

Am I A Psycho?

Tech N9ne

[Intro:]I see you loo-king at me, loo-king at me, so I ask

[Chorus:]Am I A Psycho? Am I A Psycho?

Yeah I'm a psycho; I guess I'm a psycho

[Tech N9NE:]You're crazy, I like you, but you're crazy

My tours paid me, so I used that dough to allure ladies
to manure bathe me

Never know that my minds for sure shady

Pure Hades, Rev X Stady couldn't endure to save me

Why do I let this stripper burn me on my arm with a cigarette in the same spot 10 times in a row when I felt that
burn upon the clitoris?

I'mma get her wet, sorry to get carried away, I feel stupid because I ain't did her yet
Maybe she never let a fine nigga stare at her breasts, I get vexed but I ain't bit her neck

Open! I try to contain it but that dame thang's soakin'

Alter ego say why you let them gang bang folk in

Strange Lane hopin' I can maintain copin' but ain't nobody talkin' when the insane mane spoken
I like fire on my skin, blood on my drawers, from up on her walls, I'm sufferin, I'm stuck in her claws, stuffed
in her jaws, huffin' and puffin', hollerin imma dog, afterwards I like really hot scullin water on my balls?

[Chorus:]Am I A Psycho? Am I A Psycho?

Yea I'm a psycho; I guess I'm a psycho

[Hopsin:]Mom, Dad? I'm no longer the boy you're used to seeing

I've changed a lot, plus I've grown to hate every human being

My mood swings have now turned my dreams into gruesome scenes

Now I'm doing things I don't normally do and when illusion seem to be the only pleasures I can gain

Heck if I was sane I would've put down the mic and say fuck it I'll never rise to fame

But with the wicked reckage I contain, I could probably jeopardize your name

No lovey-dovey let's ignite the flame, if you're lucky you'll survive the pain

Sorry that ain't very merry to say, why is this game so scary to play?

Well lemme think, cuz every day my balls are getting too hairy to shave

Pause a minute, I'm stressin' the game, if I go to hell then heavens' to blame

I don't mean to come off crazy, but you mothafuckas seem to think I'm hella derranged

When I was seven years old, I fell on my head and I severed my brain

If you think I'm lyin then ask my mama nigga she can tell you the same

Should I be ashamed? No, I'm livin' my life so ghetto fabulous

Before you get bent out of shape my nigga lemme ask you this

[Chorus:]Am I A Psycho? Am I A Psycho?

Yea I'm a psycho; I guess I'm a psycho

[B.o.B:]I stab you with this mic and rap this verse I'm rappin' to you

Matter fact I'm rappin' through you

Never say my motherfuckin name unless you absolutely have to
I am not no fucking jacket with no matching shoes and you are not no fashion guru
Can't even see you niggas, yall wish I was rappin' to you
Matter fact act like I'm rappin' to you if that gives you passion to use
use this as an excusde to jump up at a conclusion that I'm attackin you dudes is just like old fashion voodoo
Yall ain't even the shit, no yall ain't even the doodoo
I got more flavor on the tissue paper under my two boots
So I'm slappin you fools with wooden paddles you stupid
Baby sittin' lil bastards like little afternoon children
You can call me psychotic but it's more like schizophrenic
And I can speak can anyone tell me just where my medicine is
Guess I gotta show these minors just where my avenue is
Man I swear I'm all about my brain like graduate students
I'm sorry, I didn't mean to hurt your feelings
I see your tears, come here, give me your face, let me clear it
But I wonder how it would look if I were to peel it back with a skilliet
Then I'mma fill it crack when I hit it, then I'mma spill it back when you heal it
Dammit Bobby boy, what in the hell, what in the heaven, what in the earth
Where is your mom? Why do you curse? Where are you from?
Where was your birth? Where was you first? Why weren't you in church? Why is there dirt, all on your shirt?
Man I think that you're going berserk
[Outro:]Am I A Psycho? Am I A Psycho?
Yea I'm a psycho; I guess I'm a psycho
Am I A Psycho? Am I A Psycho?
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