

## D12

# "American Psycho li - B Real"

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[Chorus - B-Real]

I'm a little bit off the chain, you can call me insane, but  
the fact remains  
That I'm a psycho  
Better get it through your brain was a pice of shit, 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 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,  
Close to croakin any moment, fage and I know when, I  
could suck the culture up,  
Probably rap like crap, 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 quote able, 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 bitch,  
I'm on your porch wit a gun and  
Your son sippin a forty, No one can hold me, I does it  
all by my lonely,  
Stomp your head while 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 fuckin suck  
it out, tomorrow won't even remember  
See Bizzare can show what violence is all about, and  
this Dr. Dre beat done brought it  
The fuck out, run in your house and put it 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 niandrothol, no thanks to  
My man D' Angelo Baily, but I just take it slow daily, my  
biggest delierence, 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 and 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 go shatter his fuckin lips wit it

[Chorus]

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