

D12 "American Pyscho 2"

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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 pyscho
Better get it through your brain, when you say my
name, never say it in vain
Cause I'm a pyscho

[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, 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, 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 fuck 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 niandrotholic, 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,
Gives me 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 ??? and go shatter his fuckin lips wit it

[Chorus]

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