## Migos, Crazy

Shirt match the belt match the shoes, that's crazy Dumping kush ashes on the floor, I'm lazy Sipping on the lean, got me looking kind of crazy Nigga talking down but it really don't faze me Imma hit her quick before she start acting crazy Rims on the tires got my car driving crazy Ice around my neck got your girl looking crazy Chilling with some chicks screaming fuck you, pay me

Half a million dollars worth of twenties, that's crazy 20 squares on the back seat, I'm crazy Riding down 20, never see the speed limit nigga No this ain't a gimmick, quarter million for my image nigga Pausing for the fans on my way, that's crazy Designer frames hanging off my face, I'm shady Shawty got an ass on her and it's crazy But she say she got an old man and he crazy I'm moving the white girl, I'm driving Mrs. Daisy Nigga play with me, he gon be pushing on daisies I'm tryna fuck today, girl I'm kinda impatient But if she say she love me Imma drive that bitch crazy

Shades, they matching the shirt The shirt, it's matching my shoes Let's get out my jewels! Water my diamonds and take em [?] Robbing my dinner, religion is true Versace, Medusa, your Sace is fool I got the hook up like I'm black and blue Sick with the wrist, like I got the flu Red bottom my shoe, but I ain't [?] Calling them chill, we taking them trips To Beverly Hills to pick up them M's Fuck your main bitch and I put her on film Diamond bricks, clientele at the gym Selling that white got me M&Ms OG gas bag in the MCM Kitchen been [?], get F&N Bad ass bitch, she come from Berlin Was crazy, I came a long way from [?] ladies Versace, Versace, we made it Mama she told me that we gon be hated and we gon be famous And that we the greatest The shades is matching the belt, the belt is matching the shoes They tell me it's crazy, I know that they hate it I pull up, I'm faded, [?] the bando from whipping them babies (That's Crazy)

Young rich nigga, so you know my pocket crazy Man Chill with me, we go crazy with them babies I look in my pocket, I'm seeing them Benjamin Franklins I'm taking your bitch, smash, smash, smash While you out there buying her anklets Riding with 6 niggas, 6 pistols, get your issue Blowing on green like a whistle, put the scope on these fuck niggas Which way did he go, trap in the rain sleet or snow, the feds ain't ever gon know I got the dope, crazy we mixing with soap, crazy we mixing with soap I keep the white like the pope, your bitch she cooking the coke They wrap it and pack it, I pack it and ship it My dope is so crazy, my dope is exquisite I'm teaching you lessons so listen Your bitch ought to stay in the kitchen Beat the pots and the pans and the dishes I'm a chemist (That's crazy)

