

# Kevin Federline "Crazy"

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**(feat. Britney Spears)**

K-Federline, Bosko  
We got 'em on this one due

*[Chorus - Britney:]*

And they say  
I'm crazy  
For loving you  
For feeling you  
And maybe  
I'm a little crazy  
But they don't know  
All the things you do

When the pen hits the pad  
It's in the left hand  
Every single word is worth thirty grand  
Or maybe more  
Don't think they understand  
How much cake the pancake man had  
So heavy like weight  
Moving upstate  
Care for my rhyme  
Like the crime rate  
I flick with your boy  
The prince of the bay  
Sit back, day to day  
Got two back packs  
Resno on one  
LA in other  
Whilst I'm holding my sons  
As I march through the valley of the shadow of death  
Dark hair on my chest  
Wife on my left  
Let's go

*[Chorus - Britney:]*

And they say  
I'm crazy  
For loving you  
For feeling you

And maybe  
I'm a little crazy  
But they don't know  
All the things you do

That's how I'ma ride  
For my family I'd die  
Bet you're all thinking  
I'm that guy  
Don't care about you  
'Cause I'm the truth  
I ball like Kobe  
Shooting hoops  
Up in the roof  
Been the million dollar corporation  
Call me maloof  
Like I said once before  
I'm the truth  
Hollywood can't catch me  
But they got you  
Nothing fake round here  
I'm the realest do  
Haters feel us too  
I'm in and out the groove

Every word out my mouth  
Make headline news  
I'm the best, I rule  
Come test my tools  
You do so square  
Get my slang out manuals, ha

*[Chorus - Britney:]*

And they say  
I'm crazy  
For loving you  
For feeling you  
And maybe  
I'm a little crazy  
But they don't know  
All the things you do

*[Chorus:]*

And they say I'm a little crazy  
But they don't even know you, baby  
So they base all their the accusations  
On what they really don't know  
So tired of all the speculation  
Fed up of negative fabrications  
You say just have a little patience  
But they are driving me crazy

Never been a surfer  
But my chang hang loose  
Got so much flavour  
Like 2Pac juice  
Got dudes wishing you're in my shoes  
I'm a rockstar baby  
I do what I wanna do  
Tough pack  
My crew will come and clobber you  
Let the pope come out  
And watch it swallow you  
Not a pretty boy  
But I look like a model do  
Not a gangster  
But in my life, yeah I've fought a few  
Hit the hustle tight now it look  
Like I'm robbing you  
All yours flys  
Watch how I swatted you  
Better think twice how you come at me  
I'm a godfather now  
I'm about my family, yeah

*[Chorus:]*

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