

I'm Not Crazy

Audio Push

One, two, three, four...
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Squad on top like the roof and I am in the booth
And we are just the best, how could I lie if I'm the truth
Money please all, cash now cause I do this
Broadies over woadies, we say B.O.W. B.O.W. stupid

I'm a do this- go and do that (I'm not crazy)
I'm a do this- go and do that (I'm not crazy)
Let me do this- go and do that (I'm not crazy)
I'm a do this- go and do that (I'm not crazy)
Just let me do this- go and do that (I'm not crazy)
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Now when it comes to the money, it's broadies I trust
Heard she wifey to you but, she woadie to us
And she tellin me she love me
And I be like "woadie, stop"
"Your suppose to love the broadies"
I say "why you broadie hop""
Yeah (ye-yeah) I am that dude or at least I'm fix to be
Girls gon talk about love and remember me
First you ain't like me, now you wanna be friends with me
Oktane will make a fan out his worst enemy
I might brag homie, gotta nice swag on me
I'm Oktane, I came here with Price Tag homie
I keep my jeans fitted, and they might sag on me
Sick swag, chick bad with a nice bag homie
Why? it's so Gucci or Prada, either that or it's nada
This squad wanna problem, it's nothing broadies I got them
Nooo squad on, we are you times two
Ayy
Your girl a bomb, but your girl don't tick like mine do
And they look like "who is they?"
Funny you should ask that...
Oktane, your girlfriends boyfriend- bag back
It's hundreds for the jeans, stacks on the bag packs
Stop going up on you lames, call me NASDAQ
Cause Oktane fly, one track mind
All I see is me and Price when it's half-time
I used to just sit and write rap rhymes
But now music and your girl are what we use to pass time

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Look, it's the hot boy's turn, the people love a heater
I'm rollin in a whip that just consist of double-seaters
They say your girl is bad, well I would love to meet her
Cause she see the boys ballin,
And I ain't talkin buzzer-beaters
I'm addicted to these cats so call the homie frane
Plus my chick is sittin bad she just want your woadies, ehh?
Your girl lookin at me, creepin over to the tank
So much money, I could have a sleepover at the bank
Got the-got the club on jump,
I tell em' push the line back
Eyes on me like the people watchin IMAX
Swag is divine, you can try to define that
Plus you see my pockets is on Kevin Federline fat
But never mind that, back to the recording
The traveling, the shows, the autographs, touring
I'm sleepin on you rappers, slobber, snorin
Your girl legs open like she sponsored by Jordan
I'm bout to kill the game, under the jail stressin
Ya'll give away hate, but me I sell blessins
Never work, and still I been flexin
It's about to go down south took her in Stephen's
I'm comin off the super head, dumb power seats
Broadies make the spot crack, sun flower seeds
You might not know what it is, but you know the boy is it
Badda boom, badda bing, I'm the king, royal Tip
Go!

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