

# Psycho

50 Cent

I can hear your heartbeat, you're scared, yeah yeah  
I can hear your heartbeat, you're scared (2x)

You see, I'm a psycho, a sicko, I'm crazy  
I see, I got my knife boy, I kill you, you make me  
They wanna see me shot up, locked up and cage me  
I'll come back bigger, stronger and angry

Look look, I come from a different crew, you fuck with me, I'll get to you  
A clip or two'll cripple you, just 'cause I ain't got shit to do  
Pistol pop, a pussy drop, drama never ever stop  
Eenie meenie miney moe, now tre pound or 44  
Pick a strap to take the mag. The hawk I'll stab it in your back  
I'll blow your brains, I know your name  
And where you rest, I'll make a mess  
The holla tips'll hit ya chest, you cough up blood to EMS  
Come pick you up, You know you fucked  
When you get on a stretcher  
'cause I'll come in ta ICU, to see you off to heaven  
The system I done been through. If there's nothing you did to me  
They locked me up they let me out, you seen this in the movies  
The criminals be criminals, why they up in corrections?  
They come on get a 9, nigga me grind to perfection  
It's murder when they found the gun now they doing ballistics  
But they can't find a fingerprint this shit's going terrific  
He's so close to your target that it's really hard to miss it

Man these are average raps, I'm keepin the savage batch hidden  
The can of whoop ass with the Shady Aftermath lid  
You pop off the top it's like opening vats of acid  
Beat the Octamom to death with a Cabbage Patch Kid  
Attack a snatch, yeah there's something to jack a batch in  
Impregnate her then shoot up the embryo sack with Mac 10s  
Triplets, quadruplets and a couple of back to back twins  
Dead fetuses fallin out all over, Jack is back again  
The Rippers at your service, girl I can see that your nervous  
But I barely scratch the surface, like my last batch of girlfriends  
That I buried in my fuckin backyard. Still trying to dig their way out  
I foam like an attack dog, how late you wanna stay out  
It's past your curfew when its dark, I'm searchin for you in the park  
Shady murdered him another virgin he just hit his mark  
He met his quota for the month. They found Dakota all rolled up  
Inside a bag he probably dragged the body for about a block  
Disappeared without a trace, no DNA, no not a drop  
Cause me and Dre and 50 we will never get caught by the cops  
CSI they hate us but they gotta give a lot of props  
The drama pops, grab the butcher knife from off the counter top.

I'm as ill as can be  
My appeal is to serial killers, what a pill is to me,  
Killing so villainously,  
Still as maniacal on the Nyquil and psycho as Michael Myers,  
You know what we're like on the muthafucking mic so try us  
And you're gonna find out what the fuck we're like with pliers.

It's operation time they got em hooked up to wires,  
Queezing, he bleeding, wheezing, breathing he half dead,

He must say no, but now he know how shady the Math is,  
Even murderous tactics, get better with practice,  
Lead showers, gun powder, fill the tellers burn burn,  
Truly ours Julia, you better learn learn.

Chris Reeves in his grave, yeah homie turn turn,  
I'm debating, mutilating the lady,  
You've been waiting for shady  
And Fif. Ain't no duplicating it baby,  
There's a baby in the drive, there's a torso in the washer,  
I think it might even belong to Portia when I tossed her,  
Arms and legs in the garbage cos the rest of her, I lost her,  
Her head is in the disposal with Jessica's I squashed her,  
And put her through the ringer and hung her over the wash tub.

When I'm through with Ricky it'll be blood that'll cough up  
A hard rock, a soft fuck  
Get caught up and get washed up,  
In Detroit or Northfolk,  
When it's disrupt and nauseas,  
Look deep in my eyes, see Many Many Men die,  
I swing gym stars faster than Samurai.