

## Fun N' Games

Prozak

Hold up, bitch, I'm holding a four fifty  
You'll sure get your whole body throat sliv  
With a switch blade you'll get your whole throat slit  
You better watch your mouth because you know who I roll with

I'm not talking about this rap shit, I'm talking about this gat shit  
When I see your soul, I'ma snatch it  
f\*ck around and end up inside of a casket  
I'll brace them like Jason Voorhees with a hatchet

Some people think I need some help, but I'm way past it  
Locked in a padded cell, screaming with a straight jacket  
I'm haunted by several spirits of dead poets  
I think I'm Edgar Allen Poe, but I don't know it

So don't quote it, I'm not sure who even wrote it  
At three A.M. my hands become possessed, I can't control it  
It writes murder confessions from past times  
And subliminal messages that I hide inside my rhymes

Hey man, why you talking so tough  
No, for real, you be playing too much  
And it's all fun and games until somebody goes nuts  
Until somebody gets stuck with my blade in they guts

Did I fail to mention, I'm manic depressive, obsessive compulsive  
Psychotic man that craves attention with a Smith and Wesson  
Hit your chest and I'm hoping you learned your lesson  
Grab your vest and better count your blessings

Because we're mid western, bitch you're in a western  
They call me John Wayne, shoot them up like Jesse James  
Insane in the brain, like my homies Cypress Hill  
Drugged out, thugged out, pop some pills, cock the still

Shit, you want to ask me if this glock is real  
With just one pull of this trigger you're in hell and now you're out  
of here  
You're whole existence just disappeared  
Like Nostradamus I promise the end is near

I thought it sounded just like comets through out the hemisphere  
It makes you vomit like gin and tonic or everclear  
Some people think I'm psychotic for talking to the mirror  
But I blame it on the narcotics that put me here

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