

D-12, American Psycho li - B Real

(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 was a pice of shit, when you say my name, never say it in vain
Cause I'm a psycho

(Verse 1 - Swift)

I'm a motherf**kin 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, fage and I know when, I could suck the culture up,

Probably rap like crap, a maniac, wit anxiety attacks, I don't wanna chat, speak when

You spoken to, and I don't have to read a f**kin magazine or quote able, 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 bitch, 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 gummy, 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 Buttf**k Tennessee, and I don't know too much about my daddy,

Except he spit in my face and f**ked 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 f**king gang, hair under my ass cheeks feeling the f**king pain

Am I insane?, who really knows, cause any second my temper can f**king

Blow, I get colder than december, black the f**kin suck it out, tomorrow won't even remember

See Bizzare can show what violence is all about, and this Dr. Dre beat done brought it

The f**k out, run in your house and put it in your mouth, and blow your brains the f**k 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 f**kin head hit the snowbank, been a little niandrothol, 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,

Its been two hours and 6 days and I'm still up, I feel like I'm about to snap and minute, there's a new

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 f**kin lips wit it

(Chorus)