

I'm a mongoloid with an ongoing convoy
Tats on my face and my hands and my arms, boy
I don't fuck around, boy, I am very down
I'm an underdog, blue, Huckleberry Hound
I used to wear a crown encrusted with fake jewels
Guess I had to die so I could resurrect and make moves
Most of these mainstream raps sound like Playschool
Now I am Skeletor, I live in Castle Greyskull
More cigarette smoke than an ashtray
I am underground again like the Batcave
Or a parking lot. I'm in the darkest spot
I'm paying rent on a loft and a parking spot
I'm trying to walk these dogs but they bark a lot
I am so stressed my heart could stop
Man, I shred through every verse like Wolverine
But I got visions of myself on the silver screen

I just leave my house, I'm in my room all day
I-I-I just leave my house, I'm in my room all day
I just leave my house, I'm in my room all day
While my fans be chanting Madchild, Boom-Bye-Yae

You get shot with a Glock. I get shot by a Minolta
You get paid by selling drugs. I get paid by a promoter
Now tell everybody that the game is over
Madchild spit greased lightning like John Travolta
Shit's real. Multiple personality disorder
How I feel? How come they won't allow me across the border?
What's the deal? This old ox got hit by a road block
In old socks with a gold Glock, got cold cocked
I got no emotions like a robot
Northwest King from Van to Manitoba
They tried to tell me Madchild it's over
But I refused to be old news like I was Hova
Now I'm afraid of what I might do
Looking in the mirror like "I don't even like you"
Sober and I'm dangerous, can't afford a strike two
So I'll keep rapping till I'm ice cold and bright blue

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