

Act My Age

Madchild

Rappers talking shit, that's a slaughter call
Slice his neck, blood flowing like a waterfall
I'm a sexy fucking beast, hope your daughter's home
I'm a modern gnome spitting out a lot of poems
You want to hear the fucking best? 'Kay, you got it, holmes
I don't like to sit and rot at home, watch this Rottie foam
Foaming at the mouth, roaming through the South
Kill it in the North, kill it in your house
Doesn't really matter where I'm at - white tarantula
My name is spreading all around, got a spatula?
Little guy but my aura is gargantuan
People stop in cars and tell me, "Mad Child, you're a champion"
I say thank you very much, take a quick photo
Don't like my shit? You can suck my fucking dick, dodo
Said I rise like a phoenix
Clean that fucking shit out of your ears, get a Kleenex

I'm happy to be back on stage
I don't wanna, I don't wanna act my age
I'm just repping that I rap all day
Cause I don't wanna, I don't wanna act my age
Getting girls, I just laugh all day
Making money, make this rap game pay
Man, I'm happy to be back on stage
Cause I don't wanna, I don't wanna act my age

You? You're like Fozzie the Bear and you got bad habits
Me? I'm Ozzy Osbourne in fuckin' Black Sabbath
Little Monster, I'm a track savage
Me and my team, we all break bread and crack cabbage
Travel 'round the world like gypsies and pirates
More like little Alex with a little Ultraviolence
Doing shows, I'm a real Rock-n-Rolla
Hit the telly drunk and go for walks and talk to Lola
Picking up these bitches that are half my age
Cause I don't wanna, I don't wanna act my age
Friends with all my enemies, walk among identi-thieves
Borderline insanity and rapping is my remedy
Mentally I'm battling myself, I need a sedative
For real, this shit is like Alien versus Predator
I'll eat these rappers like a fucking bag of Cheesies
I'm colder than a bag of Freezies

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Don't worry about my age. You should worry about my rage
How I jump onto a stage like I just broke out the cage
Fifteen years ago, crazy little rapping hobo
Up shit's creek without a paddle in a plastic rowboat
I'm venting with constant tension

Beyond comprehension, a wanted henchman
I'm an old creep giving you the heebie-jeebies
Punk rock like it's '86 and I'm at CBGB's
Slice your face with an X-Acto blade
My friends are saying, "Time for you to act your age"
Naw, that's ok. I just want to sit around and rap all day
I just sit around and laugh all day, making racks off these tracks like it's
crack cocaine

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