

# Psycho (Featuring Eminem)

## 50 Cent

I can hear your heartbeat, you're scared, yeah yeah  
I can hear your heartbeat, you're scared  
I can hear your heartbeat, you're scared, yeah yeah  
I can hear your heartbeat, you're scared You see, I'm a psycho, a sicko, I'm crazy  
I said I got my knife pulled, I'll kill you if 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 put through you  
'Cause I ain't got shit to do  
Pistol poppin', a pussy drop  
Drama never ever stop  
Eenie meenie miney moe  
Now tre pound or 44  
Pick a strap the Tec, 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 hit ya chest  
Call for blood to E-M-S  
Come pick you up  
You know you fucked when  
You get on a stretcher  
'Cause I'll come in to ICU  
To see you off to heaven  
The system I done been through it  
There's nothing new to me  
They locked me up they let me out  
You seen this in the movies  
The criminals be criminals  
Why they up in corrections  
They come home, get a 9  
Nigga commit trying 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 to your target that it's really hard to miss it You see, I'm a psycho, a sicko, I'm crazy  
I said I got my knife pulled, I'll kill you if you make me  
They wanna see me shot up, locked up and cage me  
I'll come back bigger, stronger and angry Man, these are average raps, I'm keeping the savage batch hidden

The can of whoop ass with the Shady/Aftermath lid  
You pop off the top, it's like opening vats of acid  
Beat the Octomom to death with a Cabbage Patch Kid  
Attack a snatch, yeah, 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  
Dead fetuses falling out all over, Jack is back again  
The Ripper's at your service, girl I can see that you're nervous  
But I barely scratched the surface like my last batch of girlfriends  
That I buried in my fucking 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 searching for you in the park  
Shady murdered him another virgin, he just hit his mark  
He met his quota for the month, they found Dakota 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 tops  
You see, I'm a psycho, a sicko, I'm crazy  
I said I got my knife pulled, I'll kill you if you make me  
They wanna see me shot up, locked up and cage me  
I'll come back bigger, stronger and angry I'm as ill as can be  
My appeal is to serial killers what a pill is to me  
Killing so villainously  
Still as maniacal on the NyQuil and psycho as Michael Myers  
You know what we're like on the motherfucking mic so try us  
And you're gonna find out what the fuck we're like with pliers  
It's operation time, they got him hooked up to  
wires  
Squeezing, he bleeding wheezing, breathing he half dead  
He must ain't know, but now he know how Shady the Math is  
Even murderous tactics get better with practice  
Lead showers, gun powder, feel the talons burn burn  
School of arts, Julliard, 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 dryer, 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  
I put her on the ringer and hung her over the wash tub  
When I'm through with Ricky it'll be blood that he'll  
cough up  
The hard rock I'll soft up, get caught up and get washed up  
In Detroit or Norfolk, witness this shit, end up nauseous  
Look deep in my eye, see many many men die  
I swing gem stars faster than a Samurai  
You see, I'm a psycho, a sicko, I'm crazy

I said I got my knife pulled, I'll kill you if you make me  
They wanna see me shot up, locked up and cage me  
I'll come back bigger, stronger and angry

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