

# Skitzo

## RackNRuin

[Verse 1] Yea, I'm throwing D's on the Cadillac  
Riding through Decatur, nigga, bumping verb zaccarat  
You a fucking liar faggot never slung a crumb of crack  
Bash your fucking window and I drag out your Pontiac  
Tell your mom the zombie's back  
Fucking hypochondriac  
Gag a bitch and shove her in the dryer at the laundry-mat  
Cokehead insomniac, sipping on some Cognac  
Dude this fucking album sucks, I want my fucking money back  
Disadvantage, I'm schizophrenic, these bitches panic  
Dickin' Janice, I'm popping Xanax and speaking Spanish  
Na la cum la la cum pla, I ain't say a word  
A fucking nerd, I'm riding dirty with the Mossberg  
I am awkward, I'm sipping cough syrup  
I'm high as a martian in a flying saucer  
What up to 808 Blake and Mike Whalberg  
I punch through the sheet rock and make the wall hurt  
Teen wolf, I claw a dress and panties off her  
Just got a new Lebaron and the seats is all fur  
My brain's fried, heart's gone and my balls hurt  
I grab the nine to forty-five and let 'em all squirt  
Mr. Benton, bitches say they sick of him  
I'm up at Micky Ds, I get an English McMuffin  
You hang around all pigs like you McLovin  
I shove a freakin prick inside a fucking brick oven  
You niggas fake like mall cop, Paul Blart  
I run you over with the shopping cart in Wal-Mart  
Hop out the Subaru, huffing a tube of glue  
Your girl ring around my dick just like a hula hoop  
Manuever through the city in a bullet proof suit  
I'm strong enough to rip a fucking roof up off a coupe  
You wanna play Tupac  
I throw you off the roof and run down and catch you  
Tell these niggas jarren that got the juice  
Somebody call the doctor, Dr. Suess or Dr. Roof  
I'm so out of my fucking rocker any fucking doc will do  
I let the choppers loose and then I smoke a rock or two  
And spend a hundred grand on a one-legged prostitute  
[Chorus] Yea I'm going hard nigga, honey baked

Big said more money, more niggas hate

I blow a couple recs, just took an eighth of coke  
Now let me show you what it means to be skitzo  
[Verse 2] Doctor call Brad Murray, Bitch I'm known to kill mics  
I meet you in your nightmares, and bash you with a steel pipe  
Somebody must have laced this heroin cause I don't feel right  
Just bought my wife a set of Martha Stewart stainless steel knives  
Hey, I'm fucking talking to you dickhead!  
Jarren, he's dead he cannot hear you, idiot  
Roaming every city strips and grabbing every pretty tits  
Y'all niggas playing hookie, Mister Benton's really sick  
Leave it to Beaver, I'm leaving with Beiber  
With this meat cleaver to his neck  
And I'm making him eat ether  
Kick a bitch in the face cause she's a dick teaser  
Did a song with Satan and that's a sick feature  
I'm not a human being, I'm a sick creature  
Run in every church to murder every sick preacher  
Stomping a nigga to a seizure, smoking every spliff of reefer  
A bully throwing geeks off the top bleacher  
Fucking skitzo, eat the barrel of pistols  
I can shit a hand grenade and piss out a missile  
Let's play Operation, I want to see blood drizzle  
Let's make it real official, this saw will cut through a gristle  
I'm so extraordinary sleep inside the mortuary  
Wake inside the cemetery, dig up every corpse that's buried  
This is so unnecessary, voices in my head, that's scary  
Sick of being crazy, God I want to be ordinary!  
[Chorus] Yea I'm going hard nigga, honey baked  
Big said more money, more niggas hate  
I blow a couple recs, just took an eighth of coke  
Now let me show you what it means to be a skitzo  
[Jarren Talking] Yo Jarren, Jarren wake up dog  
Come on, yo wake the fuck up man, come on  
Come on, Yo Kato, Kato call 911  
Man I think this fucker overdosed  
Get up man, come on, come on!  
[Kato talking] Yo Jarren, Jarren yo stop stop stop chill!  
Yo, you're just slappin, you're talking to yourself right now, man.  
I'm trying to study for this midterm, fuckin' schitzo.

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