

# 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 feel  
See, 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 entertainer  
Oh 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 well  
Getting 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 is  
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 feel  
Umm, 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 see  
She 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 her  
I 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 you  
There'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 now  
They 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 that  
I 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 him  
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 feel  
Okay, 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 said  
Pictures 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 shower  
Damn 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 him  
She 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 guessing  
That 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 chilling  
And 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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