

Psychopath

Gudda Gudda

Millzie

What's poppin my J?

Ok, Gudda times 2, double G you know the name
Running circles round you squares
Man I swear these niggas lame
And I'm sippin on the slow mo,
My eyes are very low low
Toss your girl and then she come right back just like a yoyo
Fucking with me is a no-no, cock the hammer on the 44
Take yo girl and make her suck below the belt, yeah that's a low blow
I'm a big dog you a Toto,
Shoot you like a photo
One deep riding solo, still get it poppin like a note off
All black, ski mask, red bandana
Coming down your chimney, all red like Santa
Music spike the fan up, Twizzy roll the dutch
And we gon get retarded like the short yellow bus
Bitch I'm talking reckless, 50 thousand for the necklace
I'm the one who bring the drama to the beats I'm young and reckless
I'm marching while I'm stepping
Young money's what I'm reppin
Niggas better tuck they bitches if they got em in my section

Not a reporter but I put you on the news too
I'm a skyscraper, just with all the screws loose
Tell the nurse I need my fucking meds
Potato on the toast, like where that fucking bread
Nigga, I'm a motherfucking psychopath
When you die I have the right to laugh
I'm a motherfucking psychopath,
Hannibal Lecter mask, straight jacket swag

Blue City since they shouting out my team, I'm a forever rep
Only reason your girl from Faithful, cause I ain't met her yet
Boy your mind together is what you better get
Take something of mine, I cut your arm short like Bill Belacic
Grown man games, grown man talk, grown man ape
But if I'm on my lazy shit, I got young boys that will leave a grown man sli
ng
I never grown man slang, bang, while I'm seeing b gang
And that tech send you the trauma, that's that T-Pain
I'm singing I'm in love with my trigger
Hanging out the window, ski mask on, tearing shit up,
Something like Arlene is cousin in menace, when he took caine out
Fuck you and the niggas, we could bang out
You wailing for respect, I'm on the same route
Niggas talking that dumb shit,
But that dumb shit is what my game bout
On grown man jewelry, your shit cloudy like it's bout to rain out
Me and Gudda will tear down this motherfucker
Rebuild it, renovate it, then deja-vu motherfucker

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I'm a lunatic, psycopath, put me in my straight jacket
I call my choppas head sticks and I don't play mattin
I'm causing straight havoc, New Orleans straight savage
Versace on me, yeah I got expensive taste habits
Hands on the steering wheel, watch me make this bitch squirl
Pop the clutch, pop the dutch, smoke and watch the bitch burn
I'm coming for my spot, lames get dome check
If we was on the yard, I need a car, you getting phone check
Rookie I'm a grown vet, all red Corvette
I got my stripes in the streets like a war vet
Your girl starin, watch the pussy getting loose, loose
And I'm a go psycho in that pussy, cause my screws loose

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