Think I'm Crazy

Chamillionaire

I want to know who you are but you still look very nice
So will you talk to me?
Should I tell you a story? Should I tell you a treat?
They think I'm crazy, they don't understand how I feelSee, it started off as just a simple conversation I gave her
The name of my record company
(Oh you're a Sanger)
I said my name's Chamillionaire and I'm a rap entertainerOh you that guy they talking 'bout when they be whisperin', ain't cha
Bring your name up when they talking and say money will change ya
I heard a lot about how you can't deal with your anger
Heard the rumors how you're always in trouble or danger
Not gotta judge you if it's true, there's no need to explain sir
You do have a right to be, you seem like you're nice to me
And like you're gonna buy me another drink, yeah would you like a seat?I tell the boy the same Hennessey on ice for me
Her drink starts emptying as she's pouring out her life to me
Telling me about her goals and how successful she would like to be
And invite me to a session of her life
And she seems so damn innocent but something isn't right to me
She pulls out her picture phone, "I got pictures, would you like to see?"I'm thinking she gotta be friendly as hell
Giving a soul to me, it's like an identity sell
We never met is the story that my memory tells
Telling me tales like she doesn't handle Hennessey wellGetting into it, getting intimate and into details
See, I just met you and you showing me your kids
Who said I had any kids? I didn't bring up no kids
Then who's in this picture? Man, let you show you just who it isI want to know who you are but you still look very nice
So will you talk to me?
Should I tell you a story? Should I tell you a treat?
They think I'm crazy, they don't understand how I feelUmm, I don't remember her name but she look like an angel
She wasn't from here, I knew she didn't hang a
Round a part of the hood but hey the story gets stranger
'Cause this stranger was stranger than I could explain you seeShe said she wasn't married but the rings on her finger
Told me she was langin' and using the same uh
Game I use on women so I couldn't even blame her
Spitting the game I spit to 'em when I'm trying to bang herI bump into this dime, he told me that he used to know you

He told me about the loyalty and love he used to show you
He said what he said with a passion like it was so true
Wouldn't take advantage of the fact
That the listeners didn't really know youThere's pictures in my pocketbook, almost got it, I'll show you
She digs in her purse and while she fumbles around
I find that photo, I'm like, "Oh no there's some trouble in town"
I turn around as these two officers is coming in nowThey walk in real suspicious and come and sit down
So close, I can see they barrels of the guns to the ground
So close that they can listen to either of us now
We turn back around and she says no need for whispering
Then she tells me thatI don't really give a damn whose listening
Try to make it last a long time was my mission
And he kept on tripping and then I got pissed at him
Hit 'em with my fist and my punches were never missing himI want to know who you are but you still look very nice
So will you talk to me?
Should I tell you a story? Should I tell you a treat?
They think I'm crazy, they don't understand how I feelOkay, let's get this straight, your man cheated on you and now
You talking to a perfect stranger like it's making you proud
And the rest of this conversation she just telling me how
It wasn't her boyfriend in the pic but a familiar smile
She saidPictures can be deceiving like she knew he was foul
Look closer, you'll see a coward who uses a smile's power
Fleeing the smoke strength, couldn't stand it another hour
So she did what she did then she went to go take a showerDamn what do you mean?
(Couldn't tell you that I missin' him)
I don't understand what you're saying, how did you get rid of him?
She dissing him, as I ask her what it is she did to himShe stops, ay keep talkin' I'm listening
(I don't wanna tell about the images I'm picturing)
Henny spilling then she tell me
(For real and I got the feeling of what I'm feeling
Is that I wanted to kill him)Something's wrong here and I know just who is the villain
The poison's getting louder, the moral is getting clearer
The officers is looking at us and I can tell they can hear her, told me
(It was protection, reached for it in the stash)The plastic is what she grabbed and she put it right on his ass
Bust it before the blast, she thought she was free at least
Baby I think you crazy, sorry I'm pressing for time
I gotta go grind, time's putting to resting
Now I'm sweating and stressing, this girl's got me guessingThat this conversation is two types of evil confession
And she pulls a clearer picture, it's my damn ex-best friend
How you know him? She told me she was with him at his house
Watching movies on Sundays when they be chillingAnd that's exactly the day that the hospital came to get him
The feeling was the worst feeling that she could possibly be feeling
Stood up and then I yelled out, "Why in the hell did you kill him?"

I didn't kill him, I have AIDS, he had sex with 'em and that's crazy

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