

Mad Child

"Black Belt"

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It's all up in my head

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I'm from Canada, I'm from Canada
Used to be an addict now I'm cleaner than a janitor
Open up my mouth to drap in fire from a banana clip
shoot a bunch of manikins, I'm a fucking anarchist
I want a Grammy, our formats the Juno, Americans
look at us like we're Borat or Bruno, I don't bathe got
cooties still get my kudos, warlock from Pluto,
black belt in Judo, I do a bunch of lines and get a red
nose like Rudolf, watching porno wacking off in front
of my computer, last eight months I've been straighter
than a ruler and my medulla oblongata is a barracuda,
but it's a cold world man, colder than a cooler,
it's cold out there man, people have gotten crueller,
I'm tryin' to get fat but my belly like Buddha,
And make a million spittin' punchlines like Luda,

2 x Chorus:

I'm going crazy inside my head
The sun is going black and the sky's gone red
will I wake up in the morning or will I be dead
There is something very wrong with me.

I want it all dog, I want it all dog
The money that I make is mine keep your paws off
Under my bed I got a glocc and it's sawed off
I breathe fire, spit lightning and rap my balls off
Yeah, I am narcissistic, plus a shark at business
my artist dog got twisted
On the roof I'm getting chased, by two cop vets
trying to memorize my verse for DjBooth.net
And life is full of pain and death no antidote
Life is f*cking hard, I wish this shit came with a manual
I guess that's why they read the bible, it's Mr. Suicidal
You wanna live right, do the opposite that I do
Listen this is arson I'm a vicious martian

I leave you sleeping with the fishes it's the
headless horseman, I was a friendless orphin
that got offended often
Now I'm a splendid boyfriend making an endless profit.

It's all up in my head, I'm going crazy
It's all up in my head, for real man I'm losing it
It's all up in my head, I think I need some more drugs
dog
It's all up in my head.

[Chorus:]

And where I live there ain't nobody that is better than
me
So I just rap in front of mirrors, my competitor's me
Now I'm battling myself, battling myself
I will kill you they will dissect your anatomy in hell
Assault Battery, my batteries are recharged
I'll kill your whole f*cking album, with three bars
Yo that stupid customs officer's a retard
I need to get back in the States, with the green card
Skin kind of oily, my blood start boiling I send you
across the table lying flatter than a doily
lucky like a four leaf clover super grover flying down
and
punching out a ruthless group of stupid ogres
Imagine if Jughead and Veronica
were listening to J electronica
while Reggie rolled the chronic up
Always stay on my guard wishing on a falling star
Walking down the street
look like I'm 'bout to rob an armored car
I keep my lid low, I keep my brow frowned
looking at the gas attendant like you better bow down
I'm a Boondock Saint wearing tube socks a new glocc
and Tupac playin

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