

Tanya Tucker F/ Willie Nelson**"Why the Psych Can't Do It"**

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S'up main, peep game
All these muthafuckin killas
And these muthafuckin wicked ass preachers
They have they congregations, you know what I'm sayin?
They have people to move somethin, know what I'm talkin about?
I'm just tryin to get mine, on the grind
Psycho Club, know what I'm talkin about?

[Verse 1]

As I go in a rage
Shoot inside the crowd, make em scatter like Raid
Don't give a fuck, bitch duck, he fell in the lobby
Pick up a needle now there's thousands of holes inside his body
Blood leakin, moving real fast down his arm
The third fuckin slice is the muthafuckin charm
Let me see if they right, cuz I'm thinkin they wrong
The third slice is the one where I bring forth chromes
I'ma altered beast, with a zillion a styles
Uh, y'all keep it quiet while I murder a while
Move somethin, Psych Ward, all over the world
I want the kids and the parents and the boys and girls
Come join, bring money it's good for your health
If you don't join, then you'll meet the children of death
Let me explain, hopin that you will go through it
Jim Jones did it, why the psych can't do it?

[Chorus]

Charles Manson did it, why the psych can't do it?
David Koresh did it, why the psych can't do it?
Ted Bundy did it, why the psych can't do it?
John Gasey did it, why the psych can't do it?
Jeffery Dahmer did it, why the psych can't do it?
Jim Baker did it, why the psych can't do it?
Jimmy Swaggart did it, why the psych can't do it?
Lil Rick did it, why the psych can't do it?

[Verse 2]

Smoke a dip, flip the script, ball and chain and the whip

The fleas, flies, different bugs devoured the body by
strips
Pit bulls come, claimin all the pieces that's left
Whatever parts that they don't eat, the fire ants feel
wealth
Then they throw a party, now they on their feet
But that rival ant gang, they want that meat
Now it's an ant war, fire ants cannot be beat
Now that's the same type a shit that you see on the
street
Hit the sweet, move somethin, then grab your glocks
Cuz niggas listen to my music then they go kill cops
They in a trance, hypnotically they do what I say
See, I got the hook up spot where you can buy an A-K
Then go out, straight murderin, and start you a spree
And don't come back until a thousand nine hundred
seventy three
Bodies drop, inside the freezer, with ziplock tags
And leave the corpses all tied up in ziplock bags
A blow torch is now needed, they'll turn into crust
Cuz with the fire, then immortals turn slowly to dust
Psycho NIP, mad scientist, I'll crush up them bones
Cuz I'll catch you, I'll keep you, I'll kill you in the Psych
Ward

[Chorus]
(Big Ron instead of "Lil Rick")

[Verse 3]
Bumblebees, grasshoppers, spiders, they do hit the spot
Check nuts, now what, see Mr Snake's on the block
Insect war ground, see I can face it now
For my reality is body parts, I can taste it now
Crushed ice cubes keeps it all frozen stiff
A chainsaw pursues much blood, they ready to rip
What you want? You bloody shit, when the wrists get slit
A thumbtack takes out the eyeballs, they bust real
quick

[Chorus]
(Rowdy Riggins instead of "Lil Rick")

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