

Krazy - Rich Homie Quan lyrics

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“Krazy”

[Intro]

I been hearing them chatter quick
You know I been hearing the mumbling
Tell them nigga speak up though
I bet them niggas can't do what I do
I bet them niggas can't, you know what I'm saying, pop it how I pop it,

Ayy

[Chorus]

Flip flops i just hit a bitch no condom
I been serving white boy, Adam, no jumper
Circle full of bosses everybody getting money
And we gone get a whole lot more of that this summer
Run it up 'til the money counter get done
Bank money got paper cuts on my thumb
Taking my little boy to school with a gun
Sad that I got to walk around with a gun
Everybody riding around Atlanta with a gun
Shawty been sitting 10 months without a bond
If you want smoke nigga check on your lungs
Cause I ain't never ever gave a fuck about nothing

**For shit to get crazy you'n want for this shit to get crazy (Rich Homie)
Shit will get crazy, them young niggas ass gone go crazy (Hey)**

[Verse]

**All my niggas they pure, we don't even walk around saying "we real"
I'm sad that my dawg just died, 'cause somebody gave my boy a fake pill
My young niggas ain't got a job but I might hire them boys 'cause they
kill (They do)**

**Percs don't make me crazy if I take one Rich Homie on chill
I was in the AMG, doing 130, I need 7 bullets on me, need thirty**

Alot of guns clean but a couple of 'em dirty

All my young niggas about to start purging

Shoulder strap on the choppa so it shood sturdy

Young nigga died another unsolver murder (Damn)

Had to put a rubber on my dick 'cause she fertile

Having chicken way before that nigga Colonel

Blue tip bullets gone burn ya

Stay out my business if the shit don't concern you

The nigga you call big bro used to be a runner

Nigga talk slick bitch nigga get confronted

And I got some thick shit out of Dallas, Texas

Bitch redder than hi-tech (Double cup)

Getting money this shit a process (Yeah)

Still doing it for the projects (Quan, ayy)

[Chorus]

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