

# 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