

Kamikaze

Madchild

I'm a little monster, yup, little mobster
Thirty days, thirty songs, thirty girls, thirty concerts
I'm never wearing Abercrombie
Rocking Red Dragon but I'm airing out my laundry
Thumbs up like the Fonzie, now it's Happy Days
Rappers I decapitate, hack em' with the axes blade
I don't got my taxes paid but murder every track I make
My friends keep banging but I'm hanging like a macrame
You see me getting aggravated, you should back away
Drink six Red Bulls and smoke a pack a day
Madchild, ex-gangster, fucked for life
Back me in the corner, shank you with the rusty knife
I'm a crazy white boy Charles Manson
Every time I rhyme, shine like the Green Lantern
I have to learn how to handle my life
I had to go to anger management twice
Going going back back to Cali Cali, where everything's nice
Got the '64 Impala with the dangling dice
And my Dayton shine bright off of the Los Angeles lights
Like Dilated, Mad work the Angles at night
Yeah Mad work the angles at night

Now don't compare me to these other clowns
Cause the difference is realness, difference is realness
In life there's gonna be some ups and downs
Still got issues to deal with, issues to deal with
But if you love the nightlife put your hands up high
If you like to get right throw your hands up high
If you make your own moves and create your own rules
Well alright then, well alright then

I'm stomping on the concrete, rocking to a crunk beat
Puffing on some skunk weed, jeans Red Monkey
My gold chain chunky. I'm just bullshitting
That ain't me dog nah I'm just bullshitting
Madchild's a vicious pitbull, you a small kitten
These rappers claim freestyles but they all written
I got the meanest vocals, call me Nino Loco
Living la vida loca, flipping weed and keys of coca
I'm working out looking like a Ninja Turtle
Cooler than a Popsicle but I got obstacles to hurdle
Plus these raps I gotta murder
Armed and mellow like I'm Donatello
Let my body turn to Jello, now I'm back fully developed
Revive a dying dream, we are not a dying breed
Soul controller, Coca Cola, Moka Only lime green

Used to light drugs going the night clubs now my shit gone
But my eyeballs looked like light bulbs switched on

Sometimes I get so depressed I can't get off of the couch
My loft looks like it's occupied by Oscar the Grouch
My car looks like I traded it for 80s and weed
But it's a fairly new Mercedes, I just made it a heap
People say fuck, here come that Canadian freak
Long fingernails, smell like he ain't been bathing in weeks, aw shit
I'm coming out like I'm a bat out of hell

The way I rap, write, and fuck like I just got outta jail
Now I can do what he can do but he can't do what I do
I make you take a peek-a-boo and see the freak inside you
Cause I've developed a quite fulfilling psychedelic drug
Plus I'm fire-repellent, I'm a psycho villain cause
Shit is still fucked up today but it might be fine tomorrow
Otherwise I'm going kamikaze, say your sayonara

I hit you like a torpedo, I'm killing all these rappers that are more than O
akie-Doke from Canada to Tokyo

And when I die they'll build a statue with the quote below:

"Best looking white rapper with a broken nose."