

Crazy

Vic Mensa

[Intro]

Yeah, SC what up?

Vic Mensa

SaveMoney[Verse 1]

Oh, so you mad

I swear these niggas is funny style, I'ma wipe 'em out

I ain't hearing money now unless it's a precise amount

Trying to hold my sisters both by the wrist and ice 'em out

Dress 'em up, Neiman Marcus price 'em out

Never been that type that you should have to think twice about

I spit that Lennox Lewis shit, the flow could knock Tyson out

Niggas can't seem to stop shootin' like you be after the dice come out

But I just keep shining cause the lights is out

Pitch black, serving out the gate across the street from where they pitch crack

Where folks throw their forks up in their wrist back

Militant music, that black fist rap

Kill 'em on the low I'm like anthrax in gift wrap, breathe

Nigga pick a fucking card I got cards up my sleeve

I know they doubt me cause my age if kinda hard to believe

But get in tune

If niggas ain't with it yet I bet they gon' be with it soon

And I just turned 17 this June, bitch[Hook][Verse 2]

I gotta do what I gotta

I'm cold blooded feel the ice in my veins

I stay cool in the summer, but got the hottest shit on

And spit that flow to body any fucking track I get on

I need that whip with leather seats for me to sit on

Tell 'em [?] in a superficial

Shit is such a burden

Caught up on the border like I trying to bring a bird in

But you know I gotta get this bread

Sippin' Captain Morgan with a pretty bitch up in my bed

I'm running down the list of things I'd like to do before I'm dead

Money moving, I'm trying to keep it popping

[?] like I'm sneaker shopping

I'm stacking up on that cheese like a pizza topping

Feel like death is creepin' on me I hear that reaper knocking

But I ain't going nigga, not without a fight

Cause I'ma get this shit before I die, put that on my life

I got a couple bad bitches in the [?] sniffing white
Sipping Dom Perignon on ice
Nigga you heard me[Hook]

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