

Psycho

Eminem & 50 Cent

I can hear your heartbeat, your scared, yeah yeah
I can hear your heartbeat, your scared You see, I'm a psycho, a sicko, I'm crazy
I see, I come at night, boy, I kill you, you make me
They wanna see me shot up, locked up and cage me
I'll come back bigger, stronger and angry Look look, I've come from a different crew
You fuck with me, I'll get to you
A clip or two, I'll cripple you
Just 'cause I ain't got shit to do
Pistol pop, a pussy drop
Drama never ever stop
Eenie meenie miney moe
Nine, Trey Pound or 44
Pick a strap to take the Mac
The hawk I'll stab it in your back
I'll blow your brains, I know your name
And where you rest, I'll make a mess
The hollow tips'll hit ya chest
You cough up blood to EMS
Come pick you up
You know you fucked when
You get on a stretcher
'Cause I'll come in ICU
To see you off to heaven
The system out I done been through with
There's nothing new there to me
They locked me up they left me out
You seen this in the movies
The criminals be criminals
Why they up in corrections
They come and get at 9
Nigga crown me a perfection
It's murder when they found the gun now they doing ballistic
But they can't find a fingerprint the shit's going terrific
Get so close on your target that it's really hard to miss it
Man these are average raps
I'm keepin the savage batch hidden
The can of whoop ass with the Shady aftermath clique
You pop off the top it's like opening vats of acid
Beat the octamom to death with a cabbage patch kid

Attack a snatch ya there's something to jack a batch in
Impregnated then shoot up the embryo sack with Mac 10s
Triplets quadruplets and a couple of back to back twins
That fetus is fallin out all over jack is back again
The rippers at your service
Girl I can see that your nervous
But I barely scratch the surface
Like my last batch of girlfriends
That I buried in my fuckin backyard
Still trying to dig their way out
I foam like an attack dog,
How late you wanna stay out,
It's past your curfew when it's dark
I'm searchin for you in the park
Shady murdered him another virgin he just hit his mark
He met his quota for the month
They found a coat all rolled up
Inside a bag he probably dragged the body for about a block
Disappeared without a trace
No DNA no not a drop
Cause me and dre and 50 we will never get caught by the cops
CSI they hate us but they gotta give a lot of props
The drama pops
Grab the butcher knife from off the counter top Yeah, I'm as I'll as can be
My appeal is to serial killers
What a pill is to me,
Killing so villainously,
Still as maniacal on the NyQuil going psycho
It's michael myers,
You know what were like on the muthafucking mic,
So try us and your gonna find out,
What the fuck were like with pliers, It's operation time got em
ed up to wires,
Squeeze em, he bleeding, wheezing, breathing he half dead,
He must not know but now he now how Shady Aftermath is,
Even murderous tactics get better with practice,
Lead showers, gun powder, fill the tellers burn burn,
Truly ours Juliard, you better learn learn, Chris Reeves in his grave,
Yeah homie turn turn,
I'm debating, mutilating the lady,
You've been waiting for shady and fif,
Ain't no duplicating it baby,
There's a baby in the drier,
There's a torso in the washer,
I think it might even belong to Portia when I tossed her,

Arms and legs in the garbage cause the rest of her,
I lost her,
Her head is in the disposal with Jessica's I squashed her,
And put her through the ringer and hung her over the wash tub, When I'm through with Ricky it'll will be blood
that'll cough up
A hard rock soft fuck [?]
Get caught up and get washed up,
In Detroit or Northfolk,
When it's disrupt and nauseas,
Look deep in my eye and see many many many men die,
I swing gym stars faster than samurai,
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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