

# Crazy Story 2.0 (feat. Lil Durk)

## King Von

[Verse 1: King Von]

Got a drop on this flexin' nigga, he from Tennessee  
I had a thot, she be with the shits, she told me where he be  
I say for sure, baby let me know, if you wanna eat  
She like "Von, you already know, just put put your girl on fleek"  
I'm 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 smiling, she ain't used to this cause she ain't used to shit  
I'm just laughing, could of been a pimp the way I move my lips  
I be speeding, could of been a driver the way I push the whip  
You a hoe, could of been a bitch the way you throw a fit  
But fuck that, right back to the script cause this a major lick  
He got bricks, plus his neck is icy and it match his wrist  
Now it's like 6, told her hit his phone  
Meet her in the Wic, but he ain't go  
But he ain't that slow, said meet him at the store  
I'm like cool, let him front his move, do what he gon' do  
Cause this the plot, put him in a pot, let it cook like stew  
I grab my Glock, it been through a lot but it still shoot like new  
We at the top, yeah we lost a lot, but that's just how go  
But check the score, if y'all lose 1 more, that's 6 to 24  
Let me focus, can't be zoning out, he pulling up now  
He double parked, he ain't getting out, he in that push to start  
That new Porsche, it's built like a horse, colors like the fork  
He got a ring, I guess he in 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 cuppin' her butt  
Now I sneak up, crouching like a Tiger, like Snoop off the Wire  
The 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 happened-  
I got to the door, I thought I was cappin'  
I was lackin', cause 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 Johnny Dang, when it comes to chains  
So I ride, hit one in his arm, hit one in his thigh  
This no lie, bitch it's do or die, you say you gon' slide?  
You got some nerve, yo' shit on the curb, boy we put in work  
From 64th, and from 65th, we not from 63rd

[Verse 2: Lil Durk]

I got a drop on a rappin' nigga, I be from the 'Raq  
I'm like, cool, better not front yo' move, or you become a pack

You see Von, you see 40 Glocks, see Booka, you see MAC  
Yeah free Mack, gone for a double homi, foenem got yo' back  
But fuck that, say you smoking who? Quickest way to die  
Snatch who chain? Off who neck? Not mine  
Ain't no point in trying  
They not out, plus the police hot, ain't no point in sliding  
They be talking from the internet, they don't be outside  
Hit the 6, call DaDa out, tell him 'bout a lick  
We need tape, we need rope and foams, don't forget the blicks  
He like, "Cool, how that nigga look?" I pull up some flicks  
He like, "Damn I think I know the nigga" He cool with his bitch  
We at V-Live, but we went to Structure, but we played a lot  
Got a goofy walking in and out, telling me his car  
He in a Cat, bet, I'ma pay you half, just finesse  
I'm 300, clips don't come like that, 3 drums to his chest  
Bitch, we lurking 63rd  
Bitch, we lurking 63rd

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>