I'm Not Crazy (ft. Cryptic Wisdom & SwizZz)

Hopsin

Hello Hopsin... Word on the streets is that you're crazy... And I honestly believe you are
Listen, if I was really crazy I'd run up inside an orphanage
And torment kids, and beat babies faces with bags of oranges
Fake my origin and tell people that I was born to sin
I'd go back to feeling molested porn again (Yeahhh)
I would murder a nigga then steal his body from whatever morgue it's in
And take it back to an alley to torture it
Study all of the Freddy Kruegor, Michael Myers, and Chuckie horror flicks
(Baby is that a knife that you have in your hand?) Of course it is!
I'd run around crazy like the Afghans do with some black camp boots wearin' a fuckin' Batman suit
And scream at bitches like I'm Fatman Scoop (C'MERE!)
And tell them to take a deep breath cause this will be their last chance to
I'd hate on everyone who sane and gifted (Yup)
Claim that my brain is missing while sniffing cocaine
And then cut my dick for the Pain Olympics
If I was crazy I would go pick up the mic and use it
And tell Dwayne Carter that I really like his music (Shit)
But I'm not crazy
I'm just a tad bit strange
I can't control the thoughts that always travel through my brain
Oh no, not my fault
So don't blame me
I swear to you that I'm not really crazy
(Ah!)
Crazy
(Ah!)
Crazy
If I was manic I probably woulda neglected my responsibilities and made society respect it
I'd walk around in a dress with a can of gas
And blow up a mothafucka for laughing with half a match
Dig up all the baby cadavers and grab a basket
And shoot them through every window of every crib that I'm passing
I'd probably be back a couple hours later to fuck 'em with every bottle
I cut up within my labor
Take a breather, make a haste of it and bounce
To the house that's adjacent and chase everyone out
And take em down
Tell them I'm the devil and I'm claiming everybody for a battle that's crazier than my brain is
Grab a chainsaw, blow the fuckin' dust back

Leave it all and still ready me a new blood bath
Run back to the psyche ward
Check my perimeter and get in before anybody knew that I left
Yo, I won't lie, I'm not as crazy as glue
But if I was let me describe all the bullshit I would do
I'd jack off with sandpaper while I'm watching the View
Picturing Whoopi bald headed stroking cock with her boobs!
I'll throw babies in dryers
Strangle tweakers that fidgit
Contract HIV willfully, just to purposely give it
I'd mug mothers on wellfare
Swim in gallons of gas
Meander to the batting cage and use my dick for a bat! (SHIT!)
If I was derranged, I'd cop me a chain
Make it rain like Washington and throw a stripper some change
Make her work it on the floor, pussy pop on a handstand
Lick her dirty snatch and film it all on my webcam (Oh yeah!)
Honestly I'd be itching for gunplay
I'll cock the.45 and shoot up church on a Sunday
I'll hi-jack a plane while it's still on the runway
Grope the stewardess and take the passengers' chump change!
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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