

## Fred Astaire

### "American Psycho"

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[Eminem]

I'm the devil - if ever there was such a thing  
The results of much too many drugs what you're  
seeing  
I'm a mindfuck, completely dis-**{\*gus\*}**-ting  
I'm **{\*white\*}**, a human mutt, fuck a being  
I'm a dog - fuck lambs, I'm silencin 'em all  
I'm involved in murders forensic science couldn't solve  
Giant set of balls too big to buy a set of drawers  
Might as well unzip my fly and let 'em fall to the floor  
Each thought's completely warped  
I'm like a walkin, talkin, ouija board  
Speakin in tongues, I've never spoke this speech  
before  
.. Hhem-delle-la, ennich-me-noughh-mi-niche-mick-norr  
..  
Have you ever experienced spirits in lyrics when you  
hear 'em  
'til you scared to stare in into any mirrors when you  
near 'em?  
Well if so, get ready for some shit yo  
"Is this some kind of sick joke?" Shit no, motherfuckin  
schitzo  
So disturbed, he just goes so berzerk he tiptoes  
Fist first with scissors to slit throats of just hoes  
Just goes to shizzow you dizzon't, fizzauck with  
so-someone this disturbed, sa-sippin on si-zzurp  
So - lock your doors, drop to the floors  
Get your shotguns drawn - here comes another  
"Clockwork Orange"  
Look at Bizarre; you really think he's right in his mind?  
What the fuck you think's goin through it when he's  
writin his rhyme?

[Chorus: Eminem]

You bout to - journey into the mind of a psychopath  
killer  
Blood spiller, mentality much iller  
than you could ever imagine in your wildest dreams  
You'll feel his pain and his silent screams  
You bout to - journey into the mind of a psychopath

killer  
Blood spiller, mentality much iller  
than you could ever imagine in your wildest dreams  
You'll feel his pain and his violent screams

[Bizarre]

It's Friday night, I'm at a rave again  
Pickin up transvestites on my Harley-Davidson (hey hop  
on)  
My girlfriend's a crackhead whore  
She'll come to your door, suck your dick on the floor  
and take your bottles to the store (nigga I'm takin  
these)  
Have you ever seen a bitch get beat because she won't  
cheat  
Run the street and suck another nigga's meat?  
My son's sixteen years old with nowhere to stay (dad  
it's me)  
I told him he wasn't mine, slammed the door in his face  
And I ain't got no food, my job I've been cheated  
My girlfriend had a miscarriage (I'm sorry) I had to eat  
it (ohh)  
My dick is burnin, it ain't cause of disease  
Because I'm jackin off with gasoline mixed with  
antifreeze (AHH!)  
I'm livin in Waco Texas, me and my girl  
Fuck David Koresh, I'm startin my own world  
It's called Bizarre Cemetary, it's scary  
Eatin a virgin's cherry, they're all gonna laugh at you  
Carey

[Chorus]

[Kon Artis]

I was born feet first, smoke 40's and drink weed  
The Lord rehearsed my birth, I'm the worst breed  
A nigga you ever set sight on, my right arm's  
got more power than Fiber ICON, dragon's python so  
"Journey into the mind of a psychopath killer"  
Light yo' ass like a liquid nitro-gas spiller  
Psycho slash Michael Myers, Michael Jack's "Thriller"  
Rifle slash knife, faggot-basher, cop killer  
As a yung'un, I was beat where I was livin (aight)  
Crossdressed just to get thrown in the women's prison  
(You're not gay) I guess I was just stressed to be a  
hoodlum  
Being pressed caused the stress that caused the  
Ritalin  
Pressed stressed and Ritalin caused the cop's feelings  
to be hurt after they seen what I did to those children  
I'm vulgaric, you Bo Derek; I throw you face flat off the

terrace  
so you can have somethin to stare at

[Chorus]

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