

# Black Belt

Madchild

It's all up in my head  
Aye, aye  
It's all up in my head  
It's all up in my head

I'm from Canada, I'm from Canada  
Used to be an addict now I'm cleaner than a janitor  
Open up my mouth its rapid fire from a banana clip  
Shoot a bunch of manikins, I'm a fucking anarchist  
I want a Grammy, our formats the Juno  
Americans look at us like we're Borat or Bruno  
I don't bathe got cooties still get my kudos  
Warlock from Pluto, black belt in Judo  
I do a bunch of lines and get a red nose like Rudolf  
Watching porno wacking off in front of my computer  
Last eight months I've been straighter than a ruler  
And my medulla oblongata is a barracuda  
But it's a cold world man, colder than a cooler  
It's cold out there man, people have gotten crueller  
I'm tryin' to get fat rub my belly like Buddha  
And make a million spittin' punchlines like Luda

I'm going crazy inside my head  
The sun is going black and the sky's gone red  
Will I wake up in the morning or will I be dead  
There is something very wrong with me  
I'm going crazy inside my head  
The sun is going black and the sky's gone red  
Will I wake up in the morning or will I be dead  
There is something very wrong with me

I want it all dog, I want it all dog  
The money that I make is mine keep your paws off  
Under my bed I got a Glocc and it's sawed off  
I breathe fire, spit lightning and rap my balls off  
Yeah, I am narcissistic  
Plus a shark at business  
My art is dark and twisted  
On the roof I'm getting chased, by two cop vets  
Trying to memorize my verse for DjBooth.net  
And life is full of pain and death no antidote  
Life is fucking hard, I wish this shit came with a manual  
I guess that's why they read the Bible, it's Mr. Suicidal  
You wanna live right, do the opposite that I do  
Listen this is arson I'm a vicious martian  
I leave you sleeping with the fishes it's the headless horseman  
I was a friendless orphan, that got offended often  
Now I'm a splendid boyfriend making an endless profit

And where I live there ain't nobody that is better than me  
So I just rap in front of mirrors, my competitor's me  
Now I'm battling myself, battling myself  
I will kill you they will dissect your anatomy in hell  
Assault Battery, my batteries are recharged  
I'll kill your whole fucking album, with three bars  
Yo that stupid customs officer's a retard  
I need to get back in the States, with the green card

Skin kind of oily, my blood start boiling  
I send you across the table lying flatter than a doily  
Lucky like a four leaf clover super Grover flying down and  
Punching out a ruthless group of stupid ogres  
Imagine if Jughead and Veronica  
Were listening to Jay Electronica while Reggie rolled the chronic up  
Always stay on my guard wishing on a falling star  
Walking down the street look like I'm 'bout to rob an armored car  
I keep my lid low, I keep my brow frowned  
Looking at the gas attendant like you better bow down  
I'm a Boondock Saint wearing tube socks a new glocc  
And 2Pac playin