

(he's a paranoid who's a menace to our society)

[bushwick bill]

Paranoid, sittin in a deep sweat  
Thinkin I gotta fuck somebody before the week ends  
The sight of blood exits 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 paranoid who's a menace to our society)

(he's a) (he's a)

(he's a paranoid who's a menace to our society)

[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)

[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

[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)

[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)

[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