

Crazy, Ruff Era Niggas Bust

f/ Ruff Era All-Stars

(Crazy)

Crazy Don alias Doc Holliday
I took four shots, and I'm back
You muthafuckas surprised?

(Crazy+????):

Ask my niggas bout my history, I took four shots
You niggas wanna go to war? Well here's your grave plot
Mix some weed with the hennessey, I start to trip
We'll be in Providence with Roderick, runnin' the lip
Let's reincarnate Bishop, up to where we
Northville nigga, got the chopper for the Non-believers
I could've sworn that you niggas from my town homie
Where were you bitches when the feds came down on me?
I never guessed that my phones were tapped
From Texas to Atlanta, you niggas know I ride strapped
We, run the block nigga
Score the G's
Score from the hoes on the highway talkin' a hundred ki's
I want the G's, nigga that's the only way
Put some hennessey in my casket on my death day
And if I die, I'm hopin' that I get to heaven
If not I'm goin' to Hell, bustin' with my Mack-11

(Uncredited male rapper)

Get ready for combat,
Known for totin' straps or prior
Tire, all black, smokin' sacks, intended acts
Caps get peeled back on gats that's stolen
Gimme what'cha holdin', fuck all the bull dozin'
Straight foreclosin'
Shops on blocks with glocks
Plow on the clock
But we don't all stop
Puttin' the red dot and that's on top
Of Presidents,
Chopper City Residents,
Evidence irrelevant for marchin' a settlement
With a regiment of soldiers
In fatigues, blazin' weed
Chasin' at top speed, stackin' G's,
Pumpin' ki's
You know the stee
Me and T, trunk blazin'
Duct tapin', pocket rapin',
Beenie masqueradin'
Regulatin' lames
In the game, for the cane
Layin' in the pubic range of your dame
Bustin' brains for chump change
And remain the same
Meals, deals, legs
Wheels concealed
Steals battlefields from the 'Ville to the Hill
Throw Cita, night creeper
Equal to gettin' cheeba
Workin' off the beeper, twerkin' your seniorita
Peeped ya, from the hidin'
Can't help ya nigga, dividin'
Won't stop us
Spittin' with choppers, you can't dodge it

Chorus (Crazy):

You bust! I bust with my trigga
You don't wanna fuck with me, RUFF ERA NIGGAS!!!

(4x)

(Uncredited Female Rapper)

Understand I'm Ruff Era Nigga til' I die
Certified, pass me the clip, watch them bullets fly
See my life is high beams, take the limit, the sky
Let niggas know I'm the bitch of this entourage
Find that line, everything I touch is platinumized
Capitalize, monopolize, hypnotize
You bitches never could fuck with me, lyrics crystalized
Just like ??? in it's purest, bitches droppin' like flies
Surprised? We low ridin' in Crazy's expedition
When you see it, then do not wonder why yo nigga's missin'
I been rappin' since nineteen ninety scandalous on that mission
Pack somethin' bigger than nuts, female intuition
You know you pussy ass bitches really make me sick
And bitches that try to stop me can lick my clit
Cuz I'm a bad bitch, niener the only hoe I trust
So don't fuck with my entourage cuz if they bust I bust
I'm scandalous

(Uncredited Male rapper)

Just a young nigga drinkin' malt liquor
Try me, bitch you wanna get to heaven quicker
Hit the scene with my mausburg two-twenty-three
Cuz every nigga on my team flashin' red beams
Never will I let me enemies capture me
Strap a bomb nigga, smokin' weed, picture me
Be the ones with bandanas and cream
And I'ma flip til' you muthafuckas murder me
Got my glock on my hip, try to fuck with this
You wanna take it like a man, goin' fist to fist?
Nigga, I'm smokin' weed til' I enter the World
Never forgot about the time I screamed "Fuck the World"
Lord forgive me for the shit I said
I pray daily, cuz a nigga got a price on my head
Fuck 'em
We in the expo gettin' blowed
Ninety-nine, this be the realest shit I ever wrote
Remember me from the St. Bernard Avenue?
We kill each other so imagine what we'd do to you
Bitch, you wanna run and feel the wrath of me?
And my muthafuckin' mausburg two-twenty three
The police got me crazy
I can't walk in my own hood, that's the way you made me
My nigga Cane in the feds, sendin' me mail
Told me "Nigga please pay my bail"
When I bust you bust!

Chorus

(uncredited male rapper)

Which one of y'all wanna meet a nigga head on?
Infra-red's and the lead til' your head gone
Call the feds but my clique made of teflon
Any nigga wanna bust he better come strong!
Bystanders gettin' caught up in a war zone
Adversaries past tense, niggas dead and gone
My heater makin' niggas get they rest on
AK's stay bustin' til' they chest gone!

In the city where these niggas stay chopper totin'
Minyard find ya with your head bust open
Like that, muthafuckas get dealt with
Niggas slip, they get hit up with a hollow tip
Me and Crazy makin' niggas have nightmares
Lights out! Muthafuckas better say they prayers
From the four, so fa sho, I bust quicker
Breather Life, if you bust, I bust nigga

(uncredited male rapper)

First if I hit, glock spit, your gut tore
Stuck close
Fuck you! I hang with nothin' but cut-throats
Shot through your ligiments
You gettin' indignant? My niggas ignorant
Very ignorant, to be sufficient
They gat bustas
That's slushas, ya block puzzled
We use a silencer to keep the shot muffled
You thugs and losers
Drug abusers
Scheme runners
We savages, look what New Orleans done us!
We tryin' to get ours by plottin' to get yours
Skip those that ain't got shit
We want your bricks hoe, and quick though
And we sick though
You flashin' jew-els
We bust a few shells
Up that
We greedy, fuck that
You outta luck Black
I'm beyond heartless, a con artist, raised hostile
Been wild, when I get mine, then I smile
Right now, ain't shit to laugh for
So I blast for my figures
You don't wanna cross Ruff Era niggas

Chorus

(BMG)

We devour fake niggas, claimin' to be the realest
We'll see, so fuck it, I guess that I'm charged with it
My guards up, my guns cocked to hit it
Your girl jocked to lick it
You gotta die if you snitchin'
Who got the weed? Fire it up
Check and see if them people got that boy, wire it up
Hit 'em twice in the gut
A dead issue, man you see 'em on the South Side smokin' a swisher
See the news caught'cha picture
BMG done got wit'cha
Shit he must don't know, now go on and cope
Them downtown warriors, we cut throat
We drop and run inside and bustin' through the door
Heard 'em hit the floor
Silencers on the four-four
Hit Sam on the mobile
Man, that hoe ain't no more
He ain't play the game how it go
Tried to cross a nigga out fa sho
But I handled that so pass the Mo'
Pour it slow, doin' one-fifteen in the Camaro
From the H-town to the N.O.
Florida, A-L, Five-four

(Crazy)

Feel the wrath of Doc Holliday

Nigga as I spray

I'm tryin' to get rid of a hundred rounds of my K

For play

I've been bustin' niggas heads for years

Now they done released me on the World, now it's time for tears

A hundred breathers screamin' "KILL ME! WE DON'T WANNA LIVE NO MORE!"

Beggin' Jesus to let us into Heaven's door

Picture me runnin' at my adversary, glock in hand

I possess, immortality in this one man

I smell death in the air, nigga watch me breathe

I was born into this helter-skelter from my Mama's seed

I'm puffin' weed until these bitch niggas assassinate me

Once I'm in my casket, will these bitch niggas still hate me?

When I die, let me die clutchin' on my trigga

Believe me I would die for these Ruff Era niggas!

Chorus