

# I'm Not Crazy (Featuring 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 Krueger, 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 welfare  
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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