

# Sickopatomous

Twisted Insane

They don't ever talk about it when I want to break bread  
Somebody better tell him every time I pull up on your block you better play dead  
Turn your brain red, ain't no bigger why you pick your people like a bass head  
If you really think it's funny, we gon' get the money homie, get up in the day bread and I mayhem  
Every time a nigga want up in a situation  
Motivation  
Fucking everybody like it was a fornication  
No relation  
Everybody want to question demon that your facing  
What you taking?  
Why don't you get up in the next lane when I'm racing?  
Chewed up raisin  
Now it's gettin' to the point a nigga really feel annoyed  
And I'm coming with the AK-47's in the freezer while you build a toy  
Murder everybody when they coming off, I laugh, I never really feel the void  
There is generic you was always looking at the real McCoy  
Now you really, really feel the void, ain't no basic  
Drinking like it was some big ol' tittys in my face, no, don't chase it, taste it  
Rolling me about a half ounce while you take dick  
I be damn if anybody better want to come in and say shit  
Take this to a different level and I mean those generations  
Never let me off a leash running like a beast, acting like I'm caged in  
What you talking 'bout? I want to kill a nigga, shit, no relation  
Ain't no way in hell, blood, I raised made men, eyes looking at vision  
  
Ain't no way you little motherfuckers get to turn around and talk shit on me  
I'm a spider, they be in the night time, when you finally want to go to sleep  
I am Darth Vader with a lightsaber and I promise they will never be sickopatomous  
Bitch, sickopatomous  
Sickopatomous  
Who is talking to the devil?  
Ain't nobody on the level with the Brainsick flow  
  
Ain't no love, homie, get up out of their room  
I don't give a shit if nigga's want to thinking they can get up in the weight room  
Nigga, they loom, I hope you really with the shit, they always saying they good  
But we gon' really find out, blood, when I'mma go click clack, let the K boom  
Shit, stay tuned, grab the pliers, Michael Myers shit  
Why don't you come a little? Big hose or get thrown in a fire pit?  
Ain't no way in hell you fail, but hell's my environment  
Nigga, and I will never stop, ain't no retirement  
Feel the wrath, now it's about to be a fucking bloody bath  
And I'm coming back to murder all they pack if anyway I'm happy, they don't want to task  
You will never last, I'm all laughin', everybody told me I belong up in the trash  
Now I'm in the front seat, hella brackin' on 'em in a green 6'4 rat  
You mad?

Woke up at about 5AM bracking, MAC-10  
To the racing station still slapping like back then  
Ton of bitches wanna come in, what's happenin', captain??  
If you wanna ride the Brainsick train, well, then strap in  
Blast when I'm in the front seat, turn fatal  
They don't want it wit me in a minute, I'mma get to chewing nigga's alfredo  
What's for dinner anyone can get a hit when a spinach dipped in preggo  
Better hurry up and leave and I don't want no weenie bitches at my table  
I'm able, tornados, haha

Ain't no way you little motherfuckers get to turn around and talk shit on me  
I'm a spider, they be in the night time, when you finally want to go to sleep  
I am Darth Vader with a lightsaber and I promise they will never be sickopatomous  
Bitch, sickopatomous  
Sickopatomous  
Who is talking to the devil?  
Ain't nobody on the level with the Brainsick flow