

# Drive Me Crazy

Tom MacDonald

'Bout it, 'bout it, yeah  
'Bout it, 'bout it, yeah  
'Bout it, 'bout it  
Yeah, 'bout it

I been drinking, been smokin'  
Been writin', recording  
I been out here in America livin' like I ain't broke and  
I been thinkin' of the times I was alone inside my home writin' rhymes about  
the hoes I was gettin' over  
Man, I really love y'all  
Man, I really meant that  
Man, I'll try my hardest to avoid y'all when I get back  
I know y'all made me promise if I made it I'd still come through and get faded  
But I swear I'm almost famous and I'm going through some changes  
Everything got shook up, it all started with one late night  
I met a girl and we hooked up, and your body chain don't hang right  
Y'all were destined for stardom, now y'all got charges and some kids  
Your only option is a pardon for possession with intent  
And my ears ring, it's piercing like my earrings when y'all talkin' 'bout me  
Hope is something good, that's already too many rumors started  
If you see me in the streets in my hometown I hope you know you're rollin'  
Your road isn't one I'll go down

My hands are on the wheel and my foot is on the gas  
And my eyes are on the rear view, I hope that I don't crash  
And I'm driving myself crazy thinking 'bout it  
Yeah, I'm driving myself crazy thinking 'bout it  
I'm sittin' in the driver's seat, I'm speeding really fast  
And I'm looking in the rear view, thinkin' 'bout my past  
And I'm driving myself crazy thinking 'bout it  
Yeah, I'm driving myself crazy thinking 'bout it, about it

I been drunk a lot, in the parking lot  
I been gettin' in with executives  
I been partyin' in my cardigan, same kid just made some rich friends  
I had to  
Y'all were like my family though, you can't be mad at me  
Your weren't listening, I said "all aboard" and you missed the boat  
I been on my next shit, I can't get y'all on my guest list no more  
I been learnt my lesson, y'all sellin' that flow  
And y'all 'gon get arrested while I'm stressing my show  
I can't accept your message if you sent it from that phone  
Heard that y'all been drinkin', heavy crashed a couple cars  
I guess the world is really mine now, and the world it used to be ours  
I swear I won't forget y'all, I been holding on but my hands purple  
Lettin' go of everyone that I knew back in my old circle  
Makin' room for songwriters and engineers  
No more room for old bikers or working girls or drug dealers  
Y'all keep blowing clouds, I promise that I'll make you proud  
Just don't be mad at me when you finally notice I'm not around

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And I'm driving myself crazy thinking 'bout it  
Yeah, I'm driving myself crazy thinking 'bout it  
I'm just gettin' out of Dodge and I'm planning my attack  
I ain't slowing down for nothing, I don't need to fill my tank  
I got the pedal to the metal and I'm drivin' like I drank  
You couldn't stop me with a cannon or a tank  
And I'm steppin' on it

'Bout it, 'bout it  
And I'm driving myself crazy thinking 'bout it  
'Bout it, 'bout it  
Yeah, I'm driving myself crazy thinking 'bout it  
And I'm driving myself crazy thinking 'bout it ('bout it)  
'Bout it  
And I'm driving myself crazy thinking 'bout it  
Yeah, I'm driving myself crazy thinking 'bout it  
And I'm driving myself crazy thinking 'bout it  
And I'm driving myself crazy thinking 'bout it  
Yeah, I'm driving myself crazy thinking 'bout it  
And I'm driving myself crazy thinking 'bout it  
'Bout it, yeah