

# Ghetto Horror Show (feat. Ice Cube & Jayo Felony)

## Mack 10

I'm screamin as I'm dreamin, I see evil bad spirits  
So I wake up in the middle of the night to write lyrics  
In a cold sweat, heard magnums in my dreams, my ears ring  
So this time on the mic I bring horror like Stephen King  
All my good times are turned bad like the Evan's  
Seen hundreds get wounded but like a thousand 187's  
Everybody that was so real, they were now phony  
And the nigga that used to be my homie, shit he turned on me  
I got a 45 that spit hot lead that'll drill him  
The nigga know too much about me, so it's a must that I kill him  
If it's time available at the shrink, man I need to spend it  
Cuz now I see the chair rockin, but ain't nobody in it  
I'm psycho like Norman Bates in the fresh side of my mind and  
All I think about is comittin redrums like The Shining  
So Lord please help me and forgive me for my sins  
And tell me, why do I deserve the twilight zone that I'm in?  
Somebody ease the pain I need a shot of novacaine  
Or angel dust smoke circulatin through my brain  
So who got the slaughter water, la la the brain killer  
I got five on it, four stick, to the first dealer  
With no screws left it's like my head is now hollow  
I'm so crazy seems like my own shadow's scared to follow  
Ain't that a bitch, 1-O caught up in the horror show  
But ain't no popcorn or bon bons, it's all teflons nigga

X 2

I keep a 44 everywhere I go  
It's 1-O in the ghetto horror show I'm slangin? nocous? on the boulders  
Keys, O-Z's and quarters  
Come along, get up, stand up, and come and get your sack  
I'm bustin nigga's hearts with this motherfuckin crack  
I'm sayin please oh please oh please give me just one more hit  
Now I'm surrounded by skinny motherfuckers with glass dicks  
I'll jack Jack and Jill, smack Bill Clinton and his bitch  
Tell po po they can't fade me I'll kill him and his snitch  
I'm a bad influence, I'm a bad influence  
And motherfuckers don't wanna know what I'll tell these fuckin kids  
Fuck school nigga, bang with me  
Why you gotta get a job nigga, slang with me  
Listen, my 44 protects ya if any nigga tries to test ya  
Nigga who the fuck is you? I'm Peer Pressure

Took the last bit of the thorazine, I'm at the end of the rainbow  
There ain't no fuckin pot of gold, just the ghetto horror show  
There we go  
X 2  
I keep a AK everywhere I go  
It's Jayo in the ghetto horror show I got to testify, I grew up in this ghetto horror? Justaora? got  
me spittin from the ghetto Torah  
Ghetto bible survival I'm hittin rivals in their vitals  
Tryin to rob titles, from livin idols  
I give recitals on the drugs to sex to county checks to Lex  
Your respect from the hot techs  
And it's the same for me cuz the fame don't wipe away the black  
Westside can't react  
Braniac with this maniac, get to losin 'fore the schools get to oozin  
And your bitch get to? twosin?  
The niggas at 600 pools and like the Pope  
Get on the fuckin city F niggas like to vote  
It's the horror, no tomorrow in your eyes  
But look at me nigga I believe I can fly  
You believe you can die, well shit it might happen  
I believe I can rhyme and look, I start rappin nigga X 2  
I keep a tech nine everywhere I go  
It's Ice Cube in the ghetto horror show What is time? Huh, time is divided by two.  
Before it happens, and after it happens.  
Right now, we callin it the ghetto horror show. Only a fool would go there at night!

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