

Haunting You

Twisted Insane

You gave me everything I ever wanted
How can I repay you?
Technically you have my heart and now you're haunted
I am a ghost haunting you
I am a ghost haunting you
Oh, don't be afraid
I won't hurt you, no
But I'm a ghost haunting you
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Better miss me with that bullshit
I like my ice cream crispy with that cool whip
Whenever I hit that mic they should get tagged, they be like, "Who this?
Whoever the fuck it is, man, dude's sick"
Play this shit back to back, then hit my sack, ohh shit (Brackin')
Hit up the avenue with that fool Nick
(-Want me to get my heat?)
-What fo'? He ain't gon' do shit! (Triv)
Except run away when they come and them tool spit
Now he cough hollows up out the lung from his loose lip
Napalm, droppin' 'em off right from witches' broomsticks
Stay calm, ain't no one that will come for you, fool bitch
They told me I'm out of my mind, at first I tripped, well, shit you're right
I am
Get the pliers (Who?) Michael Myers (With) with the knife in hand (Damn)
At night I am a little bit different
Watch when I walk up on you they might dome you, keep your distance
I'm bool, nigga, move, nigga (Move out the way, nigga!)
(Fuck that nigga!)

On one so I'm like fuck these niggas
Fat green laces in my Chuck Ts, nigga
Wrong move, I'ma have to cut these, niggas
Ha ah (Yeah)
Blaze one, I can even stay, lil' nigga
Brains found hangin' in the payphone, nigga
Southeast bangin' with my day one, niggas
Ha ah

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When they call my name at night and shit
I try my hardest, in the hallway try'na fight this shit

A couple hours ago was thinkin' what a night this is
Now I'm on the kitchen floor, thinkin' what kinda knife this is
Past beefs, spent these last weeks try'na right the ship
But I'm off course, cannot see the compass with no light and shit
Made the Brain, couple niggas stayed, couple niggas left
Do I blame 'em? Shit, I was somewhere out there chasin' death
Still I rep it, shit I manifested, brain has been infested
Should'a did the paperwork instead of handshakes, fuck it, it's my method
Maybe one day in '92 I sit down with you and then dissect it
Till then I still spin around with the rejected
Ain't slept, ain't no Johnny Depp and this ain't Cry-Baby
(-But what about all they funny little comments?)
-They could die lately!
I've been ponderin' visions of eatin' 'em all with fried gravy
Half of these people don't really wanna see what's in my mind daily

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