Psycho Rhymes

Master P / Real Untouchables

Yo it's 1992 and Master P is back up in this motherfucker(Yo man lets do this shit right, man. If everybody plays right, then put yo
right hand over yo heart, and let yo left hand grab yo nut. Now everybody
sing along, bitch.)(STOP THE MUSIC!)We are the world
We are the dealers
We are the ones that sell crack cocaine
So let's start sellin'There's a fiend in every hood
Dumb fiends that bring they pipes
It's truly nigga betta then
That's why we dealin'(C'mon everybody)We are the world
We are the dealers
We are the ones that sell crack cocaine
So let's start sellin'(Talking muffled by loud beats)Check this out fool
I'm at this party
These two bitches lookin' hella pretty
I walk up and kiss 'em each on they fuckin' T
I say "Your hole there - it's about to explode"
I took a gat to her ass & she took off her clothes
In other words I be movin' fast like a pick...pocketSee- I'm a mother-fuckin' maniac I gotta top it
I talk to the bitch ... before I kill 'em
I'm like a psycho like Charles Manson - the blood drilla'
I take yo life and take yo arms and cut the bitches off
And play a bloody mother-fuckin' game of golf
And break your arms, your legs I shoulda did it soonerReach in yo stomach - pull out a piece o' tuna
I guess you're dead, you're ghost, you gotta go
You untested, cause DAMN they like arrested codesFor a dead bitch - ya give some good head
Ya must be on yo period - 'cause my dick is bloody red
I left it in you
I see you face - ya about ta cry
But before ya do make me pull out them eyes...
Make me slap yo mother-fuckin' face but don't speak
That big round ass could make some good luncheon meatIn other words you're dead, you got your cap peeled
See I'm a crazy motherfucker and that shit's realYo man, whacha think about that
(Man, what you say about that is bullshit - that shit ain't real)Oh, aight, check this outIt's 1993 and Master P is back in this motherfucker
Ya know what I'm sayin'
I had to get a lil' stupid 'cause last year some niggaz was talkin' shit
But see, I'm back
Ya know what I'm sayin'

I'm about to get paid
And all them motherfuckers that try to stop me
There's gonna be a bloody murdaYo Kent, turn up some of that gangsta-ass music

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