

Williams Robin

"The Batty Rap"

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Yo, the name is Batty

The logic is erratic,

Potato in a jacket,

Toys in the attic,

I rock and I ramble,

My brain is scrambled,

Rap like an animal but I'm a mammal

I been brain-fried, electrified, infected and injectified,

Vivosectified and fed pesticides,

My face is all cut up,

Cos my radar's all shut up

Nurse I need a check-up from the neck up,

I'm Batty

They used and abused me,

Battered and bruised me,

Red wires green wires stuck em' right through me,

So hear my Batty word,

And excersize a little prudence,

When dealing with humans,

people talking

Doesn't seem like animals comprehend any pain,

They just get used to it,
Cause I'm a real fruit bat and I'm ready to rap,
I'm ready to snap,
I suffer from cyanica and chapped lips,
And shockage,
Like a rocket in my pocket and a need to scratch,
But now I can't stop it,
I'm Batty...
I'm a real fruit bat and my logic is erratic,
I'm Batty...
Who's Batty? Moi

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