

## Nature

### "Psycho Rhymes"

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Yo it's 1992 and Master P is back up in this  
motherfucker

(Yo man lets do this shit right, man. If everybody plays  
right, then put yo  
right hand over yo heart, and let yo left hand grab yo  
nut. Now everybody  
sing along, bitch.)

(STOP THE MUSIC!)

We are the world  
We are the dealers  
We are the ones that sell crack cocaine  
So let's start sellin'

There's a fiend in every hood  
Dumb fiends that bring they pipes  
It's truly nigga betta then  
That's why we dealin'

(C'mon everybody)

We are the world  
We are the dealers  
We are the ones that sell crack cocaine  
So let's start sellin'

(Talking muffled by loud beats)

Check this out fool  
I'm at this party  
These two bitches lookin' hella pretty  
I walk up and kiss 'em each on they fuckin' T  
I say "Your hole there - it's about to explode"  
I took a gat to her ass & she took off her clothes  
In other words I be movin' fast like a pick...pocket

See- I'm a mother-fuckin' maniac I gotta top it  
I talk to the bitch ... before I kill 'em  
I'm like a psycho like Charles Manson - the blood drilla'

I take yo life and take yo arms and cut the bitches off  
And play a bloody mother-fuckin' game of golf  
And break your arms, your legs I shoulda did it sooner

Reach in yo stomach - pull out a piece o' tuna  
I guess you're dead, you're ghost, you gotta go  
You untested, cause DAMN they like arrested codes

For a dead bitch - ya give some good head  
Ya must be on yo period - 'cause my dick is bloody red  
I left it in you  
I see you face - ya about ta cry  
But before ya do make me pull out them eyes...  
Make me slap yo mother-fuckin' face but don't speak  
That big round ass could make some good luncheon  
meat

In other words you're dead, you got your cap peeled  
See I'm a crazy motherfucker and that shit's real

Yo man, whacha think about that  
(Man, what you say about that is bullshit - that shit ain't  
real)

Oh, aight, check this out

It's 1993 and Master P is back in this motherfucker  
Ya know what I'm sayin'  
I had to get a lil' stupid 'cause last year some niggaz  
was talkin' shit  
But see, I'm back  
Ya know what I'm sayin'  
I'm about to get paid  
And all them motherfuckers that try to stop me  
There's gonna be a bloody murda

Yo Kent, turn up some of that gangsta-ass music

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