

What's Yo Psycho?

Tech N9ne

[Intro: Icey Rock Craven]Born in the basement of Bizzle*

Brought to life by Icey Rock and Tech N9ne

The many faces of madness

I bring to you, the NNUTTHOWZE!

[Hook x2: Tech N9ne]NNUTTHOWZE in this bizznitch

Sick shit is our business

Fly high by the night so (muthafucka)

Let me know

What's yo psycho?

[Verse 1: Tech N9ne]My psychosis is I can't keep focus

Without doses of beautiful hostess

Is oh shit so thick roasted

I dosed it

I'm so sick with it

Ladies is supposed to get, get it

Below the clit I liked it

I rolls to wicked ya dig it

By designa I'm the kind ta

Climb behind her

Fine dime to slime her

Wine and dine thine

Is minor

When it's time to grind her

Blind with signs I'm gonna find a vagina

Mouth bowls you came to brown hoes

The town hoes you chose the grown poles wicked wicked sounds vulgar

Knows the lows blows

The clothes is all over her clothes but told ya

I'm sick for sexposer

Ain't no secret

I really love to eat it

That quick spits

And jumps up to my back when they release it

Sometime I just wish I could just cut it out and keep it

That 6688846993 shit

[Hook][Verse 2: Brotha Lynch Hung]Sloberin at the mouth I love my teeth I chew that meat up

I really don't give a fuck I do that heat 'um up while leak up

Slices of N I N E, S T R A N G E

Get off tonight yo hit the night though

Heat when I hear a ATB
Off the hook like a fish with his lip cut
She never got away rip gut

Creepin behind me you'll find a ? I ain't lyin'
Cut off the head and I hide it
Devide the body up I'm probably the sickest nigga in rhymin'

Sychie might be
When I give my 9 milli a tight squeeze
Ain't nobody like me
My mind be runnin' off light speed
Like me, to get um off they Nike's
Infered, sight beam
Went out the back with a slight mean
Gettin' off like the S.W.A.T. team
Fuckin' um up like I'm cuttin' um up with a knife seem
I'm breakin' off rappers I'm sight seeing
I just love to eat human beeings

You could see um
Fuckin' a bitch with razor blade, hand grenades
I'm a be makin' that red lemonade... GRRRRR!

[Hook][Verse 3: Sundae]You right though

Ain't no sickness without a psycho

Ask me what's my psycho

You could eat it on my psycho

You could beat it like you Micheal

I want my cut like lypo

Feel cheated on like ?

By Tiger and them white hoes

I'm sickning, lick me

Doggy style might pick me

I'm pissy

If you can not dick me till I'm shiting

I'm ticking

Like a time clock on a trick beam

I get seen on a 50 inch flat HD

My pussy yeah you hick-ups

You thirsty won't you lick up

I'm a nutty little bitch huh?

You love me cause I'm NNUTTHOWZE

Go nutty on a bitch, why

FAA ?

I cash chips like a casino

My whips are european

Got his lips like El Nino

Like I'm carrie you'll get peed on *Kisss kisss*
NUTTHOWZE in this bizznitch
I'm a go, go, go getter might go
Where sickness is our business
[Hook]

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>