

Pastor Troy, Crazy

[Verse 1]

We used to be down with each other like none other.
Was closer than a friend to me. Like a brother.
They say with money comes the bitterness and hate.
So now why can't I deal with you? I'm straight.
I'm thinkin back on times when none of this really mattered
When you was just my homeboy 'fo I was the Pastor.
But they say with money, man ya friends ain't ya friends.
It do something to em. Even gotta watch ya kin.
I'm pushin my benz like it ain't even on my mind.
You only live once and homeboy, Imma shine.
Prime time.
And Imma keep makin money killa.
And keep it real wit my real niggas.

[Chorus]

This is crazy. (Shit is crazy)
I can't believe he (I can't believe he)
Was closer than a friend to me (closer than a friend)
Just like a brother (like a brother muthafucka)
Now I can't believe (I can't believe)
That I thought that we were G's (we were G's)
But the only thing you see (that you see)
Is all the cheese

[Verse 2]

Besta believe that bullshit can't cut
And I can see the hate in yo eyes. I gives a fuck.
A coupla bucks done gotcha acting like a bitch.
Well just like i tell a bitch, suck a dick.
I'm thinkin back of times when a nigga used to chill.
At the restaurant, we used to argue bout the bill.
Imma get the tab homie, you can get the tip.
And then we jump off in our whips and we dip.
But how them other days seem so far away.
We used to be partnas. We don't even parlay.
You say what you say, but you and I know the truth.
An eye for an eye, nigga tooth for a tooth.
I'm up in the booth in my own studio.
And got mo' shit, while you actin like a ho.
Nigga yo.
I miss thangs how they was.
But till you get yo mind right, Fuck you cuz.

[Chorus 2x]

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