

Crazy World

Young Jeezy

What they want?
They want that young shit
That dumb shit, that where you from shit
That ride around your hood all day with your gun shit
All I got to my name is two bricks and one felony
Your going back to jail, that's what my conscious keep on telling me
I really ain't buying all this bullshit they selling me
When the government throwing more curves than the letter C
I said the letter C, I guess that's for correctional
They try to box me in, sit me still like a vegetable
God damn another trap, I think Bush trying to punish us
Send a little message out to each and every one of us
Real G shit, well that's really unheard of
When you get more time for selling dope than murder

In this crazy world
This world keeps spinning, my rims still spinning
Even though the money slow, we still spend it
In this crazy world
Let this world keep turning, yeah my blunt still burning
Same thing, different day, still burning
In this crazy world
And this dopes still selling, and these niggas still telling
Will you make it through the day, it's no telling
In this crazy world (yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah)
In this crazy world

When I was fourteen I turned nothing to a quarter mill
Probably why I never give a fuck about a record deal
And I ain't never tried this shit, imagine how that white feel
But that don't even matter though, trying to pay the light bill
Light bill, phone bill, plus my granny nerve pills
Feel like I should be takin' 'em, imagine how my nerves feel
I want a new Bentley, my aunty need a kidney
And if I let her pass her children never will forgive me
God damn another trap, I think Bush trying to punish us
Send a little message out to each and every one of us
Real G shit, well that's really unheard of
When you get more time for selling dope than murder

In this crazy world
This world keeps spinning, my rims still spinning
Even though the money slow, we still spend it
In this crazy world
Let this world keep turning, yeah my blunt still burning
Same thing, different day, still burning
In this crazy world
And this dopes still selling, and these niggas still telling
Will you make it through the day, it's no telling
In this crazy world (yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah)
In this crazy world

I ain't a Xbox, so why you niggas trying to play with me
I really be the streets, so what you niggas got to say to me
Can't be much, can't be much (why) cause I ain't listening
I just left the hood and I'll be damned if they ain't filling them
Want to see me fall off, guess that's just the way it be

Old school timber beam, them usually that the way it be
And plus I got a driver that get them things from A to B
Soon as you get your money right, they hit you with conspiracy
God damn another trap, I think Bush trying to punish us
Send a little message out to each and every one of us
Real G shit, well that's really unheard of
When you get more time for selling dope than murder

In this crazy world
This world keeps spinning, my rims still spinning
Even though the money slow, we still spend it
In this crazy world
Let this world keep turning, yeah my blunt still burning
Same thing, different day, still burning
In this crazy world
And this dopes still selling, and these niggas still telling
Will you make it through the day, it's no telling
In this crazy world (yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah)
In this crazy world