blood money I make, transactions up state
Sparkin' weed and drinkin' the Buddha still got me thinkin'
Thoughts of death and all the bodies that I left
Face down, you know the routine for the cream means necessary
Cock suckas got buried nigga raise up or get blazed up
Who be the one lastin' cock the fifth and start blastin'
Try me die instantly, a couple of shots is all it takes
Aim slugs to your face perpetrator fraud
I kill you and your broad
Got your ass wishin' you was out this position
Listen, the ganja have me on a mission
Stick the clip in I stop all the bullshittin'
I get it on Trife, killin' ass nigga rule the streets
Creep with the heat stashed in the Montero jeep
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