

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)

