

Little Monster Blend

Madchild

Banned from America
Like I'm a bad judge of character
Bullshit...

I tried to get into the states they weren't having it
Going through my bag like a bunch of savages
Customs agent looking like he's mad at me
Cause I got friends that look like Sons of Anarchy
Knew that I'm a rapper, guess he's not a fan of me
Looking at me crazy was pure insanity
Ten hours go by not panicking
I just sat there still like a mannequin
I was laughing they kept asking me what gang I'm in
He started being nicer cause I didn't use profanity
I thought what's the point [?] Shit... I'll be a gentleman
Instead of being an ass hole pumped up on adrenaline
Thinking to myself I can't believe I'm red flagged
I love the States how the fuck I'm gonna get back [?]
It's not like I'm smuggling drugs
All of this because I hang out with a couple of thugs

(It's a bunch of bullshit man to tell you the truth...)
(I've been to America a hundred and fifty times)
Hey, it's Madchild the super Ill villain
(I need to get back to my people)
The Canadian werewolf is not getting into America right now
(Without the evidence I'm blocked)
I'ma move back
Battleaxe Warriors hold that shit down for me
([?]) Let me back)

To make it in this game's like winning the Jackpot
These days you don't need a label, just a laptop
Rap is failed and turned into a crack pot
So i suggest a second job if you we're have not
Anything, selling drugs, pouring black top
You can't eat off Facebook getting mad props
Old and broke that shit'll leave you in the best spot
Shooting videos with grandma's kitchen as the back drop

OK, I know my time is coming
Feel like I'm gonna blast off
Cause I got nothin' left to lose or rap my ass off
I listen to these rappers, mad soft
Cause everybody sounds the same, flash mob
See I could do that too but it won't last dog
So I said fuck it and i choose to do exact op'
So how am I gonna turn this shit into a cash crop
Shit I'ma keep on spitting 'til the last drop

Hey Madchild crawl into a corner and die
I can't do that I still must try
This is all I'm put on this earth for
All my other friends are busy caught in a turf war
Cops still treat me like I am in a gang
But how can I be [?] I don't do anything
All I do is stay at home write rhymes and work out

Praying everything is gonna work out
Word out

I'm staying focused keeping the circle tight
Focusing on what matters
Fuck this economy
Cigarettes and Monster
Shouts out to all the Battleaxe Warriors, my family

Okay, look
I'm a bi-polar polar bear Zippping up a polar fleece
Drinking polar ice and Pepsi Cola on a coral reef
Every lyric that I spit it's an oral feat
Elbow on my knees head in hands thinking poor old me
I keep a strap tucked, at least a sharp blade
Cause kids be playing more games than an arcade
And I am not afraid I will shoot you dead
There's more snakes in this club than Medusa's head
I'm still underground, call me tomb raider
While I rap with iron jaws like Moonraker
You keep lying while you tell the kids your cool fables
I'll chop your fucking head off and leave it on the pool table
I'm not too stable I am off my rocker
I lift you up while making noises just like it was chewbacca
Fucking dope, like I just cooked a rocker
He's a malarka and I'm down to knock his fucking block off
So thank you Mr. Ron Cavanaugh
My friend's in jail for more keys than a grand piano
When I say I'm hot that means that I'm too hot to handle
If don't make it to rap to Willy Nelson I could rock a Banjo

I got drugs in my pocket and I don't know what to do with them
Drugs in my pocket, Drugs in my pocket
I got drugs in my pocket, man I don't know what to do with them
Drugs in my pocket, Drugs in my pocket
Who put drugs in my pocket [?] Man I thought that I was through with them
Drugs in my pocket, Drugs in my pocket
I got drugs in my pocket, I don't know what to do with them
Drugs in my pocket, Drugs in my pocket

Got a red under my bed
There's a little yellow man in my head

That's what's up man
I'm a fucking lyrical tyrant
Little bad wolf, I'm a serious problem
I'm a fucking little beast
I'm so razor sharp right now man

(You know you want it)
(You know you want to get high)
Run for your lives motherfuckers
(You know you need to let me out)
Nah fuck that
(You know you need to get stoned)
(You can't escape my clutches)
Hey fuck you man, everything is going good man
I'm finished with that