

Crazy

50 Cent & DJ Whoo Kid

[Chorus]

If you think you can fuck wit 50 you gotta be crazy
I wont do a joint wit you
Know matter how much your label try and pay me
I'm on top of hip-hop
I run wit Aftermath and mother fucking Shady
It simple i see you like to be me ya niggaz can't fade me

[Verse One]

I can be a gentleman a gangsta
The bitch done chose
I send me orders to put hoes
In niggaz and hoes
My wrist all froze from flip side poles
Fein share on my deeder doors i suppose that's the bottom line
So called a gran that a nigga switching white lines
Sell anything under the sun to get mine
I'm Gonna Shine
Some for the summer H2 Hummer
Got paper now im picky
Change the rims change the watch change the gems
I upgrade now im paid
Catch me in the truck tower loby
Stroking other niggaz hoes is my hobby
Treat me like king ... suck me baby
I Roll with Shady and Dr.Dre (ohh)
Im done ta charm a luck
See if i can finger fuck in a truck
G-5 50 so live
So as my zipper go down her eyes wide
Got her in hotely on the bed with her hand tied (woo)

[Chorus]

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