

# 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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