

# Skitzo

## Jarren Benton & A3C

Yea, Im throwing Ds on the Cadillac  
Riding through Decatur, nigga, bumping verb zacarat  
You a fucking liar faggot never slung a crumb of crack  
Bash your fucking window and I drag out you pontiac  
Tell your mom the zombies back  
Fucking hypochondriac  
Gag a bitch and shove her in the dryer at the laundry-mat  
Cokehead insomniac, sipping on some Cognac  
Dude this fucking album sucks, I want my fucking money back  
Disadvantage, Im schizophrenic, these bitches panic  
Dickin' Janice, Im popping Xanax and speaking Spanish  
Na la cum la la cum pla, I aint say a word  
A fucking nerd, Im riding dirty with the Mossberg  
I am awkward, Im sipping cough syrup  
Im 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  
Teen wolf, I claw a dress and panties off her  
Just got a new Lebaron and the seats is all fur  
My brain's fried, hearts gone and my balls hurt  
I grab the nine to forty-five and let em all squirt  
Mr. Benton, bitches say they sick of him  
Im up at Micky Ds, I get an English McMuffin  
You hang around all pigs like you McLovin  
I shove a freakin prick inside a fucking 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  
Manuever through the city in a bullet proof suit  
Im strong enough to rip a fucking roof up off a coupe  
You wanna play Tupac  
I throw you off the roof and run down and catch you  
Tell these niggas jarren that got the juice  
Somebody call the doctor, Dr. Suess or Dr. Roof  
Im so out of my fucking rocker any fucking doc will do  
I let the choppers loose and then I smoke a rock or two  
And spend a hundred grand on a one-legged prostitute  
Yea Im 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 skitzo Doctor call Brad Murray, Bitch Im known to

kill mics

I meet you in your nightmares, and bash you with a steel pipe  
Somebody must have laced this heroin cause I dont feel right  
Just bought my wife a set of Martha Stewart stainless steel knives  
Hey, Im fucking talking to you dickhead!  
Jarren, he's dead he cannot hear you, idiot  
Roaming every city strips and grabbing every pretty tits  
Y'all niggas playing hookie, Mister Benton's really sick  
Leave it to Beaver, Im leaving with Beiber  
With this meat cleaver to his neck  
And Im making him eat ether  
Kick a bitch in the face cause shes a dick teaser  
Did a song with Satan and thats a sick feature  
Im not a human being, Im a sick creature  
Run in every church to murder every sick preacher  
Stomping a nigga to a seizure, smoking every spliff of reefer  
A bully throwing geeks off the top bleacher  
Fucking skitzo, eat the barrel of pistols  
I can shit a hand grenade and piss out a missile  
Lets play Operation, I want to see blood drizzle  
Lets make it real official, this saw will cut through a gristle  
Im so extraordinary sleep inside the mortuary  
Wake inside the cemetery, dig up every corpse thats buried  
This is so unnecessary, voices in my head, thats scary  
Sick of being crazy, God I want to be ordinary!  
Yea Im 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 skitzo  
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  
Get up man, come on, come on!Yo Jarren, Jarren yo stop stop stop chill!  
Yo, youre just slappin, youre talking to yourself right now, man.  
Im trying to study for this midterm, fuckin schitzo.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>