

# Psychopath Killer (feat. Eminem)

## Slaughterhouse & Yelawolf

(Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill)

I guess you could consider it poetry, but with me it started out (Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill) with just words, just words. They started looking like puzzle pieces so I started connecting them to each other 'til they started to resemble blank canvases. (Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill). By this time I was an

artist so I just started to see these pictures, these real visuals

I'm a psychopath, I'm a killer (I'm a psychopath, I'm a killer)

I'm a psychopath, I'm a killer

A psychopath, I'm a killer

A psychopath, I'm a killer) Feelin' it in the air, breathe it in the night

Sayin' I'm a killer

Did you ever think you would come to find?

Maybe in my dreams

I'm a psychopath, I'm never keepin' it plain

Lyrical murder is somethin' I've been about

Ever since I was a little kid, doodlin' in class

Drew a picture of my teacher, bullet in his head, ruler in his ass

With a toilet in front of him, throwin' up, pissed off

Prolly symbolic of this thought, sick tot

To my inner enemy in a rush

I'm havin' nightmares of leavin' behind my dreams

With anything less than a full bank

It's like I'm General Hong, and I'm standin' in front of a gun

I'm puttin' myself in the way of a bullet to pull rank

The hood is over my eyes but the wool ain't

Yeah, got the mentality of bein' with a wizard

Every award show, we don't even get considered

How do you sell somethin' that's so lyrical

To a kid who wouldn't know what was hittin' if it hit him?

Now I wanna talk about these niggas from Detroit

Beef on me and Shady who was thinkin' 'bout Detroit

We put the world onto it so watch how you say "fuck me"

You just might jinx yourself, whoop, your girl gon' do it

Cause I was in that 911 in Chicago, 911 at the same time

I had already been grindin' since '97, that's longevity

And if you think you're lyrically better, you better be a killer

(I'm a psychopath, I'm a killer)

You ain't ever seen a motherfucker get realer

(A psychopath, I'm a killer)

Pull an automatic on anybody sporadic I choose

(A psychopath, I'm a killer)

Cause ain't nobody iller, no one, nobody for realer

(A psychopath, I'm a killer) It's an elite drinker, it's the ringleader

I'm a deep thinker, I'm a street preacher  
With a street sweeper full of heat seekers  
In your Jeep speakers I'mma keep ringers  
I don't need heaters, I got the meat cleaver  
Welcome to the slaughterhouse  
Niggas try to tell me I spell too much  
Capital S to the laugh to the T-E-R  
Ho, U-S-E, now go to hell you fucks, word  
Making work disappear quick as magic  
Abracadabra, the trafficker blacker than Africa  
Can you imagine a nigga flipping bread for the blood?  
Money like Dracula, hand him some spatula, ask me a question  
Am I the best with the flexing?  
Fuck yes with the goon talk  
I just moonwalk all over the beat then I'm lightin' up the street  
CROOKED going Michael Jackson on Thriller  
I'm a psychopath, I'm a killer The thought of retiring  
Is makin' me want to set your daughter on fire with a soldering ironing  
What up mom, applyin' for the rim job, are you hirin'?  
I'm hopin' to fill up your opening  
Oh but I know I gotta meet a lot of requirements  
First I gotta accept you in the lobby and the aisle and  
You've probably already been with all the slaughter and I am in  
No mood to be playin' second fiddle, slob on this violin  
With no strings attached  
I'm just the product of a hostile environment  
But bein' brought up so brought up inspired  
But I don't know why, it's still like I'm caught up inside a whirlpool  
Not an appliance, but applyin' this science, I psychotically rhyme  
And it's like stars have aligned all in alliance  
Heart of a lion, balls of Goliath  
Obscene talkin', the twine like a beanstalk and the vine  
But I keep walkin' the line between the wrong and the right  
But everything I write seems wrong and it's like  
I'm ecstatic at all the static that I can still cause  
In the fabric of our modern society  
Now Catholics are panicking cause I snapped back to my old antics and shenanigans  
Dammit, the Pope's mad again  
Probably shouldn't have ran up in the Vatican with that mannequin  
Singin' "Bagpipes from Baghdad" again  
In my dad's drag draggin' a faggot in a Glad bag  
Won't be the last time I make a dramatic entrance like that again  
You thought I was lyin' when I said I think that I'm crossin' the line again  
I've lost my mind, caution oh God I think I've just thought of another fucking line  
Forgive me father, for I have sinned  
But hip hop has left me brainwashed with a violent streak  
Defiant, now the odds of me tryin' to fuckin' be quiet  
Probably gotta be 'bout as high as the Jolly Green Giant  
After he's fallen in pollen next to a killer bee hive colony tryin' to sneak by it

While his feet stomp, follow me while I revive rap  
I'ma start up a rioting, try to stop it or silence it  
You're not gonna, might as well just hit the block in your joggin' attire in  
Boston, across the marathon finish line and I  
Put your thoughts against mine  
Cause the arsenal I have'll scar you for life, worse than Dzhokhar's  
And I have a bomb, pliers and barbed wire  
Your bars are like Barney Fife with a fucking swiss army knife  
A saber that's Darth Vader with arthritis at a bar fight  
With the Dark Knight on a dark night with his arms tied up  
I'm Dahmer-like when I'm on the mic, I'm not gonna lie  
I perform like I'm gonna die at the end of a song so it's hard for the rhyme to end  
Like fuck 'em all I'm just ridin  
Like I'm locked up inside a shot up Bonnie and Clyde car  
Uncle Ronnie is driving, 'bout to burst in through the side door  
Of Arkham Asylum and park in the dining room

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