

Am I a Psycho? (feat. B.o.B. & Hopsin)

Tech N9ne

I see you I see you looking at me
Looking at me, so I ask Am I a psycho? Am I a psycho?
Yeah, I'm a psycho, I guess I'm a psycho You're crazy, I like you but you're crazy, my tours paid
me
So I used that dough to allure ladies, to manure bathe me
Never that, my mind's for sure shady, pure Hades
Rev X Stady, couldn't endure to save me Why do I let this stripper burn me on my arm with a
cigarette
In the same spot 10 times in a row
When I feel that burn, I palm the clitoris
I'ma get her wet
Sorry to get carried away
I feel stupid 'cause I ain't get her yet
Maybe she never looked at a fine nigga
Sweat on her breasts and get vexed so 9 bit her neck Open, I try to contain it but that damn
thang's soaking
Alter ego say, "Why you let them gangbang folk in?"
Strange lane hoping, I can maintain coping
But ain't nobody talking when the insane man spoken I like fire on my skin, blood on my draws
From up in her walls, I'm suffering, I'm stuck in her claws
Stuffed in her jaws, huffing and puffing, hollering, "I'm a dog"
Afterwards I like really hot scalding water on my balls Am I a psycho? Am I a psycho?
Yeah, I'm a psycho, I guess I'm a psycho Mom? Dad?, I'm no longer the boy you've used to
seeing
I've changed a lot, plus I've grown to hate every human being
My mood swings have now turned my dreams into gruesome scenes
Now I'm doing things I don't normally do when illusion seem
To be the only pleasures I can gain, heck, if I was sane
I'd put down the mic and say, "Fuck it, I'll never rise to fame"
But with the Wicked Records I contain
I could probably jump a 'Dashian name
No lovey-dovey, let's ignite the flame
If we lucky, you'll survive the pain Sorry that ain't very merry to say
Why is this game so scary to play?
Well, let me think 'cause every day
My balls are getting too hairy to shave Pause a minute, I'm stressing the game
If I go to hell, heaven is to blame
I don't mean to come off crazy but you motherfuckers
Seem to think that I'm hella deranged Hey, when I was seven years old
I fell on my head and I severed my brain
Hey, you think I'm lying then ask my mama
Nigga, she gon' tell you the same Should I be ashamed?

No, I'm living my life so ghetto fabulous
Before you gipping outta a shape
My nigga, let me ask you this Am I a psycho? Am I a psycho?
Yeah, I'm a psycho, I guess I'm a psycho I stab you with this mic and rap this verse
I'm rapping to you matter of fact, I'm rapping through you
Never say my motherfucking name
Unless you absolutely have to
I am not no fucking jacket with no matching shoes
And you are not no fashion guru Can't even see you niggas, y'all wish I was rapping to you
Matter of fact, act like I'm rapping to you
If that gives you passion to use this as an excuse
Then just jump up out of conclusion that I'm attacking you dudes
Is just like old fashion voodoo Y'all ain't even the shit, no, y'all ain't even the doodoo
I got more flavor on the tissue paper under my toobos
So I'm slapping you fools with wooden paddles, you stupid
Babysitting low baskets like little afternoon children You could call me psychotic but it's more
like schizophrenic
And I can speak, can anyone tell me just where my medicine is?
Guess I gotta show these minors just where my avenue is
Man I swear, I'm all about my brain like graduate students
I'm sorry, I didn't mean to hurt your feelings
I see your tears, come here, give me your face, let me clear it
But I wonder how it would look if I would've peel it back with a skillet
Then I'ma fill it crack when I hit it
Then I'ma spill it back when you ill it
Dammit Bobit Moore
What in the hell, what in the heaven, what in the Earth
Where is your mom? Why do you curse?
Where are you from? Where was your birth?
Where was you first? Why weren't you in church?
Why is there dirt all on your shirt?
Man, I think you're going berserk
Am I a psycho? Am I a psycho?
Yeah, I'm a psycho, I guess I'm a psycho
Am I a psycho? Am I a psycho?
Yeah, I'm a psycho, I guess I'm a psycho

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