

Crazy Story

King Von

Got a drop on this flexing nigga, he from Tennessee
I had a thot she be with the shits, she told me where he be
I said for sure, baby let me know if you wanna eat
She like Von you already know, just put your girl on fleek
Im like cool, I can do that boo
What you want some shoes? Jimmy Choo
With a handbag too, red or baby blue?
She get to smilin', she ain't used to this, cause she ain't used to shit
I'm just laughing coulda been a pimp the way I move my lips
I be speeding coulda been a driver the way I push the whip
You a hoe, coulda been a bitch, the way you throw a fit
But fuck that, right back to the script cuz this a major lick
He got bricks, plus his neck is icy and it match his wrist
Now its like 6, told her hit his phone, meet her in the whip
But he ain't go, but he ain't that slow, say meet em at the store
Im like cool, let em front his move, do what he gon do
Cuz this the plot, put em in the pot, let it cook like stew
I grab my Glock, it been thru a lot, but it still shoot like new
We at the top, yeah we lost a lot, but that just how it go
But check the score, if yall lose one more, that's 6-24
Let me focus, can't be zoning out, he pullin' up now
He double park, he ain't getting out, he in that push to start
That new Porsche its built like a horse, colors like the [?]
He got a ring, I guess he ain't divorce, wife probably a whore
Now she walk up, she struttin' her stuff, this bitch thick as fuck
Got in the truck, kissed him on his lip, he cuffin' her butt
Now I sneak up crouching like a tiger, like Snoop off The Wire
Block on fire, so I take precaution, mask on Michael Myers
I'm on his ass, he finna be mad, he gon beat her ass
But this what happen, I got to the door, I thought I was cappin'
I was lacking cuz there go the opps, yellin' out what's crackin'
I'm like what? I'm like nigga who? I was born to shoot
I got aim, I'm like Jonny Dang, when it comes to chains
So I rise, hit one in his arm, hit one in his thigh, this no lie
Bitch it's do or die, you said you gon slide
You got some nerve, your shit on the curb, boy we put in work
From 64th, and from 65th, we not from 63rd

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>