

# T-Bone, Straight Up Pyscho

[T-Bone]

Cause Ima straight up pyscho sick in the head  
Lynchin them demons wit a bat  
Cause them Christians understand I be that straight up pyscho  
Lynchin them demons wit a bat, rat ta tat tat  
Goes my gat, when I be pushin up  
on that trigger that be on my steel  
And thats for real, I be knockin them demons out like Holyfield  
Well buck buck buck, yea them demons be gettin struck  
Cause a demon tried to do my wrong  
He's lyin to me tryin to tell me  
that Jesus didn't love and He wasnt real  
So I stole up on his grizill  
I got up on my knees and startin  
lynchin that demon wit a spiritual prayer  
Just like in the rugged rhyme sayer \*mixing sounds\*  
Demons try to step they get struck on the dome  
Or grill so chill before I get bucked wild  
Cause Ima straight up pyscho kinda like Micheal  
Myers, I'm eatin up the devil like Dryer's ice cream  
If you know what I mean  
And I got a bald head just like Mr. Clean  
Cause I'm clean from the sin  
Got the Holy Ghost within  
My soul, so I won  
Cause the blood of the Son  
Was shed and red so that we can be forgiven  
Now I be slayin them sucka demons like a turkey on Thanksgiving  
Word is bomb, I broke the devil's arm  
So ring the alarm, I conquered demons just like Babalon  
Conquered Judah, I don't praise buddah, don't smoke that huddah  
And like Das Effects I'm comin straight from the sewer  
Who knew, stuff that I had last year wit no fear  
I step up to that demon and I beat him down  
Wit a rugged sound comin straight from the underground  
Demons dry to strike, I peel their cap

[Chorus]

[T-Bone]

Its like that when I got my strap  
So whats it to ya, boo ya  
Another demon got blasted  
And now its time to get drastic  
Like Jurrasic Park, demons try to creep in the dark  
But what they don't know is that I be waitin around the corner  
Wit my heater, down to beat a  
A demon til he's screamin and afraid  
Demons can't fade cause I got my King James switch blade  
In my hand, jaded that be B I B L E  
The Basic Instructions Before Leavin this planet  
And like Janet, Jackson God is in control  
So act like ya know  
That I be that knick knack paddy wack  
Pyscho dog T-Bone, buckin demons upside the dome  
Wit the chrome, cause I'm that lunatic from Frisco  
And I'm still down wit E-Dog and Bisco  
So loud up the clip and spray  
I smoke demons and leavin em in an ash tray  
Cause I'm that brother that really don't care  
Got no hair, go ahead and dare  
Me to put in work, those demons are hurt  
I'm be doin dirt, cause when it comes to demons I'm steamin  
So I'm down to catch a body if the body be the devil's

Wit the bass and treble, yo I'm takin it to a higher level  
Mutalatin demons when I'm on the mic I'll  
Then shoot em wit my riffle  
Cause Ima

[Chorus]

[T-Bone]  
I don't know how to act, cause I'm goin insane in the brain  
This is one lunatic that they can't maintain  
Cause Ima pyschopathic latin causin racket  
Demons couldnt calm me wit a straight jacket  
Packin the Bible every single day of my life  
Cause 1 2 3, the devils' after T  
Bone on the micra-phone  
Everyday, so I pray pray pray  
Til my hair turns grey  
I turn away from sin and chose a path thats narrow  
Duckin and dodgin the devil's arrows  
That he be throwin in my direction  
Put my protection is in Jesus Christ  
So I do not need a gang or a crew  
So whacha gonna do  
Cause the devils' after you  
Patna, yeah

[Chorus]