

Bat Outta Hell

Twisted Insane

Yeah, Brainsick

Bat outta hell

Bat outta hell

Face of a demon and I'm fire breathin' leave 'em tagging an L

Mask on my face like monster nigga no Halloween trick

Knife in my hands Mike Myers nigga no Halloween shit

I'm in a stolen Regal with no gas in it

And a body in the trunk from the night before

Drunk and stuck, throwing up, but it sure as fuck ain't my first rodeo

I had the Babylon on my ass

They got a place for a nigga in the backseat

I think it's time for me to just smash

It's when a nigga got you running like a track meet

Hopping fences, this suspense is, killing me I really don't wanna be in a pickle

I'd rather be posted up in the crib with hella weed but now I'm running from ballistics end up burning like a missile

Shit I could turn into a phantom on 'em, blend to the night like I was chameleon

I'm underground like a basement ghost, but at the same time higher than a ceiling

Fuck your feelings, you're talking to the same nigga who used to be scared of the dark

As a little kid, that was my worst fucking fear like air is to a shark

You're fucking with a werewolf don't nobody care when you bark

Fill them with the rage throw 'em in the cage with the Brainsick, tear you apart

These eyes do not see what you and I see

Behind these eyes one finds only blackness the absence of light

I am like a bat up out of hell

I am like a bat up out of hell

I am like a bat up out of hell

I am like a bat up out of hell

Imma let them have it when I'm busting through the masses like a fully automatic

Imma let them have it when I'm busting through the masses like a fully automatic

Imma let them have it when I'm busting through the masses like a fully automatic

Imma let them have it when I'm busting through the masses like a fully automatic

People looking at me funny, never take me for a dummy

Even though a nigga sinnin', while I'm drinkin' on my gin

And puffing on the weed again

I'm the realest you pretend, better believe that I be winnin'

Mind of a murderer happen to hurt 'em

Put 'em in perpendicular body positions up in your furniture

Playin' like it's a tournament fill 'em up with the voice of a curse, then put niggas up in the fire that's why I'm burnin' 'em

It's Twisted Insane what the fuck you mean you haven't heard of him

You must of been high on shrooms, or living on the moon, or only into bullshit rap that be on the radio and I am way too goon

Fuck you all, see you leave the show too soon, how the fuck you finna dip wh

en I'm the monster in the dark?

Fuck your life, cut with knife, I made incision on your brain like I was Dr.
Heart

With the homies, or by myself, you catch a nigga on the solo when I'm with t
he shit

Claim you pimp, makes me sick, how these niggas acting funny when they with'
they bitch

You can't roll one with the homies, you can't hang around the studio all fuc
king night

You can't hit the club, you can't stick with thugs, and I can't go into your
house past fucking light

They say I'm evil, but I'm just living on the dark side of the force, my nig
ga

Anybody wants to go against a motherfucker I will kill and I will say I'm fo
rced by liquor

Nice and easy, Nice and greasy, like a bitch who getting fucked with no Vase
line

I took match that I found up in the back then I looked in your face I spit i
t with the gasoline

I am like a bat up out of hell

I am like a bat up out of hell

I am like a bat up out of hell

I am like a bat up out of hell

Imma let them have it when I'm busting through the masses like a fully autom
atic

Imma let them have it when I'm busting through the masses like a fully autom
atic

Imma let them have it when I'm busting through the masses like a fully autom
atic

Imma let them have it when I'm busting through the masses like a fully autom
atic

Yeah, Brrrain