

Prince Paul "Psycho Linguistics"

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Knick knack, patty I'm never comin' back
But the minute that you hear me, you yell, "Get off the
crack"
I don't know, I guess it be my thought process
Fifty below the level of consciousness

S.O.S, ring the alarm, red alert
When I'm rhymin', sound the siren, the whole works
(Why?)
Cause they consider me, mad

Alfred E. Neuman got nuttin' on me
Public Enemy No.1 , now they got me in a cell
Living hell, yeah, that be my life
'Cause mind don't matter, so I apply mind over matter

While they mull matter over mind
A threat to mankind, refer to me as subject A
Got me pissin' in a cup, all day
Mad people, all up in my cerebral
Oh shit, what the fuck you doin' with that needle?
Argh

Almost certainly a psychosomatic condition
What is really wrong with the patient?

What? They confined to my bed 'cause I'm strapped in
Catscan 'cause they wanna know what's happenin'
Mentally, physically, to subject B
That's showin' signs of the M-A-D-Man, possessed

'Cause no rest for the wicked
I kick it, I-double-I 'cause I'm twisted
Sadistic, a threat to society, I'm locked up
In this nut house, cause I'm about to blow up

Restrained, to maintain my composure
Sanity but they can't, too much calamity
So they wait then attack
I'm too exhausted to even fight back

I swear, the end is near, I can feel it

My fate, will they seal it?

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