

Mad Confusion

Tech N9ne

Back to rip shit
Crush yourself, it's the lunatic
Strapped with my chrome to they domes
And leave your fuckin' wig split
Competition fear me, they can't get near me
Step into the circle and I'll take you on a dream through my Elm street
It's reality that you're facin'
The funk will surround you, then you'll start shakin'
Welcome to my concentration camp
There's no need to try to run, 'cause I've gotcha caged like a rat
I know ya feel the pressure, from your head to your feet, wishing that you could wake up from this deadly sleep
But there's no way out as your heart no longer beats
You breathed your last breath... heh... death, death
Takes ya 'round the corner puts somethin' mad on ya
You're lost without a clue, bitch, oh, by my voodoo
You wake up with screams, knowing what you saw was no illusion
You're going crazy from my mad confusion...

Flippin' about ta flow
And about to bust another
Hangin' from a noose in this
I won't be talkin' about no upside down crucifix
No relation with any Satan, me and Don Juan
Never commin' evil like the necronomicon
My word is Bond if you enter
What I'm into is a psycho-flow-rhythmic-hymn with triple limb
Now ya know
Millimetre, nigga, bring 'em all with the wreck game
Rip fools like Singapore with the wet cane
Fool niggas hangin' under (underground)
The level of madness
Step into some real shit and feel this
Why? I have no time for the punk shit
Run it back, run it back
Tihs knup eht rof emit on evah I
And now I gotta hold on that encephalon
Me havin' dreams makin' green like the leprechaun...
(How'dya like the gold buckles on me shoes?)
Keepin' ordinary minded people confused from my mad confuse