

DNA

Madchild

I got demons in my DNA
That's why everyday I'm on that PMA
Come at me and end up DOA
All my friends are shooters, homie, we no play

Yeah

This is anarchy with more strategic perjury
Brace yourself for impact, orthopedic surgery
Making up for lost time, now I move with urgency
You don't want to cross the line, Vancouver emergency
Woah, snap like I'm Satan, spit it blatantly
My head is full of crazy ideas, there's no more vacancy
Didn't reach my pinnacle, lunar eclipse was minimal
All my lines are linear, lunatics in my lineage
Guardian of the Galaxy, a space raccoon
Face tattoo, Gucci plates and place mats too
Lots of mirrors in the crib, it makes me face facts too
But I've got memories that I don't like to trace back to
Ugh

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Point, fuck around and you gon' need six pumpers
Will scream it in my head, above bangs
Shave my head, I'ma fuckin' ba-ba-bang
Shoot 'em for the great white shark in a small quale
Oh, you make a song a day? That would explain a lot
Too many empty freight cars in your train of thought
Life is complicated with a lot of crazy moving parts
Only like a girl if she's quiet when the movie starts
Too assassinate again is still an active dream
Kill your character but I'll need an extraction team
My operation in progress, my occupation is spazzing
[?] your occupation, that's an occupational hazard
Mad's a victim of worrying, Mad's addicted to hurrying
Mad is wickedly furiously meticulously scurrying
Scrambling around to pick the pieces of the puzzle up
Put it back together, get the picture, get my hustle up

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