

# Krazy

## 2Pac

Hand me a cigarette dog!  
They got me feelin' crazier than a motherfucker  
I got Bad Ass in this motherfucker  
Makaveli the Don, representin' the Outlawz  
Bad Azz representin' the L.B.C. Crew  
What you wanna do?  
You know how we do itTime goes by  
? puffin on lye  
Hopin that it get me high  
Got a nigga goin' cra-zy  
Oh yeah, I feel cra-zy[Chorus]  
Time goes by, puffin on lye  
Hopin' that it gets me high  
Got a nigga goin' cra-zy  
Oh yeah, I feel cra-zy(Tell 'em bout it)Last year was a hard one, but life goes on  
Hold my head against the wall learnin' right from wrong  
They say my ghetto instrumental, detrimental to kids  
As if they can't see the misery in which they live  
Blame me, for the outcome, ban my records - check it  
Don't have to bump this but please respect it  
I took a minus and now the hard times are behind us  
Turned into a plus, now they stuck livin' blinded  
Hennesey got me feelin' bad, time to stop drinkin'  
Rollin, in my drop-top Jag, what's that cops thinkin'?  
Sittin' in my car, watch the stars and smoke  
I came a long way but still I got so far to go  
Dear mama, don't worry, I'ma watch for snakes  
Tell Setchu, that I love her, but it's hard to take  
I got the letter that she sent me, and I cried for weeks  
This what came out when I tried to speak - all I heard was[Chorus: x2](One, two, three, four)I see bloods and  
crips runnin' up the hill  
lookin' for a better way  
My brothers and sisters it's time to build  
'cause even thug niggas pray  
Hopin' God hear me,  
I entered the game;  
look how much I changed  
I'm no longer innocent - casualties of fame  
Made a lot of money, seen a lot of places

And I swear I seen a peaceful smile on my mama's face  
 when I gave her the keys to her own house, this your land  
 Your only son done became a man  
 watchin' time fly; I love my people do or die  
 But I wonder why, we scared to let each other fly  
 June 1-6, '7-1, the day  
 mama pushed me out her womb, told me, "Nigga get paid."  
 No one can understand me - the black sheep  
 Outcasted from my family, now packin heat  
 I run the streets, a young runaway, live for today  
 When he died, I could hear him say, c'mon..[Chorus: x2]God help me out here, 'cause I'm possessed  
 I need the root of all evil for my stress  
 'Cause money's like a strong prescription drug, it's got me addicted  
 to the pleasure and the pain it inflicted  
 somethin' bout the paper wit the pictures of the president's, head  
 Damn, it's like a motherfuckin' plague that spread  
 It's epidemic; forgotten, forgotten it got worse  
 I keep my head on straight, makin' money 'cause it's cursed  
 makin' money makes a difference day by day so I gotta stay  
 paid, no doubt, day in and day out  
 This life is like a vicious cycle called fightin' to live  
 No matter how hard you try to see death, you gotta die  
 A lot of my, peers didn't make it to the years to come  
 Did life do 'em right, or did life leave 'em dumb  
 Who has the answers? I wonder; I turn to my elders  
 They aged and experienced, but they can't even tell them  
 or tell me, that there'll be light at the end of the road  
 (Why?) 'Cause they don't even know  
 A million thangs run through my mind..  
 You ain't gotta be in jail to be doin' time..[Chorus: x2]I'm feelin' fucked up in this bitch.  
 I smoked half a ounce to the head  
 Chocolate tye, indo, Hawaiian, lambs bread, Buddha, all that shit  
 I'm fucked up in this motherfucker, and Hennesey don't help  
 and Hennesey don't help, Thug Passion in this muh'fucker  
 Makaveli the Don puttin' it down to the fullest, maximum overload  
 3 Day Theory, Killuminati to your body  
 with the impact of a 12 gauge shotty  
 Double-I slugs, no love, straight thugsOne time for my niggas in the jail cell  
 (One time for my niggas locked up)  
 One time for my niggas doin' life in hell  
 (One time for my niggas and shit, one time)  
 One time for my niggas in the jail cell  
 (One time)  
 One time for my niggas doin' life in hell  
 (One time for my niggas locked down)

One time for my niggas in the jail cell  
(For my niggas locked up, one time)  
One time for my niggas on Death Row  
(One time for my niggas on the Row)  
For my niggas on Death Row  
One time for my niggas livin', broke  
(Westside, California style, L.A.!)  
One time for my niggas livin', broke  
(You know what time it is, no doubt)  
One time for my niggas in the jail cell  
(Get high, puffin on lye, wonder if it get me high)  
(Yeah, yeah, crazy)

Songwriters

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