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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