

# Migos, Crazy

Shirt match the belt match the shoes, that's crazy  
Dumping kush ashes on the floor, I'm lazy  
Sipping on the lean, got me looking kind of crazy  
Nigga talking down but it really don't faze me  
Imma hit her quick before she start acting crazy  
Rims on the tires got my car driving crazy  
Ice around my neck got your girl looking crazy  
Chilling with some chicks screaming fuck you, pay me

Half a million dollars worth of twenties, that's crazy  
20 squares on the back seat, I'm crazy  
Riding down 20, never see the speed limit nigga  
No this ain't a gimmick, quarter million for my image nigga  
Pausing for the fans on my way, that's crazy  
Designer frames hanging off my face, I'm shady  
Shawty got an ass on her and it's crazy  
But she say she got an old man and he crazy  
I'm moving the white girl, I'm driving Mrs. Daisy  
Nigga play with me, he gon be pushing on daisies  
I'm tryna fuck today, girl I'm kinda impatient  
But if she say she love me Imma drive that bitch crazy

Shades, they matching the shirt  
The shirt, it's matching my shoes  
Let's get out my jewels!  
Water my diamonds and take em [?]  
Robbing my dinner, religion is true  
Versace, Medusa, your Sace is fool  
I got the hook up like I'm black and blue  
Sick with the wrist, like I got the flu  
Red bottom my shoe, but I ain't [?]  
Calling them chill, we taking them trips  
To Beverly Hills to pick up them M's  
Fuck your main bitch and I put her on film  
Diamond bricks, clientele at the gym  
Selling that white got me M&Ms  
OG gas bag in the MCM  
Kitchen been [?], get F&N  
Bad ass bitch, she come from Berlin  
Was crazy, I came a long way from [?] ladies  
Versace, Versace, we made it  
Mama she told me that we gon be hated and we gon be famous  
And that we the greatest  
The shades is matching the belt, the belt is matching the shoes  
They tell me it's crazy, I know that they hate it  
I pull up, I'm faded, [?] the bando from whipping them babies  
(That's Crazy)

Young rich nigga, so you know my pocket crazy  
Man Chill with me, we go crazy with them babies  
I look in my pocket, I'm seeing them Benjamin Franklins  
I'm taking your bitch, smash, smash, smash  
While you out there buying her anklets  
Riding with 6 niggas, 6 pistols, get your issue  
Blowing on green like a whistle, put the scope on these fuck niggas  
Which way did he go, trap in the rain sleet or snow, the feds ain't ever gon know  
I got the dope, crazy we mixing with soap, crazy we mixing with soap  
I keep the white like the pope, your bitch she cooking the coke  
They wrap it and pack it, I pack it and ship it  
My dope is so crazy, my dope is exquisite  
I'm teaching you lessons so listen  
Your bitch ought to stay in the kitchen  
Beat the pots and the pans and the dishes  
I'm a chemist (That's crazy)

