

American Psycho 2

D12

Yeah, homie
I thought we told we been fucking loco
Cypress Hill, D12, bitch!

I'm a little bit off the chain, call me insane
But the fact remains that I'm a psycho
Better get it through your brain
When you say my name
Never say it in vain, 'cause I'm a psycho

I'm a motherfucking omen, I bow down to no man
I split a nigga open, killing folks compulsive
A soldier with a motive, scrotum big as boulders
I hold 'em then unload on you, put it on a poster
So everyone can notice who was focused on us
Poking they nose in our business, hoping that I don't come smoke 'em
No one knows my notions or emotions, I'm a vulture
You niggas close to croaking any moment and I know when
I could fuck the culture up, probably rap
A maniac with anxiety attacks, I don't wanna chat
Speak when you spoken to and I don't have to read a fucking
Magazine or quotable to notice what you hoes will do

We all soldiers, we move as a unit, we all roll up
And show up at your residence, 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 'cause it can happen either today or the next minute
I can draw the heater and spray and I'm dead serious
You could be dead period, end of story
I'm on your porch with a gun and your son, sipping a forty
Nobody can hold me, I does it all by my lonely
I stomp your head when you awake, you 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"

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They found Saddam, but they ain't gon' 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 the fanny
I ain't a racist, I just hate whites
Fags and dykes, blacks and transvestites
Thirteen 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 Bizarre can show you what violence is all about
And this Dr. Dre beat done brought it the fuck out
Run in your house, put a gun in your mouth

And blow 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 fucking head hit the snowbank
I been a little Neanderthalish, no thanks to my man D'Angelo Bailey
But I just take it slow daily, my biggest dilemma's
Trying to figure whether to use the flat head or the Phillips
Or just go to the Home Depot and pick the new power drill up
It's been two hours and six days and I'm still up
I feel like I'm about to snap any minute
There's a new Tower Records about 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 with piss
And shatter his fucking lips with it

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Karnail Pitts a.k.a. Bugz
Rest in peace, homie