Crazy

Inspectah Deck

I know it's crazy, I know it's crazy But you can't quite turn away

I know it's crazy, I know it's crazy

But you can't quite turn awayIt's foul in the street, criminal in the street

Little child running wild, struck down in the street

I'm strapped for the brawl, story of the hood

It was written, you can read it in the graph on the wallsLong as cash is involved, they blast for the cause

And you better break bread or you asking for war

Trying to come out the hood, pray for him

'Cuz he would put the gun down if he somehow couldBaby being born, teenage mother

Fly baby boy found laying in the dumpster?

She couldn't bare the load, she begged for forgiveness

Because it's just tears of soulAnd the world so cold, world so bold

Gotta make it so my boy and baby girl, grow old

Hold my head 'cuz I could be the nigga in the news

Stressed 'cuz I need these figures for this foodI know it's crazy, I know it's crazy

But you can't quite turn away

I know it's crazy, I know it's crazy

But you can't quite turn awayI want a better life for my children, I'm building

I'm voting for Barack, I just hope they don't kill him

I'm bugging off the government, they bugging off the fact

That the next Pres. gonna be a woman or a blackI'm sure what's in store, ain't cater to the poor

And I bet many more won't make it through the storm

But I take it will be strong, we face harder hard ships

Labeled me, low class, treat it like I'm garbageStill I stand tall, rising like a phoenix from the ash

My life tryin' ta see it if I can

'Cuz to me it's all I have, no, I wouldn't trade it

I just meet you on the other side, homey, if I make itThat's why I'm bigger on the grind

I'm so close to the edge, 'cuz I live on the line

And mankind's heading for the worse

We gonna end the world if God don't get to us first know it's crazy, I know it's crazy

But you can't quite turn away

I know it's crazy, I know it's crazy

But you can't quite turn awayMy man just lost his job

And he was down three, so, now he forced to rob

He was good till he caught the charge

Trying to live that American dream, a three car garageMan, it's hard and it's ways to go

You can't run from it, 'cuz there's no place to go

And there's no face you know

And there's no cake to blow

And there's no space to growI know it's crazy, I know it's crazy

But you can't quite turn away

I know it's crazy, I know it's crazy

But you can't quite turn away

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