

American Psycho

Red Café

All my dogs be loud,
Whole team running, knocking ready to die,
American psycho,
Me against the world, but fuck it, I'm psycho.

Woke up with a mission, gonna get the money,
Back up in the blocks, it's real nigga, keep it going.
Been a hustler since I left mama,
Pop's dead, I just continue to sag him.
I'm making one and them two,
Try to fly one in the soda, whip one and then two.
And the smoke in the street cracking numbers federal,
Suckers show on that paper, then they're gone, see that to you.
Brooklyn be my hometown,
It's like a jungle, you don't wanna bring your folks around,
Last shoot to wrap me up,
Eighteen minutes pussy got to pack me up.

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I saw life so cold, nigga, pack heat,
No credit on cash, nigga, that's street,
And my whole team whole stuck,
Last night, ten stacks, got 'em all stuck.
Snug, sex, drugs and tattoos,
Smoke about ten switchers on my last crew,
Any questions? I answer cash wounds,
Hop up on that big beat and I mash up.
Got a good pussy bitch before I know you,
She's screaming loud like my 67 motor.
You know that do a lot for my ego,
I told her next time we fuck I'm a need a trio.

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Hey, babe, I'm in the building like I'm on a track,
Psycho, my gangsters on fire,
More than me, I always been the shooter,
I get my folks nightmares, Freddy Krueger.
But fifty in the third lane,
Dirty crews, dirty guns and some dirty game.
Bad bitches set you up, niggas take a change,
Now you're in the hood known as a lane.
Still flipping numbers mathematic,
My wife at home is called erotical.
And niggas say I'm getting chubby,
And nigga eating nothing more but the money.

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