

American Psycho II

D12

I'm a little bit off the chain, you can call me insane, but the
fact remains
That I'm a psycho
Better get it through your brain, when you say my name, never s
ay it in vain
Cause I'm a psycho

I'm a motherfuckin omen, I bow down to no man, I'll split a ***
** open,
Killing folks compulsive, a soldier wit a motive, scrotum big a
s boulders,
I'll hold it then unload on you, put on poster, so everyone can
notice who
Was focused on his pokin, they nose in our business, hopin that
I don't come
Smoke 'em, No one knows my notions or emotions, I'm a vulture,
Close to croakin any moment, and I know when, I could fuck the
culture up,
Probably rap, a maniac, wit anxiety attacks, I don't wanna chat
, speak when
You spoken to, and I don't have to read a fuckin magazine or qu
oteable, to notice
What you hoes'll do

We all soldiers, we move as a unit, we all roll up, show up at
your residence
And light your front door up, get scared, life ain't fair, and
I'm prepared to blast you
Just as fast as dre can say hell yeah, so watch what you say, c
ause it can happen
Either today or the next minute, i can draw the heater and spra
y and I'm dead
Serious, you could be dead period, end of story, I'm on your po
rch wit a gun and
Your son sippin a forty, No one can hold me, I does it all by m
y lonely,
Stomp your head while you awake, you'll be looking like gumby,
Aftermath and Shady bitch
You can read it and weep, you see my poster in the hood for the
G of the week

They found Saddam, but they ain't gonna find me, I'll be under
a tree,
In Buttfuck Tennessee, and I don't know too much about my daddy
,
Except he spit in my face and fucked me in my fanny, I ain't a
racist
I just hate whites, fags and dykes, blacks and transvestites, 1

3 years old

And joined a fucking gang, hair under my ass cheeks feeling the
fucking pain

Am I insane?, who really knows, cause any second my temper can
fucking

Blow, I get colder than december, black the fuck out, tomorrow
won't even remember

See Bizzare can show what violence is all about, and this Dr. D
re beat done brought it

The fuck out, run in your house and put it in your mouth, and b
low your brains the fuck out

I probably got a screw loose or two or maybe three or four of '
em, some fell out and hit the floor,

All I know is ever since my fuckin head hit the snowbank, been
a little niandrotholic, no thanks to

My man D' Angelo Baily, but I just take it slow daily, my bigges
t delierence, tryin to figure whether

To use the flat head or the phillips, or just go to the Home De
pot, and pick the new power drill up,

Gives me two hours and 6 days and I'm still up, I feel like I'm
about to snap and minute, there's a new

Tower Records, I'm bout to stop and get a fill-

up, pick the new Cypress Hill up, and go find who did

That shit to Xzibit, and go fill up a whole liquor bottle