

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 whom bathe me
Never know that my minds for sure shady
Pure Hades, rev x steady they couldn't endure to save me
Why did I let this stripper burn me on the arm with her cigarette
In the same spot ten times in a row
When I felt that burn upon the clitoris?
I'ma get her wet, sorry to get carried away,
I feel stupid 'cause I ain't did her yet
Maybe she never let a fine nigga stare at her breasts,
I get vexed but I ain't bit her neck
Open, I try to contain it but that damn dame thang's soakin'
Alter ego say why you let them gang bang folk in
Strange lane hopin' I can maintain copin'
But ain't nobody talkin' when the insane mane spoken
I like fire on my skin, blood on my draws
From up on her walls, I'm suffering, I'm stuck in her claws
Stuffed in her jaws, huffin' and puffin' hollerin' my god,
Afterwards I like really hots scolding 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're 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 illusions seem to be the only pleasures I can gain
Heck, if I was sane I would of 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 without your name
No lovey-dovey let's ignite the flame
If you're lucky you survive the pain
Sorry that ain't very marry 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 stressin' the game if I go to hell,
Then heavens to blame
I don't mean to come off crazy
But you mothafuckas 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)
If you think I'm lying then
Ask my mama nigga she'll can tell you the same
Should I be ashamed?
No, I'm living my life so ghetto fabulous
Before you get bent 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 rappin' to you
Matter 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 rappin' to you
Matter of fact act like I'm rappin' to you
If that gives you passion
To use this as an excuse
Then just jump up out of conclusion
That I'm attackin' 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 foolish
With wooden paddles you stupid
Baby sitting little bastards like little afternoon children
You can 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 what my avenue is
Man I swear I'm all up out of 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 could peel it back with a skillet
Then I'ma fill it crack when I hit it,
Then I'ma spill it back when you heal it
Damn it Bobby boy, what in the hell,
What in the heaven, what in the earth
Where is your mom? What are you cursed?
Where are you from?
Where was your birth? Where were you first?
Why weren't you in church?
Why is there dirt, all on your shirt?
Man I think that 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? (psycho)
Am I a psycho? (psycho)
Yeah I'm a psycho (psycho)
I guess I'm a psycho (psycho, psycho, psycho)

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