

Crazy, Going To Make It

First Verse:

My Daddy must have been frustrated, when he busted a nut
Then came me, crawlin' out my Mama's guts
I never figured I'd be born in Hell
In the projects, tryin' to make a livin' off these crack sales
My Baby Mama scream "Child Support"
I can't sleep at home, cuz a nigga sniff coke
Fuck it, I'm up early like a dope fiend
The game got me feelin' like I'm high off Terrazine
Jump in my Grand and I'm mashin'
I score my dope in Texas, down here these niggas taxin'
Twenty-two for a chicken
Sixteen for a real cut believe me, all brick-and
Now it's time to hit the block
I call Sam and Jeff, let's cut this shit into rocks
You know my game don't stop
I'm postin' bail for my nigga Telly, he got caught with a glock

Chorus (uncredited singer+Crazy):

(singer)

We're going to make it after all

(Crazy)

Niggas don't wanna see me ball
Hold up my middle finger screamin' "Fuck 'em all!"
Feel Me!

(2x)

Second Verse:

Been rappin' since an early age, I fiend for loot
I still hear, Corey Hartman, sayin' "Please don't shoot"
Niggas wonder why I plot to make a mil in this shit
Droppin' songs in the studio, bringin' a hit
Never worried about the bitches cuz they came with paper
Me and my nigga Pretty Man is plottin' up on a caper
It's all real in the 'Ville nigga, peep my pain
For six years I was snortin' heavy, addicted to cane
With no family to turn, what else could I do?
None of my niggas couldn't help me, they was loaded too
Dreams of bein' a big rap star circulated
Hooked up in robbin' shit, now I was drug-related
Ridin' in a blue bourbon sayin' "Fuck them Hoes"
White T-shirts, and Nikes, and a pair of girbauds
Never knowin' that the Feds were comin' tight tomorrow
Y'all bitches just don't wanna see us ball
Feel me now

Chorus

Third Verse:

Ninety-six brought the death of Roderick, and my nigga Pac
And I was still in the 'Ville slingin' rocks
Told the company I was a soldier, I would've gave my life
That's why a nigga stay loyal to his wife
Nigga started stealin' money, when he got buried
Through all the confusion, I went and got married

Good times didn't last long, cuz we was broke
The company gettin' ran without Roderick was a joke
So a thug fled camp, like Ed Legend did
With my nigga named Henry, went the highest bid
We finally dropped "Shed Tears", now let's wait and see
A week later we gettin' calls, from Master P
And every other major label on the block
Tryin' to get a piece of that nigga comin' like Pac
A hundred thousand records sold, now let me flaunt it
I can finally get that house my Mama wanted
Feel me

Chorus (2x)

(Singer)

Fuck 'em all
We're gonna make it
We're gonna make it
Fuck 'em all
You can suck my dick
Fuck 'em all
This for all the haters
This for all the breather haters
Fuck all ya
We're gonna make it
Oooooooooooooohhhhhhhhh