

## Ganksta N-I-P

### "Why The Psych. Can't Do It"

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S'up main, peep game  
All these muthafuckin killas  
And these muthafuckin wicked ass preachers  
They have they congregations, you know what I'm  
sayin?  
They have people to move somethin, know what I'm  
talkin about?  
I'm just tryin to get mine, on the grind  
Psycho Club, know what I'm talkin about?

[Verse 1]

As I go in a rage  
Shoot inside the crowd, make em scatter like Raid  
Don't give a fuck, bitch duck, he fell in the lobby  
Pick up a needle now there's thousands of holes inside  
his body  
Blood leakin, moving real fast down his arm  
The third fuckin slice is the muthafuckin charm  
Let me see if they right, cuz I'm thinkin they wrong  
The third slice is the one where I bring forth chromes  
I'ma altered beast, with a zillion a styles  
Uh, y'all keep it quiet while I murder a while  
Move somethin, Psych Ward, all over the world  
I want the kids and the parents and the boys and girls  
Come join, bring money it's good for your health  
If you don't join, then you'll meet the children of death  
Let me explain, hopin that you will go through it  
Jim Jones did it, why the psych can't do it?

[Chorus]

Charles Manson did it, why the psych can't do it?  
David Koresh did it, why the psych can't do it?  
Ted Bundy did it, why the psych can't do it?  
John Gasey did it, why the psych can't do it?  
Jeffery Dahmer did it, why the psych can't do it?  
Jim Baker did it, why the psych can't do it?  
Jimmy Swaggart did it, why the psych can't do it?  
Lil Rick did it, why the psych can't do it?

[Verse 2]

Smoke a dip, flip the script, ball and chain and the whip

The fleas, flies, different bugs devoured the body by  
strips  
Pit bulls come, claimin all the pieces that's left  
Whatever parts that they don't eat, the fire ants feel  
wealth  
Then they throw a party, now they on their feet  
But that rival ant gang, they want that meat  
Now it's an ant war, fire ants cannot be beat  
Now that's the same type a shit that you see on the  
street  
Hit the sweet, move somethin, then grab your glocks  
Cuz niggas listen to my music then they go kill cops  
They in a trance, hypnotically they do what I say  
See, I got the hook up spot where you can buy an A-K  
Then go out, straight murderin, and start you a spree  
And don't come back until a thousand nine hundred  
seventy three  
Bodies drop, inside the freezer, with ziplock tags  
And leave the corpses all tied up in ziplock bags  
A blow torch is now needed, they'll turn into crust  
Cuz with the fire, then immortals turn slowly to dust  
Psycho NIP, mad scientist, I'll crush up them bones  
Cuz I'll catch you, I'll keep you, I'll kill you in the Psych  
Ward

[Chorus]  
(Big Ron instead of "Lil Rick")

[Verse 3]  
Bumblebees, grasshoppers, spiders, they do hit the spot  
Check nuts, now what, see Mr Snake's on the block  
Insect war ground, see I can face it now  
For my reality is body parts, I can taste it now  
Crushed ice cubes keeps it all frozen stiff  
A chainsaw pursues much blood, they ready to rip  
What you want? You bloody shit, when the wrists get slit  
A thumbtack takes out the eyeballs, they bust real  
quick

[Chorus]  
(Rowdy Riggins instead of "Lil Rick")

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