

Claustrophobic

Madchild

My condition is critical
Twice as nice as the price is
When I select a electronic device to make a sequence
Frequent blows of rejection in my section
No action, no satisfaction
I'm takin a walk in the wrong direction
Is Mad Child blocked [?] marked don't even ask it
I'm like E.T. with the blanket in a bicycle basket
Rapped so tight like a vice-grip
Don't trip, feel the tension
[?] its beyond comprehension
Claustrophobic, I've founded that I'm surrounded
With a no-win situation afraid its too complicated
Technical combination [?] skeptical and dubs
And fears with sharks and tears will come out empty-handed
Branded [?] I fuckin hate it
I rock with a box and cock my cap so its crooked
Look at theres no gimmick to mimick I'm just twisted

Lack of blood to the brain, leaves me insane
I'm twisted!

Unpractical tactical techniques when I speak
Weak minded MCs freezin wack tracks posin frozen
I spread my tight butt cheeks and stick the nose in
Bulldozin over duck MCs, suck on these!
[?] what's really goin on, you better recognize
No second tries I despise ass kids and busters
I couldn't trust her, that topic is microscopic
Compared to the whole spectrum of things
Hot like tropical storms, warm and rapid
Capitating twelve heads
Well fed, if you eat my food for thought, its edible bulk
I bust into a rage like the Incredible Hulk
Don't sulk, just hide inside the closet as I deposit
Data into the memory bank
You spank over the texture of my constructure
Rough like stucco
I rock Pumas, fat laces, [?] and B-Boy belt buckles
Suckas, chuckle, fuckle them wack MCs
I flow like the breeze [?]
The keys to [?] is what I am
Scram, scoot-skedadle, you shouldn't try to battle
Tight rappers you're running circles around
Just like a satelite, not bad, aight?
Naw, west coast rocks the most!
And the [?] open a map and you can't come close

Lack of blood to the brain, no simulation
Pacing back and forth, I can't function
My concentration is gone!
Omission wishin to pick up the pieces
To make [?]
Tension increases at a rapid rate
Birds of a feather flock together
So the Mad Child's alone prone to zodiac dimension
All I've got is my reflection, even then I'm shadow boxin

Tryin to make mends with God but the devil always walks in
Lets see you fuckin bastard: the master of deception and persuasion
Rushin to my soul like an invasion
And the Dark Angel's clutches as much as I try to fight for whats right
He's in control, the strangle-hold is too tight