

## Sorta Like A Psycho

RBL Posse

(Black C)

Sorta like a psycho, a nigga just might go  
Spray the whole town 'cause a nigga is a schizo  
Little freaky deetch try to say a nigga mean  
But I'm sprayin punk ass with my Uzi machine  
(What you gonna do that shit fo?), lay your punk ass on the floor  
So you wanna be captain save a hoe?  
Rat-a-tat rat-a-rat rat-a-tat-tat  
(Is that a cap gun?), no it's my mothafuckin mac  
Or my deuce deuce, mothafuckin call it what you want to  
(I call my shit a gun), well I call my shit the make-room  
Mothafucka Mothafucka mothafucka pretty soon  
Since you're on my fuckin penis  
why don't you drop to your fuckin knees  
Bow wow wow yipee yo yipee yipee yeah  
Bark like a dog and just make my mothafuckin day, nigga  
Ya fuckin wit the wrong one, psycho ass lunatic  
nigga that is all wrong  
B-L-A-C-K-C, my mothafuckin name  
I put up the deuce deuce so pull out my 12 gauge  
Boom boom boom I watch the nigga head fall off  
Then I hit the cuts with my mothafuckin sawed off  
Duck while the body rot, nigga still on the plot  
But next time, I use my mothafuckin Glock

To the old school nigga where I'm known the most  
Hunter's Point, give it up smooth

Knick knack paddy wack, give a bitch a crack sack  
While I'm up in the cuts, blowin off niggas backs  
But it ain't no thang, my bitch in the dope game  
And I gotta ride, kill, and maintain my mothafuckin biz wax  
A nigga's fin to get tax, a nigga goin mad, they call me mad max  
A mothafuckin rebel (a crazy ass basket)  
Punk mothafucka just call me Charles Manson  
Tear it off bro, (man wit the funk flow, give it up smooth)  
Is my mothafuckin moto  
But I see the blue and white suits wanna get me  
And I'm not goin out like my boy Tony T  
Bring em on bring em on bring em, I'm fin to hit the cuts and I'm  
feelin shake and bake em  
Tippy tippy toe to my mothafuckin back door  
I'm fin to straight chill wit a fat sack of indo  
Bitch gimme some mothafuckin zig zags ho  
Now I got my zig zags, 40 ounce and watchin mad  
Shoes all muddy, and pants filled wit green grass  
But I'm not trippin, a nigga gotta kill time  
Went to the closet, and pulled out my 9  
Stepped went crept to the mothafuckin window  
The gun in the right hand, the left one indo  
But the course is clear I'm fin to take a chill pill  
Fuck that shit gimme a break down before I get ill

I'm startin off my last verse, five niggas in a herse  
Fuckin wit me should've checked his fuckin head first  
I pulled out the U to the Z to the I  
Punk mothafuckas weren't prepared for the homicide

Rat-a-tat rat-a-tat same damn thing  
Got four in the head and one in the nigga layin  
And if they didn't know me right now  
Then they'll never ever ever ever know me  
(Mr.Cee)  
So you should've be listenin from the get go  
'cause the villian on the under is about to flow  
I'm a nigga that moves in silence  
And I get a head rush in the midst of violence  
A lot of people don't think highly  
The reason 'cause I'm a product of a violent society  
And that's the why the shit goes  
Why go to a wholesale when I can jack you for your gold  
And it don't matter if you're ten pounds bigger  
You'll just fall harder when I pull this trigger  
Yeah there's a lesson to be learned  
But no one took notes, so niggas get burned