

Mind Of A Lunatic

Geto Boys

(he's a paranoiac who's a menace to our society)
[verse 1: bushwick bill]Paranoid, sittin in a deep sweat
Thinkin I gotta fuck somebody before the week ends
The sight of blood exites me, shoot you in the head
Sit down, and watch you bleed to death
I hear the sound of your last breath
Shouldn't have been around, I went all the way left
You was in the right place with me at the wrong time
I'm a psychopath, in a minute lose my fuckin mind
Calm down, back to reality
Don't fear death, cause I know that it's promised to me
Flashes, I get flashes of jason
Gimme a knife, a million lives I'm wastin
The shadow of death follows me, I don't give a fuck
Pussy play superman, your ass'll get boxed up
Put him in a straight jacket, the man's sick
This is what goes on in the mind of a lunatic
(he's a paranoiac who's a menace to our society)
(he's a) (he's a)
(he's a paranoiac who's a menace to our society)
[verse 2: bushwick bill]Lookin through her window, now my body is warm
She's naked, and I'm a peepin tom
Her body's beautiful, so I'm thinkin rape
Shouldn't have had her curtains open, so that's her fate
Leavin out her house, grabbed the bitch by her mouth
Drug her back in, slammed her down on the couch
Whipped out my knife, said, "if you scream, I'm cuttin"
Opened her legs and commenced the fuckin
She begged me not to kill her, I gave her a rose
Then slit her throat, and watched her shake till her eyes closed
Had sex with the corpse before I left her
And drew my name on the wall like helter skelter
Run for shelter never crossed my mind
I had a guage, a grenade, and even a nine
Dial 911 for the bitch
But the cops ain't shit when they're fuckin with a lunatic
(another innocent victim of this homicidal maniac)
(maniac) (maniac)
(another innocent victim of this homicidal maniac)

[verse 3: scarface]I sit alone in my four-cornered room starin at candles

Dreamin of the people I've dismantled

I close my eyes and in the circle

Appears the images of sons of bitches that I murdered

Flashbacks of bodies bein fucked up

Once I attack, I'm like a pit on a rage that's goin for guts

Boys used to die when I'm full fo that fry

I be ebbin when I'm high

So I say 'fuck' and just let bullets fly

Like I said before, scarface is my identity

A homicidal maniac with suicidal tendencies

I'm on the violent tip, so yo, get a grip

And bitch, come equipped, ain't takin no shit

Cause here comes a lunatic

[verse 4: scarface]My girl's gettin skinny, she's strung out on coke

So I went to her mother's house and cut out her throat

Her grandma was standin there, she was screamin out, "brad!"

As she reached for the telly, I put the blade on granny's ass

Went to the back and grabbed a shovel

Now granny's on her way to meet the devil

Pulled out my .38 and aimed at the bitch

A cop says (freeze, muthafucka!) bitch, suck my dick

I said, "die, muthafuckas!" as I blasted

Something clicked in my head, visions of bodies in plastic

The scent of buckshots in human flesh

Pigs dyin from bullet wounds to the chest

No sheriff's gonna take me on a road

Dark as fuck, and let his pistols explode

Fuck that, cause I ain'ts to die

So I reloaded my uzi and fired up another fry

It got me crazy as fuck

A ragin psychotic full of that angel's dust

The cops had the place surrounded

Hunted for a way to get out - I found it

Innocent bystanders watch me set an example

I popped one, "let me go, goddammit

Scot free

Or all of these muthafuckas comin with me"

All of a sudden the shit got silent

I remember wakin up, in an asylum

Bein treated like a troubled kid

My shirt was all bloody, and both of my wrists was slit

Think this is harsh? this ain't as harsh as it gets

No tellin what's bein thought up in the mind of a lunatic

(maniac)
(maniac)
(ma-) (mani-) (maniac)
(I can't quit)

[verse 5: willie d]November 1st 1966

A damn fool was born with the mind of a lunatic
I shoulda been killed
But sister fucked around and let me live
Now I developped a criminal behaviour
Fuck with me, and I'll slay ya
Ass, beyond recognition, shit
Your dental records couldn't prove your identity, bitch
I beg your pardon, on talkin to borden
You'll never find a muthafucka, so save your milk cartons
Cross the line, your ass is mine
I don't give a fuck if you're 9 or 99
Blind, crippled, and crazy, don't faze me
Your funky ass will be pushin up daisies
You wanna know what makes me click?
My psychiatrist said I got the mind of a lunatic
(let's get out of here, that guy is crazy)
(ma-) (ma-) (ma-) (maniac)

[verse 6: willie d]I ain't got it all, so don't fuck with me

Unless your ass wanna be made history
I'll blow your muthafuckin house up
And if your wife and kids are inside, they're fucked
I don't give a damn who I slay
Don't let me get a hold of some e&j
Cause when the shit hit the fan
I'll stab your ass quicker than a mexican
The nightmares I leave you with on the scene
Will make freddy bitch ass look like a wet dream
This is fact, not fictional, son of a bitch
I got the mind of a lunatic

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