

Bone Thugs-N-Harmony, She Got Crazy

[Hook: x2]

I jumped up, got my coat and walked right out of the door
Because she got a little bit crazy
I don't want no deranged lady
That'll have a nigga sleepin' under daisies.

[Wish Bone:]

I don't want another insane lover
Cuttin' on my rubber
Houndin' me just to tell her I love her
Gotta give it to them big butt girls
The ones that don't give a fuck
"Just-wanna-bust-nut" girls
When them feelings involved
Now you playin' with fire
Gotta let 'em know from the gate
Man, you ain't tellin' no lies
I just wanna (touch that)
I just wanna (couple times)
I just wanna (no ties)
Can a thugsta hit that there?
No need to blow me up one day, we right back here
Doin' what we do, I see you like that there
Baby girl, let me just keep this fair
You do you and I'll do me
Can we do it, do it like that?
Keep it creepin', creepin'
Yes they say it's better than sneakin', sneakin'
But when it's all over, it's just over
No knives or policemen

[Hook]

[Krayzie Bone:]

Now me and her been rollin' together
Now for quite some time
And she been naggin' a nigga
The whole damn ride
When I first met the girl
Everything was all good
She grew up around my way
So hey, the love was all hood
So I figured it was cool
And we could do this
And, plus she had a booty
that was sicker than lupus
I had to scoop it
Anyway, we started hangin' out
And talkin' on the phone mo'
And before you know
we on her floor doin' the Grown Folk
Everything was cool, y'all
We had it plain and simple
She wasn't my broad, and I wasn't her man
More like "homie-lover-friends"
She said she understand
But I can't tell she comprehend
'Cause she keyin' on my Benz
While I'm sleepin', she be creepin' on me
sneakin' in my pockets
Lookin' for numbers in my phone
And condoms in my wallet
Then she overdid it
This bitch pointed a pistol at me

Talkin' about "We need to talk";
'Cause she ain't happy
So shit...

[Hook]

[Layzie Bone:]
Little sweet thang
she love to floss
Clothes to her lip gloss
Makin' hard thugs turn soft
Lookin' like Diana Ross
Slim, sweet and sexy
Something like a little sister
'Til the day I messed around and tried to kiss her (damn)
To be so skinny, baby girl had a nice round ass
I used to stay two steps behind her while I walked her to class
Back in school, a nigga's mission was to fuck 'em and flee
But I was young, so I let her get close to me
And I was kinda in love
Everyday a nigga wit' her
After school a nigga wit' her
At the mall takin' pictures
All the while I got my niggaz sayin' I'm breakin up the group
I'm out here missin' my rehearsals
'Cause I'm tryin' to knock boots
She ain't even let me hit it
Got me talkin' about commitment
Got me climbin' through the window
Won't even let me get it
Last thing that she said
Snapped me back to reality
We in the 12th grade
Talkin' about "you wanna marry me?";

[Hook]