

Busta Rhymes

"Psycho"

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(feat. Cassidy and Papoose)

[Busta Rhymes: Talking]

[Busta Rhymes:]

I'm nice with the lead peel your edges like slices of bread

Percise, become a poltergeist, stickin knives inside of your head

What's the issue, on a roll, like a roll of toilet tissue(?)

I continue to expose you niggas that's so superficial

I script you your obituary then blow like a missile

Once I blow the whistle, motherfuck may the forces be with you

Come with a style, I'm wildin, pile up my money so kosher,

Then call up the sofa fuckin bitches in back of the rover

Then bounce with the coca, bag up bitches outside of the costa rica area level, my features and carry my posters

[talking intermission:]

Unprecedented, I cememnted, you changin your flow up

While helpin you grow up, niggas know you for soundin so tore up

Challengin niggas, better hold on to bannister niggas

Fuck around I'll stuff your body parts into cannisters niggas

Like you don't know the half, I'll bust your motherfuckin ass

Busta buss, cass, and papoose is fuckin psychopaths

[Chorus:]

Making Niggas Wanna Get Hype Yea I'm PSYCHO [x8]

[Cassidy:]

My nigga beside me with triggers and niggas get bodied

I lock a strip and chop a brick like I'm mr. miyagi

But this ain't karate, I been sick since I pissed in a potty

I probably been proper since my papa put dick in my mommy

I'm a cannon man
Holdin the hamma man
For the loot niggas shoot niggas like a camera man
Snappin a picture, you get stuck like the back of a
sticker
I got bars like the factory manufacturing snickers
And I do crimes for the bread like croutons
With two nines I be layin clowns down like foutons
With the bullets in the rocket, my pockets is full of
cream
I'm blowin steam keep the steel in my hands like
wolverine
[talking intermission:]
Poppin the metal, you niggas is not on my level
I'm locking the kettle man, I'm hot like the pot and the
kettle
On the mic I spaz, who get it hype as cass
And my nigga busta, we some muthafuckin
psychopaths

[Chorus:]
Making Niggas Wanna Get Hype Yea I'm PSYCHO [x8]

[Papoose:]
I'm an iceberg trapped in a fire I won't melt
I'm a fetus that survived an abortion, I won't be kilt
(killed)
I'm the heart of brooklyn, New York, I'm bedstuy
I'm a christian woman's hand on the bible I won't lie
I'm the code of silence in the gotti crew
I'm an empty mag right after a shootout, I just bodied
you
Got something sup? shotgun pump, shot at you
Like kamakize through, your baby mom's feel the wop
cock back
Cause she was sittin on my lap
I stay with the oowap strap
I put your baby daddy in a body bag
When I squeeze and let the wop clap
I baghdad like iraq
[talking intermission]
This is my era, you niggas is losers
I'm the new era(error) like a mistake on your computer
Got the infrared dot, bustin you gullible suckers too
But a dot on your ass like www.

[Chorus:]
Making Niggas Wanna Get Hype Yea I'm PSYCHO [x8]

