

# Tupac, Krazy

Roll me a cigarette dog  
They got me feeling crazier than a mother fucker  
I got Bad Azz in this motha fucka

Puffin on Lye  
Hoping that it gets me high  
(Makaveli the Don, representing the Outlawz)  
They got a nigga goin crazy  
(Bad ass representing the LBC)  
(What cha wanna do. You know how we do it.)

Time goes by  
Puffin on lye  
Hopin that it gets me high  
They got a nigga goin crazy

I feel crazy  
(Tell em bout it)

(Verse 1 - Tupac)

Last year was a hard one  
But life goes on  
I hold my head against the wall  
Learning right from wrong  
They say my ghetto instrumental  
Detrimental to kids  
As if they can't see the misery  
In which they live  
Lately, for the outcome, damn I'm reckless  
Check it  
You don't have to bump this but please respect it  
I took a minus and now the hard times are behind us  
Turned into a plus, now they stuck living blinded  
Hennessy got me feelin bad  
Time to stop drinkin  
Rollin, in my drop top Jag  
What's that cops thinkin?  
Sittin in my car, watch the stars and smoke  
I came along way but still I got so far to go  
Dear mama, don't worry  
I'm a watch for snakes  
Tell Seikywa that I love her, but it's hard today  
I got the letter that she sent me and I cried for weeks  
This is what came out, when I tried to speak  
All I heard was

(Chorus) 2x

Time goes by  
Puffing on Lye  
Hoping that it get me high  
Got a nigga going crazy  
I feel crazy

(Verse 2 - Tupac)

1, 2, 3, 4  
I see bloods and crips running up the hill  
Lookin for a better way  
My brothas and sistas it's time to bail  
Cause even thug niggas pray  
Hoping God forgive me  
I entered the game, look how much I changed

I'm no longer innocent  
Casualties of fame  
Made a lot of money, seen a lot of places  
And I swear I seen a peaceful smile on my mama's face  
When I gave her the keys to her own house  
This your land  
Your only son done became a man  
I'm watchin time fly  
I love my people do or die  
But I wonder why  
We scared to let each other fly  
June 1-6 7-1  
The day  
Mama pushed me out her womb, told me nigga get paid  
No one can understand me  
The black sheep, out-casted from my family  
Now packin heat I run the streets  
A young runaway live for the day  
When we die  
I could hear ya say

(Chorus) 2x

Time goes by  
Puffing on Lye  
Hoping that it get me high  
Got a nigga going crazy  
I feel crazy

Krazy, Krazy, Krazy

(Verse 3 - Bad Azz)

God help me out here  
Cause I'm possessed  
I need the root of all evil for my stress  
Cause now it's like a stong prescription drug  
It's got me addicted to the pleasure and the pain it's inflicted  
Something about the paper wit the pictures of the presidents head  
Damn it's like a mother fucking plague, it spreads  
It's epidemic  
Forgotten, forgotten, it got worse  
I keep my head on straight, makin money cause it's cursed  
Makin money makes a difference day by day  
So I gotta stay paid, no doubt  
Day in and day out  
This life is like a vicious cycle called fightin to live  
No matter how hard you try, it's in death.  
You gotta die  
alotta my Peers didn't make it to the years to come  
Dear life doing right  
Or dear life leaving dumb  
Who has the answers?  
I wonder.  
I turn to my elders  
They aged and experienced, but they can't even tell ya  
Or tell me  
That there'll be light at the end of the road  
Why?  
Cause they don't even know

A million thangs run through my mind  
You ain't gotta be in jail or be doin time

You ain't gotta be in the jail

Remember this tune

(Chorus)

Feelin fucked up in this bitch  
Smoke half a ounce to the head.  
Drop the top. Indo. Hawaiian. Lansbread. Buddha. All that shit.  
I'm fucked up in this motha fucka.  
And Hennessy don't help. And Hennessy don't help.  
Thug passion in this motha fucka.  
Makaveli the Don putting it down to the fullest.  
Maximum overload. 3 day theory.  
Killuminati to your body, with the impact of a 12 gauge shoty.  
Doublized slugs. No love. Straight thugs.

One time for my niggas in the jail cell.  
(One time for my niggas locked up.)  
One time for my niggas doin life in hell.  
One time for my niggas in the jail cell.  
(One time for my niggas locked up.)  
One time for my niggas doin life in hell.  
One time for my niggas on Death Row.  
(For my niggas on Death Row. West side. California syle. L.A.)  
One time for my niggas livin ... broke.  
(You know what time it is. No doubt. Get high. Puffin on lye.  
Wonder if it get me high. Yeah. Yeah. Crazy.)