

Crazytown

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Did you ever think that just maybe
We're supposed to be a little bit crazy?
Can it be?
We're really this mentally diseased?

OCD, narcissistic, manic depressive, slit your wrists
Hyperactive, ADD, generalized anxiety
Drug addicts, agoraphobic
Panic attacks, we're all just so sick
In the head, need medicine quick
Gotta stock up on prescription slips
Had a breakdown of a nervous kind
Pop a little Xanax to unwind
Paranoid schizo half the time
Bipolar and borderline
Way fucked up when it comes to sex
Shit, dick, cunt: that's Tourette's
Stay in bed, we're too depressed
Post-traumatic stress effects
Bulimics barf, anorexics starve
Fast food binge inside our cars
Multiple personalities
Like, "Hi, it's I, myself and me"
You got trichotillomaniacs and autistic brainiacs
All insaney to the max so doped up on Prozac packs
Histrionic plus delusions
Tangled dendrites, mad confusion
Klepto narcoleptic
All psych wards so antiseptic
Take your Zoloft, Paxil
Wellbutrin, Cymbalta, homie
What you using?
Ativan and Lexapro
Don't act like you do not know

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As I stare at an ink blot
Thinking why I think the thoughts I think
Paying 20 g's a year straight to my shrink
To analyze me on a couch
And while he's zoning out
I'm tuning in to my inner child
So that explains why I get wild
On the weekend drinking no tomorrow
Sleep around to ease my sorrow
And it all relates to what happened in second grade
I am told there is a name for what is wrong inside my brain
And that fact alone makes me feel like I'm hardly that insane
I've undergone psychoanalysis
My dreams all full of phalluses
Psychotropics I imbibe
So happy to be prescribed
What I get from Pfizer's not much different from Budweiser

In the end, you and I just fated to pretend

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