

Fucking Crazy

K.Flavy

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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