

## Ed Gein

### Twisted Insane

Hold up here he come nigga  
Bitch ass nigga!  
Help me drag him to the whip  
Psh, heavy ass muthafucka  
Alright help me lift him in the trunk  
Bitch ass nigga!  
Come on  
Let's ride

Drunked up behind the wheel, fuck  
Rising up in the night time on an ill one  
Remind me to turn a blind eye like a real one  
Do or die hit 'em by a mile high with a steel gun  
The night has begun  
No it ain't a re-  
run, this shit live when I'm in the building you get high with the sickness  
In the cut I roll it up and take another hit before I get vicious  
The monster in the dark unleashing demons and they coming to me with the wit  
ches  
Leaving no witness  
Blaze spliff with the Brainsick after dark  
Shootin' shit up out the water bottle when I put a hollow in your car  
Fo' fifth hocus pocus [?]  
Walk up with the pow pow give a shoutout to Bizarre  
Sick when I'm with the mask on like Michael  
Walk in full of hate, Norman Bates type psycho  
Come out in the night, time better get your rifle  
Spin around ten times and you let it off when I pull the blindfold  
When I'm up in Colorado wait up hold on where'd you find me with the weed  
Hit the homie baby Louis pull up in the foreign roll up on the beat  
He told me that he got some info on the where abouts of all the enemies  
So I pull up on him with the heater hanging out the window talking 'bout "yo  
u remember me?"  
To keep it all the way G, I done did it ever since I had a pager  
Middle in the night I come into your house looking for fucking paper  
Anything to pursue some money, even taking DVD players  
And I ain't going home until a nigga hit up another hundred capers  
I'm a god, nigga that's that Manson  
Mob, but I got a time for your ransom  
Nine better be fine are they dancing  
Nigga like Suge Night got no time for your dancing  
Murder 'em them is a fashion  
Grew up and I really never had trust  
Plus I will really come into your home invading your space  
Any minute they gon' find that they up in a dark room with the fiend  
Time to run away from the demon then I put somebodys skin on my face  
Ed Gein

Nature of man to do the things he did to that person  
In plain sight scattered throughout the house was a ghastly array of human r  
emains  
It's so macabre, so bizarre, so deviant, that we can't look away  
His name was Ed Gein

Nigga this that  
Ed Gein on Halloween, I'm Brainsick  
I murder everybody on the microphone and murder everybody in real life

Ed Gein on Halloween I'm Brainsick  
They be woofin' on the phone, but everytime I meet 'em they don't even say s  
hit  
Knowing every single word'll get up on my nerves, and I be giving face lifts  
Make an incision off a wrong decision now you walkin' 'round this buildin fa  
celess  
Take this, bullet to the monkey[?] head, I hit 'em with the badabing  
How the fuck you want my trust when I don't trust the mother fuckers on my t  
eam  
Darkness finna come any minute then you get hit with the B  
Stick a nigga make it sicker maybe it's the Brainsick in me  
You one of the only ones, fuck that, you ain't the only one with a loaded gu  
n  
Wouldn't trust you with my life, always had you in my sight even when I'm ro  
llin' one  
Raised up at the Jurassic Park with the T-Rex, you ain't knowin' one  
Give a nigga couple bitches, took him out the ditches couldn't even say I ow  
e you one  
But that's a different conflict, niggas get all big headed  
I beat the shit up out a perpetrator boring nigga fuck a diss record  
You the type of nigga that'll run away and then cry to the detective  
And I'm the one to be cramped up in a hotel just suspected  
Bodies hangin' in the corner with the marijuana, yes I am a fiend  
Put a person to their death, I cut 'em with incision, bitch I'm Edward Gein  
Bring a person to the lab and then I finna take a bite from out your spleen  
And doin' all the wicked type of shit that you muthafuckas only have dreamed  
I mean, cut 'em up make a wallpaper with your titties  
Don't trip if I'm all out we can go out get plenty  
Hang out with brains out with the bang bang no chiddy  
Then walk up on him in the broad day in a hallway with the 50  
Get me, but I hot fo' fo'[?] trippy, when I shot through your dickies, but I  
'm not photo shitty, but I'm not so so iffy  
But you run around with your chest out on super thug  
Like them niggas would be like fuck that, so what I been shot before  
Turn your leg into a lamp; I'm on Ralphy Shit  
Hoe lookin' like an alien type tramp; Alfie bitch  
Beat off, cut your feet off for fun  
And trust you don't really want none with the one  
Ed Gein

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Investigators were completely stunned and appalled to discover this incredib  
le collection of human body objects  
Uh, and among the things they found were bowls that had been made from the t  
ops of human skulls  
And then they found what looked like trinkets, but it was like a string of n  
ipples from breasts, all on a string  
They found a shade pole that was made from a set of of women's lips  
And they had found other body parts there. Then you'd go out into what would  
be like a living room and they found furniture  
A lamp shade that was made out of human skin, a chairs that we upholstered i  
n human skin  
They found face masks, Gein had apparently flayed the skin from the heads of  
victims and preserve them and stuffed them with paper and hung them on the  
wall as decorations  
Hanging from the rafters, upside down, with her head off and gutted like a d  
eer

His name was Ed Gein