

## Men Of Vision

### "Psychopathic"

Visit "[Psychopathic](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

The ghettos of America are breeding grounds  
For the criminal minded  
As for years they have killed one another of  
And America has enjoyed its creation  
But now these ghetto-minded criminals  
Have crossed the line into your neighborhood  
And will soon give you a taste of the hell  
That they have lived for so long  
So pops, this time its your son gets shot  
Deal with your own creation  
Well, I've been to the storm house and then some  
Payed me dues but I'm still a street hoodlum  
Dropped out of school cuz I couldn't find my locker  
Stubbles on my chin, I got hair like Chewbacca  
Might see me sleeping on the street  
Don't look for a job cuz there's no jobs looking for me  
Then it all went to my head  
Next, forty-nine motherfuckers dead  
Tell the pigs I did it  
Place spot at your back  
And beat you in the head with it  
And keep your bitch in place  
Or I'm a send her ass home with a foot print on her face  
Uh, I'm hating sluts  
Shoot them in the face, steb back and itch my nuts  
'Less I'm in the sac  
Cuz I fuck so hard it'll break they back  
All the pressure's packed into one nut  
I was waiting on a bus and my head blew up  
And the sight'll make ya sick  
Violent J, motherfucker, psychopathic

Psychopathic

Thought you know bitch  
The ICP is made up of psychotic  
Demented psycho clumsy motherfuckers  
And we'll put a hook on your bumb leg  
Like it ain't nobody's business

So I'm standing by the train tracks

Then you see me running but naked with a battle axe  
I'm swinging and slicing and chopping and cutting  
and..

Aah, until I'm nothing  
Seems like I always get beat down  
Like the hawk turned to the wicked clown  
Tail turned out to the ghetto cuz  
Southwest Detroit is comended one's home  
So you might see me at a festival  
Cussin', rude, and scratching my testicles  
With a cold two-liter in hand  
Rapping to the bitch at the french fry stand  
Take it to the Patent Park  
Then I'll make a sexist remark  
Cuz they're all eventually bitching  
Serve me fucking take your ass to the kitchen  
Police don't like me it's obvious  
Just don't look in the trunk  
Or the sight'll make you sick  
Violent J, motherfucker, psychopathic

(theme from "Halloween")

Yeah, I've always been a psycho  
Psycho-psycho-sick-psycho-sick-psycho-psycho  
I'll throw rocks at stray dogs  
Build crackhouses out of Lincoln logs  
I cut class, said I was a faker  
You was in school, I was home watching Green Acres  
Now I'm all up in your face  
You can barely hear the rap with all that bass  
I'm running with a southwest street gang  
And I never let my southwest meat hang  
Cuz you know what ICP's all about  
Take a brick off the street  
And bust you in the mouth  
Find the girl's daddy's rich  
And his sweet little angel's my sewer freak bitch  
But I filled the turkey up with the stuffing  
Like Billy Bill say, "a bitch ain't nothing"  
Grab her by the arm and break  
Grab her by the life and take it  
And, ya know, the sight'll make ya sick  
Violent J, motherfucker, psychopathic

Psychopathic

Visit [Men Of Vision](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

