RBL Posse, Sorta Like A Psycho

(Black C)
Sorta like a psycho, a nigga just might go
Spray the whole town 'cause a nigga is a schizo
Little freaky deetch try to say a nigga mean
But I'm sprayin punk ass with my Uzi machine
(What you gonna do that shit fo?), lay your punk ass on the floor
So you wanna be captain save a hoe?
Rat-a-tat rat-a-rat rat-a-tat-tat
(Is that a cap gun?), no it's my mothaf**kin mac
Or my deuce deuce, mothaf**kin call it what you want to
(I call my shit a gun), well I call my shit the make-room
Mothaf**ka Mothaf**ka mothaf**ka pretty soon
Since you're on my f**kin penis
why don't you drop to your f**kin knees
Bow wow wow yipee yo yipee yipee yeah
Bark like a dog and just make my mothaf**kin day, nigga
Ya f**kin wit the wrong one, psycho ass lunatic
nigga that is all wrong
B-L-A-C-K-C, my mothaf**kin name
I put up the deuce deuce so pull out my 12 gauge
Boom boom boom I watch the nigga head fall off
Then I hit the cuts with my mothaf**kin sawed off
Duck while the body rot, nigga still on the plot
But next time, I use my mothaf**kin Glock

(chorus)
To the old school nigga where I'm known the most
Hunter's Point, give it up smooth

Knick knack paddy wack, give a bitch a crack sack
While I'm up in the cuts, blowin off niggas backs
But it ain't no thang, my bitch in the dope game
And I gotta ride, kill, and maintain my mothaf**kin biz wax
A nigga's fin to get tax, a nigga goin mad, they call me mad max
A mothaf**kin rebel (a crazy ass basket)
Punk mothaf**ka just call me Charles Manson
Tear it off bro, (man wit the funk flow, give it up smooth)
Is my mothaf**kin moto
But I see the blue and white suits wanna get me
And I'm not goin out like my boy Tony T

Bring em on bring em on bring em, I'm fin to hit the cuts and I'm
feelin shake and bake em
Tippy tippy toe to my mothaf**kin back door
I'm fin to straight chill wit a fat sack of indo
Bitch gimme some mothaf**kin zig zags ho
Now I got my zig zags, 40 ounce and watchin mad
Shoes all muddy, and pants filled wit green grass
But I'm not trippin, a nigga gotta kill time
Went to the closet, and pulled out my 9
Stepped went crept to the mothaf**kin window
The gun in the right hand, the left one indo
But the course is clear I'm fin to take a chill pill
F**k that shit gimme a break down before I get ill

Chorus

I'm startin off my last verse, five niggas in a herse
F**kin wit me should've checked his f**kin head first
I pulled out the U to the Z to the I
Punk mothaf**kas weren't prepared for the homicide
Rat-a-tat rat-a-tat same damn thing
Got four in the head and one in the nigga layin

And if they didn't know me right now
Then they'll never ever ever ever know me
(Mr.Cee)
So you should've be listenin from the get go
'cause the villian on the under is about to flow
I'm a nigga that moves in silence
And I get a head rush in the midst of violence
A lot of people don't think highly
The reason 'cause I'm a product of a violent society
And that's the why the shit goes
Why go to a wholesale when I can jack you for your gold
And it don't matter if you're ten pounds bigger
You'll just fall harder when I pull this trigger
Yeah there's a lesson to be learned
But no one took notes, so niggas get burned

Chorus