

# D-12, American Psycho 2

[Chorus - B-Real]

I'm a little bit off the chain, you can call me insane, but the fact remains  
That I'm a psycho  
Better get it through your brain, when you say my name, never say it in vain  
Cause I'm a psycho

[Verse 1 - Swift]

I'm a motherfuckin omen, I bow down to no man, I'll split a \*\*\*\*\* open,  
Killing folks compulsive, a soldier wit a motive, scrotum big as boulders,  
I'll hold it then unload on you, put on poster, so everyone can notice who  
Was focused on his pokin, they nose in our business, hopin that I don't come  
Smoke 'em, No one knows my notions or emotions, I'm a vulture,  
Close to croakin any moment, and I know when, I could fuck the culture up,  
Probably rap, a maniac, wit anxiety attacks, I don't wanna chat, speak when  
You spoken to, and I don't have to read a fuckin magazine or quoteable, to notice  
What you hoes'll do

[Verse 2 - Kuniva]

We all soldiers, we move as a unit, we all roll up, show up at your residence  
And light your front door up, get scared, life ain't fair, and I'm prepared to blast you  
Just as fast as dre can say hell yeah, so watch what you say, cause it can happen  
Either today or the next minute, i can draw the heater and spray and I'm dead  
Serious, you could be dead period, end of story, I'm on your porch wit a gun and  
Your son sippin a forty, No one can hold me, I does it all by my lonely,  
Stomp your head while you awake, you'll be looking like gumby, Aftermath and Shady bitch  
You can read it and weep, you see my poster in the hood for the G of the week

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - Bizzare]

They found Saddam, but they ain't gonna find me, I'll be under a tree,  
In Buttfuck Tennessee, and I don't know too much about my daddy,  
Except he spit in my face and fucked me in my fanny, I ain't a racist  
I just hate whites, fags and dykes, blacks and transvestites, 13 years old  
And joined a fucking gang, hair under my ass cheeks feeling the fucking pain  
Am I insane?, who really knows, cause any second my temper can fucking  
Blow, I get colder than december, black the fuck out, tomorrow won't even remember  
See Bizzare can show what violence is all about, and this Dr. Dre beat done brought it  
The fuck out, run in your house and put it in your mouth, and blow your brains the fuck out

[Verse 4 - Eminem]

I probably got a screw loose or two or maybe three or four of 'em, some fell out and hit the floor,  
All I know is ever since my fuckin head hit the snowbank, been a little niandrotholic, no thanks to  
My man D' Angelo Baily, but I just take it slow daily, my biggest delierence, tryin to figure whether  
To use the flat head or the phillips, or just go to the Home Depot, and pick the new power drill up,  
Gives me two hours and 6 days and I'm still up, I feel like I'm about to snap and minute, there's a n  
Tower Records, I'm bout to stop and get a fill-up, pick the new Cypress Hill up, and go find who did  
That shit to Xzibit, and go fill up a whole liquor bottle wit piss and go shatter his fuckin lips wit it

[Chorus]