

Chamillionaire "Think I'm Crazy"

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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

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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

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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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