

# Lil Crazy

## Erick Sermon

Hey young world, one two, one two  
Check it out, y'all, Shadz of Lingo in the house  
E Double's in the house with Def Squad  
On the funky fresh track with Shadz of Lingo  
Mic check, one two, yo, you got my nerves jumpin' around  
And humpin' around like Bobby Brown across town  
I ain't with that, so don't cramp my style  
Step off me, I'm hyped like I had a pound of coffee  
Yo, how could you ask what I'm doin'?  
When I'm pursuin', gettin' funky with my crew  
And my input brings vibes unknown like ET  
Makes me phone home to my family  
Cling, hello mom, I'm doin' it, freakin' more fame  
Than Batman played by Michael Keaton  
I crossed over, let me name someone that's black  
With fame and pockets that are fat  
Hey, Erick Sermon, he's one, packs a gun  
That's bigger than Malcolm's, out the window  
I look for a punk to get stupid, so I can shoot his ass  
Like Cupid, E 2 bingos, down with the Shadz of Lingo  
Here to bust out the funky single  
Shit, there goes my pager, I'll see you later, because yo  
Every now and then, I get a little crazy  
Every now and then, I get a little crazy  
Every now and then, I get a little crazy  
Every now and then, I get a little crazy  
One two, how can I do it? I guess, I'll spit the real  
Yo, I pack much dick with the cover made of steel hoe  
Yes, yes, never fessed or settled for less  
One clown stepped and got a hole in the fuckin' chest  
From the AK, somebody scream Mayday, took the sucker out  
'Cause he clowned me on a pay day, the funk is flowin'  
To the maximum from the E Double, while I kick the facts to them  
Check a chill brother with class, rough enough to run up  
And snatch the spine out a niggaz ass, grip the steel  
When caps peeled, here to chill on the real and don't give a motherfuck  
How you feel, thinkin' you're steppin' to this? I kinda doubt it  
Ain't with the bullshit, so you can write a fuckin' book about it  
The big nigga with the bud and I'm on that

E kick the beat and yo, you shoulda known that  
Every now and then, I get a little crazy  
Every now and then, I get a little crazy  
Every now and then, I get a little crazy  
Every now and then, I get a little crazy  
Yo, it's the Lingo of the Shadz, droppin' that mellow  
But mad Mackadocious, melodious metaphorical music  
With mo' shit that you used to, and stylin' that you ain't  
What else I got to do but draw the pictures with paints?  
Oh no, there's my mic squeakin' a soundman's body  
Turnin' up every weekend, some think I done the killin'  
You know, I can't remember, I can't recall a full week  
Since this past December and mics catchin' fire 'fore I get the chance  
To touch 'em, yo Al B catch the Buddha lightin' torches  
I'ma bust 'em but don't rush 'em, leave the pyromaniac alone  
He heard the words to hit em on the red dot and knows  
I'm thinkin' 'bout murder, run, hide, you can't escape  
The hit on, I got the papes, dodge red lasers scannin'  
Brings fly, fly when rhymes landin', let me go, no  
Yo, I'm straight, chill, yo, I need air, wait cross fade  
A killer style and where's the soundman, tell me, was I whylin'? 'cause  
Every now and then, I get a little crazy  
Every now and then, I get a little crazy  
Every now and then, I get a little crazy  
Every now and then, I get a little crazy  
Hey young world, check me out, check me, check me out  
Hey young world, New York's in the house  
Def Squad's in the motherfuckin' house  
New York's in the motherfuckin' house  
Rowdy Records in the motherfuckin' house  
Def Squad's in the motherfuckin' house  
ED's in the motherfuckin' house, Def Jam boy  
Shadz of Lingo in the motherfuckin' house  
Peace and we out, Russell Simmons boy, word

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