

Mental

Madchild

I spit ferocious fireballs, the kids are all excited
I pour petroleum on your linoleum and light it
On a podium, I'm causing pandemonium
Sodium and nitrate, second greatest rapper in the white race
Might've been the spider venom, might've been the snake bite
Fuck with me and find out what a metal pipe will taste like
I'm explosive like a molotov cocktail
Lyrics get around the kids quick like fuckin' hotmail
Involuntarily, solitary confinement
I've no one to confide in, quiet in my environment
Mentally, I'm way off balance and off kilter
Brains, we ought to wack - that's why I rap without a filter
Perverted matador, I tackle bulls and try to mount 'em
So many personalities, don't bother trying to count 'em
My life is a crazy rollercoaster, call me Magic Mountain
I'm throwing boulders, they're exploding - mouth's a fuckin' fountain

I'm mental
That's just the way that it goes, dog
Canadian but you could keep the rain and the snowballs
I love palm trees, sitting in the sunshine
Learning quick - my rhymes, they are ridiculously sublime
Stupid shit, but the way that I combine
My wordplay, smartest rapper out with a dumb mind
Sometimes I kind of miss the clouds and the rain
Cause that's what helped me get the blues, MadChild is proudly insane

I went from backpack, to snapbacks, to lab rats on acid
Spit anthrax, the band's back, this man's raps are massive
Completely gone bananas, whipping up within bonanza
Short like Dan DeVito, still the boss like Tony Danza
Now stick your damn hands up, this here is a robbery
Hobblin' like a goblin and my brain is a little wobbly
I'm probably the height of a hobbit that's hobnobbin' in Oz
With a couple wonderful wizards, I've got problems
The plot thickens, I'm stuck up in the mud again
Utterly disgusting when I'm muttering my foot up in your anal hole
It's unexplainable cause I'm the awesomest
Blossom from a possum, stick my cock down your esophagus
Narcissist, I'm also an arsonist from an orphanage
Cock is way too big for my body, it's unproportionate
Morph into a profitable author, Mad's a novelist
Of course I'm still a mess and I'm depressed, it's probably obvious

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I lost my mind a long time ago
Hot with the rhyming though
Fall in line like dominos

Light it up, vamanos
My flow is all kind of dope
Something like a line of coke
Streets is cold, go and grab my heater, that's my kind of coat
Rain, hell, sleet, or snow
Shit you never know but to each his own
Pops back from prison, guess the preach is on
Watch your tone, Battleaxe Warriors are not alone
Smoke a zone, to the dome
I can't leave this life alone
Murder on this microphone
Living in a Cali daze
Get familiar, this serial killer is in his final phase
And my path ain't bathe, every brick is laid
Fuck it, I'm paid
Light a j and just fade away
Fuck what they say, I ain't listening
Son, I'm like a christening
Keep it rolling like Michelin
You don't know shit about positions that I've been up in
Vent again, grind for the benefit
You want to see the end of it

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