

# Tom Cruise

Madchild

I write in short form  
Cause I'm a warped dwarf that gargles chloroform  
Broke a foreign store - in chops, just cause I had a warrent for 'em  
I'm fuckin' touring more  
My fans, they are my family  
They're keeping me away from doing drugs and going gambling  
If I am home too long I feel like strangling  
So when my thoughts start scrambling  
The anger in me gets me tangled annually  
I write down goals I must achieve and check 'em manually  
Rambling in the studio 'til I'm sure there's no man handling me  
Play you like a mandolin  
Eat you like a damn panini  
Flipping like a Dolphin  
Dan Marino with a Lamborghini  
Couple groupie bimbos, boobies popping out their damn bikinis  
I wrangle wrestlers, hassle 'em and wrestle 'em  
Whip a lasso around these assholes, make a fuckin' mess of 'em  
I'm masculine, their messages are full of fluff and estrogen  
I'm guessing all of this testosterone  
Is what makes me an awesome gnome  
Floss 'em 'til my cock's a fuckin' fossil bone

MadChild is immaculate  
Wack with a crack faculty  
Rolling like tobacco leaves  
After they've dried naturally  
Accolades from laying tracks like a rap factory  
Get sacked, cause I'm back tackling raps like I'm an athlete  
Quit your cackling, shit is just spectacular  
Vernacular is sharper than the fangs that hang from Dracula  
Kill a silhouette cause I'm iller there ain't no filling lace  
Bad boy, I'll beat you with four pop cans in a pillow case

I remember days of saying, "Hey, check out my roster holmes"  
Yo Little Monster's home from concerts, writing constant poems  
Busting it up on Posturepedic mattresses with actresses  
The fact is that I'm back more accurate than maps and atlases  
But I'm not sure if I lost game or my attractiveness  
But it seems that my activities have dropped on sexual activeness  
What, am I blacklisted from porn stars and actresses?  
May be the most eligible bachelor that just spat vicious  
Once we get it cracking, fuck you 'til I break your back bitches  
You're no different than the last bitch is  
Half riches, half fame  
Half of you don't even know my real name, that's real lame  
Giving up your pussy just to feel fame  
Had to trade my heart in for an artery with a steel frame  
And part of me thinks maybe you're retarded  
What's the deal babe?  
What...  
Just cause I'm famous I don't feel pain?  
You don't think you're talking to somebody that's got a real brain?  
I despise all of your lies, I just ain't got time to call you out  
Polishing my wallet means that's all it about  
I knew I couldn't love her, it's another freaking falling out  
Killin' it to laugh, fulfill my prophecy of ballin' out

I'm eating porridge in a storage locker, in a pair of orange joggers  
Life is boring for a blogger, fuck a foreign torn swapper  
Kids on computers, little cocky farts and smart mouths  
Crazy talking crappy ass apartments out in Dartmouth  
Explosive like I'm Shady with eighty grenade launchers  
And I'm the Little Monster, the Palladium playing concerts  
So yeah my brain's bonkers  
Praying my name conquers  
Creeping from Waikiki to Albuquerque to Yonkers  
Still Street Fighting saying, "Hyuka" like I'm Blanca  
Maneuver like a juvenile's abuse, without a sponsor  
You ain't tough, you're a Tonka Truck  
I'm combination of a fire breathing dragon that's wrestling with a monster t  
ruck  
It's really nonsense, silly like Willy Wonka's  
Chocolate Factory, I'll get back to you when I'm conscious  
I'm an upper class puppet master, sipping a cup of Shasta  
Tougher cause I've outlasted  
And suffered through some rough disasters  
This time I ain't calling you a bitch, you're a fuckin' bastard  
So suck your mother's asshole, you stupid fuckin' asshole

Back sharper than ever  
I'm razor sharp  
With a broken heart  
And here's a token fart