# Everybody's Crazy

## Nas

[Nas]
Nasir bin Olu Dara bis do Allah
Fisk full of dollars in a dice game god
D & D glass cloth Kangols guided by angel with white wings
Nas the Viking fresh from my ankles thankful
Gangster see gangster do I'm Langston Hughes predecessor
Gun on my dresser slang I use upset college professor
More knowledge than Webster dictionary obituary column plus sign 'em
The first fake rapper murdered for rhyming
The jig is up gut 'em like fish swiss cheese 'em up
My wrist is freezing up sick of these ducks on my hiatus
Poking out their chest like they tall as sky scrapers
But they small as a shanty in a African village
Soft as cotton candy we assassins and killers
Let shottie off in club floors pellets spraying your familia
You screaming like you love war[Chorus: x2]
Everybody's crazy
Somebody's gonna get shot get rob get done get stomp get drop
Ladies love thugs and my thug love hip hop
Thugs love ladies and ladies they love hip hop[Nas]
Peace fuck you with a fist in your ass
You pussy with yeast, you shook of the streets, you a Sisqo fag
You know blood baths I makes 'em fake thugs I hate 'em
8 slug I'm bustin' no discussion or waiting
Cause now Instead of coke rhymes it's laying
No analog it's digital criminals turned rapper times is changing
Niggas get flashier houses more plusher
Bitches giving ass up at ages more younger
Hands on the clock keep turning, hands on a glock they keep squeezing
Bullets stop in your sternum they stop you from breathing
I'm light year far your mouth get all white
When I'm near you I frighten your heart
I want you to watch me notice stare look closely
Feel I'm who you posed to be real I know it hurts you
Soldiers approach you, you want to squash it, you older than most dudes
Although Nas did you and your whole crew, but[Chorus][Nas]
I know where niggaz sleep; it's too many schemes too many plots
War plus money man I got too many spots
Hungry niggaz get tutored to thinking new shit to come up

Killers fuck with killers you sleeping you getting stuck up
Not me your not ready I'm low but I be watching
We all connected so your man know my man
Your man knows my fam' they was cool when they was locked up
Beat cases and now niggaz back on the block what
Bothers is taking secret routes when they drive
Tinted windows ears to the street stay on their job
Peep niggas that go t prices on their head so high
Their own my will take the contract surprise
So we play a mental game intimidation
Got pussy niggas get pressed up on and paying
I wish these niggas would step up wait for the day an
Since I'm famous they thinking assault rifles won't be spraying
Who ever thinking coming to my vault for the safe
I got some niggas with acid get it thrown in your face
Play dirty catch your moms in J-30
Whatever whodie we all crazy we all 7:30 now[Chorus]

Songwriters
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