

**D-12****"American psycho ii"**

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[B Real - Intro]

Yeah homie. I thought we told you,  
we been fuckin' locos.  
Cypress Hill, D12 bitch!

[B Real - Chorus]

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.

[Swift]

I'm a motherfuckin' omen, I bow down to no man.  
Split a nigga open. Killin' folks compulsive.  
A soldier with a motive. Scrotum big as boulders.  
I'll hold it then unload on you put it 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. You niggas close to croakin' any moment.  
And I know when I could fuck the culture up.  
Probably rap. A maniac, with anxiety attacks.  
I don't want to chat.  
Speak when your spoken to.  
And I don't have to read a fuckin' magazine or  
quoteable  
to notice what you hoes'll do.

[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 with a gun in my hand in

the son  
sippin' a forty. Nobody can hold me, I does it all by my  
lonely.  
I stomp you head when you awake, you'll be looking  
like Gummy.  
Aftermath and Shady bitch, you can read it and weep.  
You see my poster in the hood for the G of the week.

[Chorus]

[Bizarre]

They found Saddam, but they ain't gon' 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 the fanny.  
I ain't a racist, I just hate whites, fags and dykes,  
blacks and transvestites.  
13 years old and joined a fuckin' gang, hair under my  
ass cheeks,  
feeling the fuckin' pain. Am I insane?  
Who really knows, cause any second my temper can  
fuckin' blow.  
I get colder than December.  
Black the fuck out, tomorrow won't even remember.  
See Bizarre can show what violence is all about.  
And this Dr. Dre beat done brought it the fuck out.  
Run in your house and put a gun in your mouth,  
and blow your brains the fuck out.

[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 neanderthal and its 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 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 with piss  
and shatter his fuckin' lips with it.

[Chorus]

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