

Underground Psycho

Twisted Insane

Yeah... I'm that individual that you don't wanna see up on a full moon
Might turn into werewolf, shit nigga it could be a nightmare if I go kookoo
Brain splatter on the floor, any minute I could whittle, yea I did it if a m
uthafucka wolfin
I don't wanna here that "hold on, wait a minute, I just wanna talk" muthafuc
ka just take the ass whooping
Sick nigga, still on block with gangsta shit
Stand outside with the heater on, go on a mission with a gangsta bitch
Up in the club with a gang of bitches, you can act like I ain't the shit
But don't be all up on me when I'm leaving with the homies
And you runnin through the door like you're chasing dick (Brainsick)
What's this... like a nigga ain't big no more?
Comin through the door, doing different shows, fuckin hoes, niggas on the ro
ad, I ain't lit no more?
Maybe cause a nigga don't spit slow-mo?
To you other niggas is so-so?
Rap about my life, I'll rip a nigga brain, get the fuck up out my way I ain'
t playing no more...

Give me the weed I need to be before a nigga do my verse
Smoking it by the ton, I need a pound to fill my fuckin hearse
Yea I play to win, I used to sit em when I play, watch the rays event
Different muthafuckas comin' every day to spend
I made so much money at the days-a end (Hehehe!)

(U-underground psycho) you don't really wanna tag on your toe
Imma leave em with a 44 mag to your ho
Leave you chopped up laying in a bag on the floor
(U-underground psycho) fuck around you'll be losing your bread
Make a move, yo I go get the tools out the shed
I'm sick fuck, I don't have screws in my head
(U-underground psycho) most of you rappers are whack with the bars
Better come direct, don't act like you're hard
Imma leave your body parts in the back of my yard
(U-underground psycho) no love for a punk or a bitch
Keep em in the basement or the trunk of my whip
Then when I'm done, you'll get dumped in a ditch...

D-d-d-d-different nigga, call it what you want to, I'm a fuckin nut
Comin in wolfin disrespectful shit, all these little niggas will fuck you up
S-some of the niggas even might cut you up, and put you in the freezer with
the chicken guts
Get ready for filleting I can open up his brain
I can here you people saying "this nigga nuts"...

When I get up ON IT and I really be up ON IT
I be pushing like a COMET I be feeling super SONIC
Kinda like I was BIONIC with the gin and fuck a TONIC and I really go gorill
as
Cause I was feeling super ON IT so if a muthafucka wolfin so I make you suc
kas VOMIT
Then I bring em to the dark and then I make you feel it HAUNTED
And I feed em to the fish and make em meal up out the STOMACH
When I'm skidding past a muthafucka like I work at SONIC

Wicked nigga, come from the era of the gangsta pimp
Won't be caught dead in skinny jeans bitches still walk around with a gangst

a limp
Half the new niggas is gangsta simps, better yet, not gangsta wimps
You better for realah and you better be a killa
Before you run up on gorillas, blood, I ain't a chimp
Psy-Psy-Psycho nigga, living up over the edge head full of steam
I'm from Diego California where these niggas run up on ya, turn your face in
to bologna at the pull of green
Yea I'mma shoot em when I'm murdering a witch nigga, when I catch 'em, would
n't wanna be a bitch nigga
I couldn't give a mad fuck about a president if they was still a bitch in pe
rson that'll run up on a rich nigga

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P-P-Pedal to the metal, man I never half ass shit
On another level, spittin' that acid
Give them that package, then I act savage
You are not a rapper you are just a whack actress
Radio rappers are quicker to slaughter
I Feel like I'm givin this dick to your daughter
Fuckin em till they get thicker than water
Lyrically castrating rappers, so we probably on one
You don't wanna see me get loco you are not OG Bobby Johnson
They're telling me I'm sort of crazy
I'd say the odds are more than maybe
Killin off gold diggers can't afford a lady
Imma leave em in the trash like aborted babies
Sick of the trickery tricks'll be history quickly if you be fuckin with me
Triggers be flickering whistling wickedly sickening it'll be something to se
e
Layin in the back of a seven-
eleven send you up to heaven, ascended to pearly gates
Scalping a mothafucka like a Native American, instead of a tomahawk I'm usin
g a 38
Sicker then syphilis, twisted like licorice
Gifted with wickedness, bitches and mistresses
Lifted like Icarus, this is ridiculous
Chris is meticulous, (with the word?) ripping this
Dropping pipe bombs in your chimney on Christ-Imas
Like a sadomasochistic Saint Nicholas
Twisted Insane and C-Mob are comin' through your neighborhood tearing shit u
p we're so sick with this...

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