

Hurt That Man

Madchild

This is the sound of a head hitting the floor
This sound is different because this head is no longer connecte
d
To a body

Anybody wanna battle me, I'll murk that man
Beat his fuckin' ass like Dirtbag Dan
Put my thoughts together and assert that plan
Anybody in my way take a dirt-nap fam
Don't ask me how I'm doin', I'm a miserable fuck
I'm tired and overworked and the residuals suck
MadChild, I'm a dirty little grungy dwarf
Pullin' fake suicides with a bungy chord
Yeah, I finally put my shit together like a carpenter
Now I'll talk your ear off like a fucking telemarketer
Give me a gun, I'll show you how to stop a Nazi
I hope you get the fucking picture like a paparazzi
I hit the ground running, 'cause I'm a fast swinger
Heavy hitter with these raps, but a bad singer
Yeah I'm tattooed up like I'm a Yakuza
But I'm a dope sick white boy from Vancouver

Uh
Count Blacula
Roots out of Africa
Shorty sinking her head, but her head is spectacular
Running with the smugglers, hustlers, drug traffickers
What happened to rapping with passion
Packing a Gat in the back
The undertaker on the paper like a watermark
I bury rappers underground and watch their chronics fall
Toronto villain, your blood spilling, it's thrilling
I love killing, the villain of blood. Don't know the feeling of
love