

Psychoville (feat. Graziella)

Dabbla

Attention deficit disorder
Slaughter, blame it on the hotel porter
No one needs to know but the daughter
Caught between the headlights, she don't know what to say yeah (Sorta!)
All the right makings of a psychopath hiding in a Highbury flat
Stashed the make up in a Nike bag
Spare pair of rubber gloves man I'm to rags
One big round trip, take two cabs
Wash hands at every opportunity, up to the elbows
Really gets underneath the fingernails
Try and blend in with the infidels
And stop doing everything you did (Usually)
Then in the blink of a heartbeat, remember what you got stashed in the car seat
We don't want a situation getting nasty
I ain't gonna say nothing if they ask me
But can you really trust me, can I trust you?
You don't even have to ask or beat around the bush
Stop pulling up my past man you must do
Cause if you ain't got my back i'll have to crush you
No sidekicks here, no wing men
No feelings either, tin men
And we're up real early like the bin men
And we're gonna do a ting, are you in men?
[Hook - Graziella]In these walls i'm silent like a prey
But I faught like a victim
On the edge, i'm fighting like i'm brave
But these suffer the sicknessIt's funny how the brain play tricks on ya
One day it's all fine then they switch on ya
Picturesque in the mind like literature
Techniques to define asphyxia
Which bit you want?
The long story and the short is I sorta make it as I go along
Welcome to the mind of a psycho
Up late mixing alcohol with the Nytol
Right old nutter from the loony bin
Bought the house next door to you now he's moving in
Walking in the living room twitching
Thinking he's underneath the sink in the kitchen
Do you ever get the feeling that there's two of you?

Sitting on your own in the room with a few of you? (Who are you?)
No one that you need to be concerned about
Hoping that all my split personalities can work it out
Trapped in the body of a grown man
So damn horny I could fornicate with both hands
OCD get me house proud, cleaning out the cupboards with a drink thinking out loud
Now now, low it he's a nut job
Big fat fucking lunatic he'll have your nuts off
Meet me at the tuc shop, bring the chlorine to get the crust off
Just round the corner from the bus stop
[Hook - Graziella]In these walls i'm silent like a prey
But I faught like a victim
On the edge, i'm fighting like i'm brave
But these suffer the sicknessI promised to myself last time, though I shouldn't
If that's the case boy I better make it a good'un
I'm the little thing in the night that goes biddum
Hanging round all the places that you wouldn't
Shoulda butta woulda becoming a big nuisance
He's a green ninja like the Teenage Mutants
Cleaning up the streets like De Niro
Weirdo, dressed as a comic book hero
Hiding in the bush like a meerkat
Badgering my dogs like, shh did you hear that?
Blot two drops on the paper and watch the whole world fast forward to a lot later
Meanwhile leaning in the backdrop
Crack pot, tryna clean the porn off his laptop
What you really wanna do is settle down mate
Wow mate, you should of had a job by now mate
It's just me and the tree that i'm hugging
Thugging, sitting in a hole that I dug in
Bugging, i've been in this loop like forever
Just tugging on the string for the baggage that i'm lugging
Ain't it funny how the truth comes out when the house get's taken
And the loot run's out
No doubt that you'll thank me when you're at the sanctuary
With the chloroform and the hanky[Hook - Graziella]In these walls i'm silent like a prey
But I faught like a victim
On the edge, i'm fighting like i'm brave
But these suffer the sicknessi»¿

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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