

Ganksta NIP

"Psycho"

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A psycho ass nigga, I'm dissin' your crew
If you don't like the way I rap, tough shit nigga fuck you
It's time for a murder, I'm finna' kick ass
Breast feed newborn babies with unleaded gas

Blood gushin' out your head, it's getting thicker and
thicker
Pour some chocolate on your arm so it can taste like a
Snickers
Push your ass off a building, check to see if you're
dead
Blast back a second blade, plus I'll sharpen your fuckin'
head

I'm strapped with the uzi, so get ready to die
Catch a nigga' while he sleep and strike a match in his
eye
I'll sneak in your house and kill your ass for fun
Check to see if you're still sleepin', burn a hole in your
tongue

Bloody bodies in caskets, the measure are drastic
Dead babies in my house suffocated by plastic

Think you can beat me? You gotta' be jokin' hoe...
Threw a brick in Houston, Texas, broke a window in
Tokyo
Your sister stole my money, that's alright, I'ma slam
her
Catch that bitch by herself, and beat her the fuck up
with a hammer

Throw your daughter in the air, hope that bitch break
her leg
Be nice and help her up and kick her dead in the head
No bullshittin', you must be smokin that rock hoe
Snatch some meat out your stomach so I can make me
a taco

[Chorus and Break]

You'll bleed from your head to your toe

That's how it is, when you fuckin wit' a psycho
[A raging psychotic, psychopath talkin']
[...ain't playin with y'all...]
[A raging psychotic, psychopath talkin']
[...ain't playin with y'all...]

A mothafuckin' psycho...I need to be dead
Took the knife out of my neck and ate the meat out' my
own head
Necks and throats, bein' brutally torn'
Arms and legs dipped in blood taste good with some
popcorn

I'm mentally psycho, insane with a triple-six
Six hundred dead cat heads screamin' in a crucifix
Yo I'll be damned if I don't get no respect
Drunk a pint of goat's blood, then I died in a squirrel's
nest

Yeah

You mothafuckas' said you think that I'm soft
That's why you' bleedin' with a thousand dead rats in
yo' fuckin mouth
To kill a nigga' is a chance I can't pass up
After hitting you wit' a stick, naw' don't fall...get yo' ass
up!

Some say I'm crazy, some say I'm a crook
Cut up his body so damn bad, the flies said
"UUUHHN!?"

I won't stop shootin' til' somebody gets shot
A bunch of bloody cut off fingers, anybody want red
hots?
I won't sweat, but then I'm a threat
Here's a bullet for you, and your child that ain't born
yet

You mothafuckas' still tryin' to diss
Beat a nigga' in his chest til' his stomach say "Fuck
this!"
A violent nigga, stickin punks like paste
Hoe, I'll slap yo' ass so hard my hand will go through
yo' fuckin' face

Marriage -
Me and yo' mama getting married soon...
After I fuck her I'ma kill her at the honeymoon

[Chorus and Break]

You'll bleed from your head to your toe
That's how it is, when you fuckin wit' a psycho
[A raging psychotic, psychopath talkin']
[...ain't playin with y'all...]
[A raging psychotic, psychopath talkin']
[...ain't playin with y'all...]

This is a mothafuckin' WARNING.
A damn red alert
Squeeze yo' neck with some pliers til' I see blood squirt
I'ma crazy mothafucka', smokin' punks is my joy
You don't really wanna' fuck with me boy

Flashbacks from Panama makes the gangster elite
12 O'Clock I'm out searching for some good looking
brains to eat
Growin' and showin', steady
You talkin' shit to me? You must don't know who you
fuckin' with

See what I'm saying; Ganksta Nip means "DOOM"
Mercenary plus a ninja, rifleman in a courtroom
Throats on a kite, got intentions to fight
Bodybags in the street, dogs eat good for a week

Bitch I'll shoot you in your face, you think I won't do it?
Charles Manson, Freddy Krueger, makin' babies drink
lighter fluid

Yeah I'ma gangster, I ain't got time to be mushy
Keep yo' bitch out my face 'cause I might blow up her
pussy
Graveyard in my bed, only when I get mad
Arms and legs in my closet, heads and throats in my
trashbag

Talkin' that shit, you'll get beat with some switches
Blew up a convalescent center 'cause I hate old bitches
I try to be cool, but y'all won't leave me alone
South Park lunatic, with the mind of Jim Jones

I'm hard to beat, favorite food is raw meat
Two-Hundred blenders in my head, crushin' heads like
pigs' feet

[Chorus and Break]
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