

Crazy Ass Bitch

Chris Webby

I couldn't stop staring when I saw her at the bar
Walked over and introduced, she said "I know who you are"
She said she liked the rapper type, no matter if their black or white
And I'm like hmm, it looks like I'm gettin' ass tonight
Spit some I'll game then it was back to the house
Bent her over then I hit it from the back on the couch
Banged out for two hours then she slipped me her digits
Called that bitch the next day cause I still hadda hit it
Then the night after that, then the night after that
To the point I'm thinking I might wife it in fact
We decided to go out, it started going well
The sex was straight I'll, plus she was sexy as hell
But she was obsessive as fuck, straight up nuts
Started looking through my facebook texts and stuff
Comin' at me like "Who's Amy" "Nobody your my baby"
But little did she know that I'd been bangin' Amy lately

She's mostly a ghost the way she watches over me
She's controlling my brain activity knowing when I go (2x)

Oh yea... that text, that text message was nothin' baby
Amy's uhh... Amy's my study partner in class
We, we do like lab's and shit together, I swear to God yo
Yea don't worry about it, you my baby
(Under breath) Stupid ass mother fuckin' bitch
Can't stand this bitch!

We still stayed together cause the sex was unbeatable
But she was straight obsessive to the point it's unbelievable
I still hit Amy on the side with stealth
Comin' home to "If you left me, I'd kill myself
For real, I love you baby, we'll always be together
We'll get married have kids and love each other for ever"
And I'm like, uhhh, shit she's a nuts bitch
A psycho, one I never should have fucked with
The next day I come home and she's sitting all alone
Ballin' her eyes out and looking through my damn phone
"So who the fuck's Amy, I just read this text
"Last night was amazing, "" oh what'd you have sex? "
"Baby she's my study partner yo, don't you remember? "
"In what fucking class you said that shit last semester! "
"You know what fuck this, grab all your shit
And get the fuck out of my house, crazy ass bitch! "

Yea that's right get the fuck out of here.
Crazy mother fuckin' bitch.
Grab your shoes.
Yea grab those stank ass underwear from out of my room too
I ain't even playin' with you bitch, get the fuck out.
All in my shit yo, what the fuck is wrong with you, get the fuck out.
Damn!

We broke up, but I still can't get rid of this female
She called, sent texts, shit she even left emails
Just tryna get her out of my life, she's really scaring me
(Phone ring) "Hi baby" "Bitch go seek therapy! " (Hang up)
So one night me and Amy come back to the crib

Flip the lights on, and there she is
Holding a pistol and I'm like "Where the fuck'd you get a gun! "
"What I never told you? My dad has one
Oh what, so I finally get to meet this little whore? "
(Bang, Bang) And Amy dropped to the floor
"You been fucking her the whole time and called me baby! "
"I can see why your angry but you ain't have to shoot Amy! "
Now my mind's racing as I thought of the words
"Just give me the gun babe, we'll go back to the way we were"
"You promise? " "I promise, I love you yo
Just give me the gun please, yea, nice and slow"

Yea there you go, just give me... there you go.
Pull a fucking gun on me! Are you out of your fucking mind!
You fucking psycho bitch, you have crossed the mother fuckin' line.
Nah, nah ya know what, BITCH!
(Gun cock and fire)
Oh shit...