

## **Tanya Tucker F/ Willie Nelson**

### **"Psycho Funk"**

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[Ganksta Nip]

Yo-yo-yo-yo-yo-yo

Wassup, it's ya boy Ganksta Nip

Ya know what talking bout

Ya boy feel this muthafuckin down south psycho ass  
funk

Ya know what I'm talking bout

That shit bumps hard in ya muthafuckin trunk

Ya know what I'm saying

[Verse 1]

My veins pop out I'm high, you have a question ask me

Who left the baby bleeding butchered up in some  
plastic

Inside the woods where the birds was beating it

I had to take my gun and stop the squirrels from eating  
it

Some say that I'm the type that does not believe in God

Some say I have the power, psychic similar to Moses'  
rod

Strike like a snake leaving venom in ya chest

Lung disease on top of cancer he was cardiac arrest

Head tuners, deadly rumors of wars to come

I'm a scientist peep game the wars a done

Body snatcher, head cracker, a car hijacker

Catch you down town now I'm a D.A attacker

Sleep walking through the house, dreaming I'm eager  
to hunt

Cuz my sub-conscience tells my conscience to do what  
it wants

In and out of reality you burn from the high flames

Skin peeling off on a mission to rock brains

Crucify my enemies and slay my opponents

Uncut pure club rocks keep em still for a moment

You don't hear me you better fear me, I change with  
the times

Tarzan swung through the ghetto he got shot on the  
vine

Chorus 2X:

Psycho Funk, Psycho Funk, Psycho Funk

Bumps hard in the trunk nigga  
Psycho Funk, Psycho Funk, Psycho Funk  
It ain't made for no punks nigga

[Verse 2]

I see spirits don't come near me, their anxious to live  
You play my song back to back it might just fracture  
your ribs  
A graveyard is a place where the dead can rest  
A mortician keeps the dead looking at their very best  
Now I'm snoring, wake me up I'm trapped in a dream  
It's like swimming tied up I'm floating upstream  
Back to conscieness, why is that I thought I was woke  
You see I'm dead I'm just simply waitng to wake up and  
croak  
Horrific dreams, keep these spleens, take notes as a  
thrill  
A Vampire performs at night, daytime you can kill him  
Stephen King, Stephen Spielberg, I'm ending ya reign  
My thoughts they cause pain psycho horror movie  
games  
Twist and turn in the bed, death is nuthin but dread  
Trapped in time angel wings violins on my head  
Cuz I slip inside the coma with the ??? diploma  
Left body there for three days a fleshy aroma  
Starts to build up hold ya nose the scent is to strong  
Flesh evaporates fast an turns the bulid up to bones  
Psycho Nip the dream master writing subliminal drama  
Click ya heels commit suicide and wish for ya mama

Chorus 2X

[Ganksta Nip ad libs]

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