

D12 "American Psycho 2"

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Chorus - B-Real]
I'm a little bit off the chain,
Call me insane,
But the fact remains
That I'm a psycho
Better get it through your brain,
When you say my name,
Never say it in vain
Cause I'm a psycho

[Verse 1 - Swift]
I'm a motherfuckin omen,
I bow down to no man,
I'll split a ***** open,
Killing folks compulsive,
A soldier wit a motive,
Scrotum big as boulders,
I'll hold it then unload on you,
Put on a poster, so everyone can notice who
Was focused on his pokin, they nose in our business,
Hopin that I don't come Smoke 'em,
No one knows my notions or emotions, I'm a vulture,
You niggas are Close to croakin any moment,
And I know when, I could fuck the culture up,
Probably rap, a maniac, wit anxiety attacks,
I don't wanna chat, speak when You spoken to,
And I don't have to read a fuckin magazine or
quoteable,
To notice What you hoes'll do

[Verse 2 - Kuniva]
We all soldiers, we move as a unit,
We all roll up, show up at your residence
And light your front door up,
Get scared, life ain't fair,
And I'm prepared to blast you
Just as fast as dre can say hell yeah,
So watch what you say,
Cause it can happen either today or the next minute,
I can draw the heater and spray and I'm dead serious,
You could be dead period, end of story,
I'm on your porch wit a gun and your son sippin a forty,

Nobody can hold me, I does it all by my lonely,
I Stomp your head when you awake, you'll be looking
like gumby,
Aftermath and Shady bitch
You can read it and weep,
You see my poster in the hood for the G of the week

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - Bizzare]

They found Saddam,
But they ain't gonna find me,
I'll be under a tree in Buttfuck Tennessee,
And I don't know too much about my daddy,
Except he spit in my face and fucked me in my fanny,
I ain't a racist I just hate whites,
Fags and dykes, blacks and transvestites,
13 years old And joined a fucking gang,
Hair under my ass cheeks feeling the fucking pain
Am I insane?, who really knows,
Cause any second my temper can fucking
Blow, I get colder than december,
Black the fuck out, tomorrow won't even remember
See Bizzare can show what violence is all about,
And this Dr. Dre beat brought it The fuck out,
Run in your house and put A GUN in your mouth,
And blow your brains the fuck out

[Verse 4 - Eminem]

I probably got a screw loose or two or maybe three or
four of 'em,
Some fell out and hit the floor,
All I know is ever since my fuckin head hit the
snowbank,
Been a little niandrotholic, no thanks to My man D'
Angelo Baily,
But I just take it slow daily, my biggest delemia,
Is tryin to figure whether To use the flat head or the
phillips,
Or just go to the Home Depot, and pick the new power
drill up,
Its been two hours and 6 days and I'm still up,
I feel like I'm about to snap any minute,
There's a new Tower Records,
I'm bout to stop and get a fill-up,
Pick the new Cypress Hill up,
And go find who did That shit to Xzibit,
And go fill up a whole liquor bottle wit piss
And shatter his fuckin lips wit it

[Chorus]

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