Body Count, Psychopath (feat. Joe Bad)

Psychopath
Psychopath

I was born to humans
My blade cuts through
Watch the blood spew
Vital organs
I'll abort them
If I want you
I'll find you
I'm right behind you

I hear voices
In my head
Making choices
Should I shoot
Or dismember
How many victims
Oh God
I can't remember

Psychopath
Psychopath

They can't catch me
I move through
All cities
When I strike
Too quickly
Every victim a different way
I leave no DNA
News
They name me
How morbid
Can fame be
Last night
They found three slain
I torture and kill and murder at will

Look what you made
An American psycho
Staring down the barrel of a rifle
The hungry dog bites back
True predators muthafucker
You can't try and right that wrong
Here's your fuckin' swansong
Murderous ways for those who betrayed our trust
You don't mean shit to us
Body Count stackin' up
Nothing can stop me
Just another motherfucker
Fit for an autopsy
They'll never catch me
(laughing)
You'll never catch me
(laughing)
They'll never catch me
You'll never catch me

Psychopath