

Think I'm Crazy

Chamillionaire

I want to know who you are but you seem very nice
So will you talk to me?
Shall I tell you a story? Shall 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 singer)
I said my name's Chamillionaire and I'm a rap entertainer
(Oh you that guy they talking bout when they be whispering, 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 your 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 your nice to me
I'm bout to order me another drink, yeah would you like a seat?)
I tell the bartender same Hennesey on ice for me
Her drink starts emptying while she's spilling 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 Hennesey 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 seem very nice
So will you talk to me?
Shall I tell you a story? Shall 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 this 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 ring on her finger
Told me she was lying and using the same uhh
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 guy, 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 yo
u)
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 one 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 seem very nice
So will you talk to me?
Shall I tell you a story? Shall 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 his smile as 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 missing him)
I don't understand what your 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 talking 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 villian
Her voice was 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 last
Baby I think you crazy, Sorry I'm pressing for time
I gotta go grind, time's been interesting
Now I'm sweating and stressing, this girl's got me guessing
That this conversation is some type of evil confession
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