

Psycho

Tom MacDonald

I'll probably never get all the respect that I feel like I rightly deserve
These rappers can copy and follow me everybody knows that I was the first
Still on top of this, run the metropolis
Thought I was garbage for talking about politics
I am the man, kill for my fans
Nothing is stopping us till the apocalypse
Independent we gonna' get revenge
On every record label, every penny spent
Will be on medication for our severed heads
Connect our neck with cables
We are never dead
Practically been making history
Top of the charts and we damaged the industry
Actually bigger than anyone dissing me
Trying so hard ain't have the ability
Y'all are second best
Y'all are second place
Y'all are flexing next to a heavyweight
Y'all are spread on bread with machete blades
Y'all are leather vests
I am Leatherface
With a chainsaw, break your leg off
Let the brain rot, put it on a plate give it straight to a stray dog
Hit a payphone make a prank call
Be like Hey Mom, got a day off from a day job
But you came home hit her in the face with a nail bomb
Barbecue her brain with the napalm
Spray her with a paintball
Put her in a cake with an 8 ball
Bake, celebrate till the cake off hey y'all
I can't be stopped, I talk a lot, they all get triggered
I quit vodka, pills, and pot and overdosed on middle fingers
Bitch!

I've been on my mind, I say I'm ok I'm fine
I got daggers in my spine, it's a feeling that I like
You don't want it with a Psycho
You know sometimes I feel insane, I say I'm fine, I'm ok
I got daggers in my brain, that's a feeling that I crave
You don't want it with a Psycho

We will probably never get the recognition they owe us, we already earned
I'm the biggest independent rapper on the planet, lucky there's only one earth
I'm on top of this, vomit the awesomeness
Doctor said I got a rotten esophagus
I'm the most poppin' of all of the artists
Like honest my talent for talking is bottomless
Independent we'll defeat them all
And when they get offended, we'll feed'm more
We are heaven sent, but we got demon horns
If they look at the message, then we'll need a war
Honestly all these rappers who hate me are jealous I ain't ever met'm
And I did my best to ignore them
But I swear to God it's gotten borderline obsessive
Your a little twig, I'm a thick cedar
Your a little kid, I'm a big leaguer

I'm a million feet, your a millimeter
Your a deathreat, I'm the grim reaper
They get beat on with machine guns
Then we leave alms, they don't want smoke but they need nicotine gum
See bugs, then we squeeze till we see guts
Big blood till we clean up
With a big dick, and a big lid get offended
Shoot 'em in the weave, till the blick go click, click
Hit 'em in the chin with a fist got a split lip
Dipped quick got a whip that will rip, rip
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Look what I've done, these punks runner-ups, I'm a legend
I'm number one, these punks, rubber ducks, I'm cemented
I'm having fun, these punks outta luck, I've got blessings
I can smell blood, these punks, scared as fuck, I can sense it

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