

His Side Lyrics by Cantrell Jerry

"Psycho Linguistics"

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Knick knack patty, I'm never comin wack
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 M-A-D
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?
Arghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!!

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

What the.. 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, posessed
cause no rest for the wicked
I kick it, I-double-L cause I'm twisted
Sadistic, a threat to society, I'm locked up
in this nuthouse, 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?

