

# VIRUS SYNDICATE, Psychopath

Adrenalin filling my right leg blood rush through my body and feeling just like head  
lust it can turn to disgust in just a second  
when you buss wanna crush with a caliber weapon  
im in love with that mother fucker up in the mirror  
give me some drugs and I flip into some killer gorilla  
you fucking mugs! Clearing out ya villa for scrilla  
im going nuts putting slugs up in ya figure

I did a couple of tours and made scrilla,  
Jayzilla, I'm a guerrilla I stay illa,  
Jays in a league of his own I came with the eyes of a hawk, knife and a fork coz your dinner,  
Type the report, write with the chalk I'm your killa,  
You tried to abort mission,  
Then had to report missing,  
I'm back to the war listen  
It's back to the raw spitting,  
You act like its your kitchen,  
I cook em like raw chicken,

My girlfriends a prostitute and loves it  
im riddled with diseases just from everytime she sucks it  
luckily I buss quick  
Cannon fire up! now im tryna cut a deal with the dallas buyers club  
sharing needles with a lepor liking im living forever  
head spottled like a leopard looking redder than pepper  
stomach gutted on the chequered floor bloody machete  
my body parts overboard throwing up on the jetty

Psychopath /8x

I terror any riddim,  
Clinical terrorism  
Physical hedonism,  
Lyrical separatism  
Spiritual exorcism  
Im Hannibal lectorin em  
Fuck all the pessimism  
I kill all the Scepticism  
rhymes are on another level above,  
An you'll never measure with em,  
Raised in the city guns, cotton and hella women,  
Raining on the game while they're staining to bring the weather with theme step into the war with a

Psychopath /8x