

Devils and Angels

Madchild

I broke my piggy bank and haven't put it back together
Back in heaven blastin' rounds like I'm a MAC-11
Livin' in my rainy city it was all wrong
Used to be the big fish in a small pond
Now I'm swimming with the sharks but I'm a Jap' piranha
Plus I'm moving Fast & Furious like Brian O'Conner
Rest in peace, a restless beast
Call me Mighty Mouse, pocket's full of extra cheese, yup
Still a mental savage that is ravenous, indeed
Exerting psycho babble from a labyrinth in me
Angels flying up above, demons down beneath
When I'm breathing you can hear the evil seeping through my teeth
Close friends worth more than cash and havin' wealth
Self destructive beings are a hazard to themself
Lion roars, stronger than an iron door
Sun has killed the rain, love has killed the pain that I endure

Half these rappers are the liars like Pinocchio
10% are dope, other 90 less than okey-doke
You don't wanna rope-a-dope with Mad, you get the broken nose
Small but when I'm rappin' I am taller than the Poconos
My soul is mischievous like A-Plus and Opio
A toy collector, plus my clothes, they come from Tokyo
I'm not sayin' I got the dopest flow
But kids are studyin' my methods like a vocal coach

My brain's a battlefield for devils and angels
Walkin' contradiction like machetes and rainbows
Burden on my shoulders that is heavy and painful
Shane's raw, tearin' shit like Eminem's chainsaw
Battle Mad and you could be in real danger
Excruciating training like a Navy SEAL ranger
Run for cover, bounty hunter like I'm Bobafett
Wild west bounty hunter like I'm Jonah Hex
Ay, bitch, I could talk to the dead
You connect with me cause I can read the thoughts in your head
Yeah, mentally projecting till I'm causing metamorph(os)is
Almost lost my head like the fucking headless horsemen
Holdin' a jack-o-lantern, acrobatic verbiage
Dirtiest of wordsmiths, bar game is murderous
Don't talk about it much but came up with true killers
Still here cause I'm unbreakable like Bruce Willis

Half these rappers out are liars like Pinocchio
10% are dope, other 90 less than okey-doke
You don't wanna rope-a-dope with Mad, you get the broken nose
Small but when I'm rappin' I am taller than the Poconos
My soul is mischievous like A-Plus and Opio
A toy collector plus my clothes, they come from Tokyo
I'm not sayin' I got the dopest flow
But kids just studyin' my methods like a vocal coach