

# Fucking Crazy

K.Flay

If you wanna be my baby, get ready for some bullshit  
Cause I'm like fucking crazy, fucking crazy  
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My daddy was an asshole  
At least I think he was, never knew him well enough  
He developed quite a habit, bit the dust so a cause to be nuts I got hell of  
ones  
And whether that's even relevant  
Well I don't know for sure, but I've been so disturbed  
And I'd like an explanation  
For the havoc in my life I've been creating  
My friend said the reason I'm alone's I'm a bad girl  
Got a knife in my arm  
But the scar's in my bones guess I better with deal with that first  
Say, say I what I want when I don't even know, then apologize after  
Seems like the pace of my mistakes keeps accelerating faster  
And I find that when the sun has set, I beg for more and more punishment  
Getting tough again looking for a cure, some kind of medicine  
Like a way fix it, but I've found that really nothing can

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You don't wanna fuck around with my mind  
Cuz my mind is a dangerous vine  
To find yourself intertwined with or aligned with  
Kinda fine but the man is kinda twisted  
Is it my fault or is it salt up in the wound  
That's been there since the womb  
The world is my time gauge  
I feel prime rage rise from the rib cage  
When I'm feeling jealousies, I hella breathe  
To bring a freeze to your bones  
And leave you on your knees and all alone  
You get the perfect view of the tattoo  
On the back of my neck when I lose my love for you  
I hover over, love is like a poltergeist  
I will haunt your life and make you feel again  
I feel the feelings of a mad man and when I can't rant  
I leave a mess behind and call the HAZMAT team  
I need a vaccine  
I'm crazy and I know it  
Pass, clean it out, I got some residue  
I'm not the perfect man I'm telling you  
He's hella cool but he got issues  
If you choose to make that move  
Make sure you bring some tissues girl  
Wish you well on this escapade  
I learned my lessons way before today

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No doubt about it baby I'm a blind mess  
With buzzard flying circles over my head  
Try to deny for a minute that I said  
It's a above me waiting patiently for my death  
Bet your shrink would have a field day with me  
Blame it on abandonment issues  
Or something tragic that happened when I was sixteen  
Close the door, stop poking around  
Float fine in the waters where the hopeless drown  
So stop fishing, all your gonna get is just a sunken boot  
A bunch of garbage I discarded from my troubled youth  
Heavy tension then there's something I suggest you walk away from before it  
tries to get you too  
Young thing felt love would make a valiant stand  
Put a calm in my life with a valium can  
A grown man with a stone in his hand  
Is not built for a glass-hearted delicate land

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