

# Psycho

ASAP Ferg

Ah, yeah  
Ah, yeah  
Ah, yeah  
Ah, it was all at the park  
Colonial Liquor was his odor  
The fragrance of a rider soldier  
ODB was his persona  
Oh you want the power?

I got an uncle and his name psycho  
He had a dance and they scream "go psycho!"  
He would dance, work out and fight your ass at the park  
(For the bills, for the hundred dollar bills)  
And he got two sisters preggo  
He fucked the other one to get one jel-o  
And he took both kids to the ghetto ass park  
(On the hill, shit'll get really real)

He used to have the braids with the cuts in his body  
Most stucked out, kept the hammer with his mommy  
Grandma had the arthritis pain in her body  
Kept the burner in the mattress, so her son don't catch a body  
Gassed and he danced, smoked crack with his posse  
Front flipped through a building window, land in the lobby  
He was cut like Bruce Lee but he didn't know karate  
He came home bloody screaming "nobody can stop me"  
Nobody can stop me, I'm the baddest survivor on this planet  
Fifty niggas better kill me, nigga cause I will do damage  
Checked out the psych ward, I am nothing to manage  
My life cut deep, nigga I'm nothing to bandage

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Where they be drinking forty ounces  
With the brown paper bags for the ounces  
No matter what day you found his ass at the park  
(Hungry Ham, fuck around and get killed)  
When he got kicked out of his bitch crib  
And he had nowhere to lizz-ive  
Always find his ass on the benches laying at the park  
After dark

Don't get it confused Uncle Psych, I love you to death  
Just wanna get a couple of things off of my chest  
Growing up you always was buck-wilding with stress  
And though I'm older now, I don't know how to forget  
I used to wear your Timbs around the house when you left  
And if you had an open soda, I would finish the rest  
Pretend I'm older, I like the liquor odor you left  
Then put your camouflage vest on like I'm holding a tec

Then point it at the mirror like I'm holding your rep  
Though that mirror wasn't me, but it was you I reflect  
Wanted to be like you, jail tat on the chest  
With the rugged cornrows and a stab on my neck

I'll rob shit like that you know, cause I'll rob anyone, I, I don't care. It  
was a 9 to 5 for me, you know. It was like a hobby to me, I was the gun man  
, I was the dancer, entertainer, you know what I mean? I did it all. Like I  
said I had a deathwish, I'll rob anybody. Aye hold up motherfucker you see I  
'm talking right?