

Tech N9ne

"What's Yo Psycho?"

Visit "[What's Yo Psycho?](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

"What's Yo Psycho?"

(feat. Brotha Lynch Hung, Sundae)

[Intro: Icey Rock Craven]

Born in the basement of Bizzle*
Brought to life by Icey Rock and Tech N9ne
The many faces of madness
I bring to you, the NNUTTHOWZE!

[Hook x2: Tech N9ne]

NNUTTHOWZE in this bizznitch
Sick shit is our business
Fly high by the night so (muthafucka)
Let me know
What's yo psycho?

[Verse 1: Tech N9ne]

My psychosis is I can't keep focus
Without doses of beautiful hostess
Is oh shit so thick roasted
I dosed it
I'm so sick with it
Ladies is supposed to get, get it
Below the clit I liked it
I rolls to wicked ya dig it
By designa I'm the kind ta
Climb behind her
Fine dime to slime her
Wine and dine thine
Is minor
When it's time to grind her
Blind with signs I'm gonna find a vagina
Mouth bowls you came to brown hoes
The town hoes you chose the grown poles wicked
wicked sounds vulgar
Knows the lows blows
The clothes is all over her clothes but told ya
I'm sick for sexposer
Ain't no secret
I really love to eat it
That quick spits
And jumps up to my back when they release it

Sometime I just wish I could just cut it out and keep it
That 6688846993 shit

[Hook]

[Verse 2: Brotha Lynch Hung]

Sloberin at the mouth I love my teeth I chew that meat
up
I really don't give a fuck I do that heat 'um up while leak
up
Slices of N I N E, S T R A N G E
Get off tonight yo hit the night though
Heat when I hear a ATB
Off the hook like a fish with his lip cut
She never got away rip gut
Creepin behind me you'll find a ? I ain't lyin'
Cut off the head and I hide it
Devide the body up I'm probably the sickest nigga in
rhymin'
Sychie might be
When I give my 9 milli a tight squeeze
Ain't nobody like me
My mind be runnin' off light speed
Like me, to get um off they Nike's
Infered, sight beam
Went out the back with a slight mean
Gettin' off like the S.W.A.T. team
Fuckin' um up like I'm cuttin' um up with a knife seem
I'm breakin' off rappers I'm sight seeing
I just love to eat human beeings
You could see um
Fuckin' a bitch with razor blade, hand grenades
I'm a be makin' that red lemonade... GRRRRR!

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Sundae]

You right though
Ain't no sickness without a psycho
Ask me what's my psycho
You could eat it on my psycho
You could beat it like you Micheal
I want my cut like lypo
Feel cheated on like ?
By Tiger and them white hoes
I'm sickning, lick me
Doggy style might pick me
I'm pissy
If you can not dick me till I'm shiting
I'm ticking
Like a time clock on a trick beam

I get seen on a 50 inch flat HD
My pussy yeah you hick-ups
You thirsty won't you lick up
I'm a nutty little bitch huh?
You love me cause I'm NNUTTHOWZE
Go nutty on a bitch, why
FAA ?
I cash chips like a casino
My whips are european
Got his lips like El Nino
Like I'm Carrie you'll get peed on *Kisss kisss*
NUTTHOWZE in this bizznitch
I'm a go, go, go getter might go
Where sickness is our business

[Hook]

Visit [Tech N9ne](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.