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 scaredYou 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 angryLook 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 itYou 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 angryMan, 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 topsYou 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 angryI'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 pliersIt'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 learnChris 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 tubWhen 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 SamuraiYou 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

Songwriters
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