

# The Hitchcock Of Hip-Hop

Prozak

(Now who are you) I'm the Alfred Hitchcock of hip hop  
(No you're not) Don't believe me, just wait 'til my shit drops  
(Thought you knew) Tell sick stories with a suspense plot  
(Come and watch) Even Edgar Allen Poe would say my shit's hot

Hello ladies and gentlemen and good evening  
You're about to witness the sickest thing ever breathing  
There's no need to keep pinching yourself, you ain't dreaming  
Someone please shut that bitch up in the back who's screaming

Some people will tell you I'm half angel, plus demon  
Who's purpose is to stalk the earth for gothic reasons  
Must've curse at birth for what it's worth, they pulled a heath  
en  
I think them a stigmata, so my hands are breathing

The devil sends his regards and seasons greetings  
For those who don't believe in God, he'll be meeting  
Your life will cease, so rest in peace, your soul is leaving  
For eternity, burning, begging and pleading

(Now who are you) I'm the Alfred Hitchcock of hip hop  
(No you're not) Don't believe me, just wait 'til my shit drops  
(Thought you knew) Tell sick stories with a suspense plot  
(Come and watch) Even Edgar Allen Poe would say my shit's hot