

Midtown

"Mentally Mad"

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[Ced] With the power ammunition
[Kool] bombs and hand grenades
[Ced] are concealed
[Kool] to blow your ? up
[Ced] Distort your blood vessels
[BOTH] WITH TREBLE, DISSOLVIN HUMAN SKIN
INTO LIQUID, FLAMING ACID
AS WE ENTER YOUR SKULL, CAUSE WE'RE MENTAL
MENTALLY MAD!
[Ced] Aiyyo Keith, I know you tired of all this
("I'm tryin to tell you now!")
But tell me son, how mentally deranged are you?

[Kool Keith]
I'm like a sniper, when unloadin my gun
I got the suckers paranoid and they're on the run
to the next corner, while I shoot up a forest
out of nowhere, bullets coming your way
Just duck, grab your girl and sway
I'm aimin, I'm searchin for the brain
that I need to destruct any lyric combined
as well as designed
to behold, and tell the untold
I'm crazy, destructive any radical
I love static, I got a automatic
If a sucker don't believe, touch my pocket
padding, just feel the steel barrel
Please look out, and watch your next cookout
while I stake out, and find a person to rust
cause I'm MENTAL, MENTALLY MAD!

[Ced Gee]
Just like a timebomb, I blow up your arm
Alarm -- check it
And when a sucker ask to battle me, I'm very calm
Manipulated plans, to blow away you germs
a term, that I use like glue
To confuse, plus move you
more and more, to the level of a black hole
in space, as I, proceed to erase
and alleviate, furthermore dictate, my pace

of pressure, which crush the human skull
into mess, there's no contest
I'm ?, and nevertheless I'm MENTAL
MENTALLY MAD!

I'm MENTAL!
Son, I'm MENTALLY MAD!
MENTAL!
MENTALLY MAD!

[Kool Keith]

Well I'm a revolutionist, with skills to Malcolm X
to improve my intellect, while another man checks
my information, relayed identity
I'm John Doe, and far for him to see
I'm known as terrorist, well armed and dangerous
I run committees, connect cities to cities
and overseas, I'm movin quick as a breeze
into a meeting, with flame I will be heating
up the booby trap, while suckers take naps
and go to sleep, I'ma sneak up and peep
like a Tom, I'm here to blow up your arm
with a rifle, me, I'm more trifle
I should be towers, call me the Eiffel in Paris
London, even Rome
I won't quit til I break off your dome
cause I'm MENTAL, MENTALLY MAD!
MENTAL!
MENTALLY MAD!
MENTAL!
MENTALLY MAD!
MENTAL!
MENTALLY MAD!
MENTALLY MAD! MENTALLY MAD! MENTALLY MAD!
MENTALLY MAD! MENTALLY MAD! .. *fades*

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