

[Verse 1]

Yea, I'm throwin D's on the Cadillac  
Riding through the Cader nigga, bumping verb zacarat  
You were fuckin' like a faggot, never slung a crumb of crack  
Bash your fuckin window in  
I drag you like a running back  
Tell your mom the zombie's back  
Fucking hypochondriac  
Gag a bitch and shove her in the dryer at the laundry mat  
Cokehead insomniac, sipping on some Cognac  
Dude this fuckin album sucks I want my fuckin money back  
Disadvantage, I'm schitzophrenic, these bitches panic  
Dickin Janice, I'm poppin Xanax and speaking Spanish  
Na la cum la la cum pla, I ain't say a word  
A fuckin' nerd, I'm riding dirty with the mossburg  
I am awkward, I'm sippin cough syrup  
I'm high as a martian in a flying saucer  
What up to 808 Blake and Mike Whalberg  
I punch through the sheet rock and make the wall hurt  
Team wolf, I claw a dress and panties off her  
Just got a new Lebaron and the seats is all fur  
My brains fried, heart's gonoe and my balls hurt  
I grab the nine to forty-five and let 'em all squirt  
Mr. Benton, bitches said they sick of him  
I'm up at Micky Ds, I get an English McMuffin  
You hang around all pigs like you McLovin  
I shove a freakin prick inside a fuckin brick oven  
You niggas fake like mall cop, Paul Blart  
I run you over with the shopping cart in Wal- Mart  
Hop out the Subaru, huffing a tube of glue  
Your girl ring around my dick just like a hula hoop  
Minuting through the city in a bullet proof suit  
I'm strong enough to rip a fucking roof up off a coup  
You wanna play Tupac,  
I throw you off the roof and run down and catch you  
Tell these niggas jam that got the juice  
Somebody call the doctor, Dr. Suess or Dr. Roof  
I'm so out of my fucking rocker any fucking doctor do  
Holla out the top that's loose and then I smoke a rock or two  
And spend a hundred grand on a one- legged prostitute

[Chorus]

Yea I'm going hard nigga, honey baked  
Big say more money, more niggas hate  
I blow a couple recs, just took an eighth of coke  
Now let me show you what it means to be schitzo

[Verse 2]

Doctor call Brad Murray, Bitch I'm known to kill mics  
And meet you in your nightmares, and bash you with a steal pipe  
Somebody must have laced this heroin cause it don't feel right  
Just bought my wife a set of Martha Stewart stainless steal knives  
Hey, I'm fuckin talking to you dickhead!  
Jarren, he's dead he cannot hear you, idiot  
Warming every city strips and grabbing every pretty tits  
Yall niggas playing hookie, mister big is really sick  
Leave it to Beaver I'm leaving with Beiber with this meat cleaver to his nec

k

And I'm making him eat ether, kick a bitch in the face cause she's a dick te  
aser

Did a song with Satan and that's a sick feature

I'm not a human being, I'm a sick creature

Run in every church to murder every sick preacher

Stompin niggas to a siezure , smoking every spliff of reefer

A bully throwing geese off the top bleacher

Fucking schitzo eat the barrel of pistols

I can shit a hand grenade and piss out a missile

Let's play Operation, I want to see blood drizzle

Let's make it real official, this saw will cut through a gristle

I'm so extraordinary sleep inside the mortuary

Wake inside the cemetary, dig up every corpse that's buried

This is so unnecessary, voices in my head, they're scary

Sick of being crazy, God I want to be ordinary!

[Chorus]

Yea I'm going hard nigga, honey baked

Big said more money, more niggas hate

I blow a couple recs, just took an eighth of coke

Now let me show you what it means to be a schitzo

[JarrenTalking]

Yo Jarren, Jarren wake up dog

Come on, yo wake the fuck up man, come on

Come on, Yo Kato, Kato call 911

Man I think this fucker overdosed

[Kato talking]

Yo Jarren, Jarren yo stop stop stop chill! Yo, you're just slappin, you're  
talking to yourself right now, man. I'm trying to study for this midterm, f  
uckin' schitzo.