

Psycho, Psycho, Psycho!

Prozak

Yeah... haha

Yeah... welcome to the horrorcore show... muthafucka

I'm psycho, psycho, psycho (I'm a psycho)
Like Freddy, Jason, Michael (I'm Michael, bitch)
What you gon use that knife fo? (It's Bizarre)
They follow me where I go (hahahaha)

This ain't Halloween, but I got on the mask
Hands ripped, you can see the back of my ass
Arms in a cast, two maxipads
But I'm still strong enough to kill a fag
This ain't funny, this Bizarre and Prozak
Beat me with a bat till I can't feel my back
I'm fucking insane, I need medication
Especially cognation about masturbation (Sweet Jesus!)
Every time I rap, they fucking hate it
I'm a Davidian, so I worship David
Who really cares if you like me or not?
I'm talking to Pac, smoking a fat ass glock
Tell Michael Jackson for molesting children
Shit, he could fuck me, for 45 million
Crazy like Michael, insane like Freddy
In my ass, there's a big ass machete

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I make cannibal music for animals use it
To stab you with pool sticks, they're laughing to it
Strapped with fulllys, black mask and hoodies
If you ran into him, run fast he's shootin
Hoppin out of a cut list, I'm coughin my lungs up
Got me a dumb blunt, now I'm on a duck hunt
Meanin when I bust you betta duck or get your headed shredded up
Ya leg is cut, man I've come to save you
But I have erased you
Glazed his face with AKs sent to break his facial
I'm an east side Detroit branch Davidian
I'll be high off three joints, laughin, gigglin
Now when I reach the point where I'm passin Michigan
Heading to Cedar Point just to stab some kids again
I'm an animal caged, an addict who's been at it for days
I'm scratchin my face and slappin my veins

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I'm a depressed, manic, borderline schizophrenic
With plastic explosives strapped to my chest, but don't panic
Alright, everybody, just remain calm
I'm am a martyr, the reject son of Islam
I'm even harder than the rigamortis corpse of Saddam
I lit a candle with a ouija so his ghost will live on
I'm am a Muslim even though I've never read the Qu'ran
I am religious now because my body's strapped to a bomb (Allahu Akbar!)
Fuck, it went off, now I am in hell
What happened to the virgins and the afterlife that was swell?
I only signed up for this kill so that my family could get some help
They said that they would pay the bills if I would just blow up myself
And they promised an eternity of happiness and wealth
And now I'm nothing but a Polaroid that sits upon the shelf
And my son is in the basement and hes swinging from a belt
While my wife is in the bedroom and shes fucking someone else

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