

# Full Moon

Prozak

Maybe it's just best to leave my by my lonely, homie  
Maybe we ain't friends, if you want my trust show me  
People actin' kinda funny like a full moon  
Got me feelin' dark gloom, and igniting my psycho just like some gas fumes (3x)

Maybe I should set an example, extract some blood samples  
Run this razor blade across his throat and adam's apple,  
Dismantle his body into pieces, sink him in this reservoir  
What the fuck you starin' at, what the fuck you take me for?  
Take this as an act of war,  
Dressed in black and strap my lord  
Act like demons from the past I'm tappin' at your chamber door  
Quote the raven "nevermore", Edger Allen, I implore  
Hope you prayed before you were placed underneath this cellar boards  
I'm so unlike my berkowitz, your existence superfluous,  
My persistence to hurt you and remove you from this earth  
And it's vital that I complete the cycle,  
Proceed to murder your idols on pins and needles, leave you bleedin' with knives and rifles.

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I've been in this game so long,  
I'm numb to the pain, hold on  
I function this way, mind gone,  
You takin' my place? (Dead wrong)  
I'm infamous, incision you to increments,  
With these instruments of vigilance, have you wishin' for innocence  
Beat you into submission, bitch  
Show you the mind of villain instead of killin' it, lyrically like you ain't feelin' this  
Always perceiving, seemin' to be the seed of a demon  
Cause you can't seem to beat 'em or cease 'em from breathin'.  
I'm sick of this, ignorance, illegitimate, hatin' shit  
Bitches, stay up out my mix, jockin' on my style, so sick  
You talk about my style so much you might as well be my publicist,  
Twenty-ten, back again, resurrect like I'm from Nazareth

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Huh, people actin' real funny, you know what I'm sayin'?  
There must be a full moon in this mother fucker of something.