

Under a Spell

Madchild

I am right as Rain, I'm good as gold
I'm from Canada so everything I spit is cold
Never thought I would rap this old
But I'm still a little lunatic. I'll crack your skull
Now I'm banned from America, banned from America
Why?
Why?
They think I'm a bad character
I think that's terrible
Sitting in a room for about 10 hours I was praying for a miracle
They keep on asking me if I'm a gangster
I am laughing their not laughing
I can't help but laughing. It's hysterical
I was angry and hungry
But I was handling it much better then the young me
Would have snapped like an alligator, scrapped like a gladiator
Got hot and popped my top like a radiator
On the navigator, I'm not exaggerating
This shit is aggravating, look how fucking mad I'm getting

Happy Halloween. I'm a human hologram
Flat broke but I've signed a million autographs
Ive failed every polygraph
I tried to tell them I'm a preppy rapping college brat
They didn't buy it
Teeth fucked up, shaved head
Tattooed, middle age little giant
At times can be pretty violent
I'd rather start a riot
Instead of sitting quiet

I'm still the king of skull crushing confusion
I do my thing, there's no fucking with this movement
Modern James dean, on a black lambretta
Red line Levis, black V-neck sweater
Mad Child talk crazy, real go getter
Compartment for a baby Glock, to stop vendettas
You don't wanna fuck with this ferocious fella
Super psychedelic relics more then likely jealous
These rappers a bunch of ducks, no beak on
I'm highly lethal like marine force recon
Developing my talent, best to lead the challenge
I'll mentally molest you with this chemical imbalance
Purest non conformist, stimulate with substance
Covered my emotions with the rug , I've been a thug since
Dangerous, deformed dwarf on a drug binge
Angel now, reformed corpse of a munchkin

Yea
It's okay to be a little crazy man
Listen to me man