

# 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  
Oooooooooooooooooohhhhhhhhhh