Fun N' Games

Prozak

Hold up, bitch, I'm holding a four fifty
You'll sure get your whole body throat sliv
With a switch blade you'll get your whole throat slit
You better watch your mouth because you know who I roll with

I'm not talking about this rap shit, I'm talking about this gat shit
When I see your soul, I'ma snatch it
f*ck around and end up inside of a casket
I'll brace them like Jason Voorhees with a hatchet

Some people think I need some help, but I'm way past it
Locked in a padded cell, screaming with a straight jacket
I'm haunted by several spirits of dead poets
I think I'm Edgar Allen Poe, but I don't know it

So don't quote it, I'm not sure who even wrote it
At three A.M. my hands become possessed, I can't control it
It writes murder confessions from past times
And subliminal messages that I hide inside my rhymes

Hey man, why you talking so tough
No, for real, you be playing too much
And it's all fun and games until somebody goes nuts
Until somebody gets stuck with my blade in they guts

Did I fail to mention, I'm manic depressive, obsessive compulsive
Psychotic man that craves attention with a Smith and Wesson
Hit your chest and I'm hoping you learned your lesson
Grab your vest and better count your blessings

Because we're mid western, bitch you're in a western
They call me John Wayne, shoot them up like Jesse James
Insane in the brain, like my homies Cypress Hill
Drugged out, thugged out, pop some pills, cock the still

Shit, you want to ask me if this glock is real
With just one pull of this trigger you're in hell and now you're out
of here
You're whole existence just disappeared
Like Nostradamus I promise the end is near

I thought it sounded just like comets through out the hemisphere
It makes you vomit like gin and tonic or everclear
Some people think I'm psychotic for talking to the mirror
But I blame it on the narcotics that put me here

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