

# M.M.W.T.B.S

Twisted Insane

Back with the Brain  
Sick of havin' nigga writhin' in pain  
Better hurry up and hide in the rain  
Bitch you better stick and drive in yo' lane, shit  
Better give a nigga leeway, you gon' die goin' 95 on the freeway  
On feet to the city like when Diddy make 'em all walk for a cheesecake  
GTA, nigga from the real Grove Street, no CJ  
I'm about to give it to you motherfuckers live with no replay  
(Brrr, brrr)  
Ain't no other human on my level, better get the metal  
Waitin' when it's settled? I begin to get 'em with the handle  
Someone better tellin' me ain't ready from the get, I'm Freddy with the Eddy  
, pull up in a Chevy  
Lookin' for somebody in a cooler, pull up on a nigga mantle  
John Rambo (You!) kill 'em all off from the rooftop  
Had nobody on the lookout when I shoot 'em out they tubesocks  
Givin' everybody whiplash like a big splash by [?]  
Little nigga wanna ride by with the drive-by left two shot  
(Whoo!) Brainsick to the casket  
Tellin' people you are not past with a shotglass full of acid  
Therapy never helped me, I'm a case with no basket  
Try'na listen but it's all trash, get the best wrapped in plastic  
Fuck around and hit the real park, Jurassic  
I run all up in the game, better fill 'em with the pain with no love  
Always comin' on the real with no fake, ain't no plastic  
I love runnin' 'round in whips and that's on Bloods  
Time to hit 'em with the West Coast  
You ain't never live a type of life where niggas gangbang  
Pull up on 'em in the night, what you all up in the set fo'?  
Don't be tellin' me you ain't affiliated, what bracks? What you rep fo'?  
Little homie in a nigga' helmet, try'na get souls for the death toll  
Get yo', ass outta my face, ain't no peace  
Bitch you dealin' with the Brainsick, I'm a pit with no leash  
Take 'em down into the basement where Jason asleep  
You don't wanna end up missin' for dissin', capiche?

Miss me with the bullshit  
(Nigga, I made like thirteen million in France and shit)  
Bitch, miss me with the bullshit  
('Bout a hunnid of them niggas, it's only me, I'm killin' everything movin')  
Just miss me with the bullshit  
(You know that New Jack City? Nigga, they made that off me, I'm Nino Brown!)  
Miss me with the bullshit  
(I done made my, I made my first million when I was 15)  
Bitch, miss me with the

Mmh, don't come around 'ere  
Especially if bloke ain't from around 'ere  
Body with the dope call top around 'ere  
Lookin' for some help, no luck around 'ere  
Better off home, dem bust around here  
Real life Gs, no buster, brown ear  
You don't wanna try to be tough around 'ere  
Brainsick nigga, get the fuck around here

Back with the Sick  
Shit that make 'em wanna go out and get

Anybody even say the wrong shit  
They gon' really feel the steel when I hit  
When this shit go \*Bow, bow\*  
Everybody hit the ground  
Don't nobody wanna feel the wrath from the 223 rounds  
Tie them all up in the bathroom stall frozen, face down  
Threw 'em in the trunk with the 15s, trust me, they pound  
Wowzer! They don't want it with the Bowser  
Get the kitchen knife from out the kitchen and I wait for you up in the shower  
Didn't even want the bread, rather be up in the bed watching Power  
Try'na figure out a nigga' next move, but the rent due by the hour  
I will cut 'em all up into bitty pieces and I put the meat up in the batter  
Listen, when they sizzle, put 'em on a griddle, figure out a way to butter,  
when it matter  
I be in the middle when the bullet whizzin', 'bout to make 'em fizzles, every  
body scatter  
They don't wanna come and get it, I be with it, fill 'em with the shit that  
really make 'em splatter, on Brain  
(Whoo!) Low pro' like an Ewok  
Feelin' just like Mike, I might moonwalk with some Reeboks  
Sick of niggas playin' tough too but I promise you he not  
Twenty plus up in the game and stay droppin' these heat rocks  
No cap, no word of mouth, say truth  
Fuck it, I'ma go and turn shit into Beirut  
When they pull up, better know ain't no talkin', they shoot  
Puttin' one up in your dome just like when I, wait, oops  
Oops, I don't wanna say too much, I do bust  
Have a nigga pull around the corner from this song and shoot through us  
Take it back to those days when I either passed out or threw up  
When the Babylon wanna pull up, we stand there like, "Who, us?"  
(Who, us?) Yeah nigga, better know who you're dealin' with  
Little niggas from the park after dark out here killin' shit  
Stay the fuck up in the house if you're coughin' and feelin' sick  
How the fuck is that? I've been ill from beginnin', bitch

Miss me with the, bullshit  
(Bullshit, bullshit)  
Miss me with the bullshit  
(Miss me, miss me, mi- mi- miss me)  
Bitch, miss me with the bullshit  
(Miss me, miss me, miss me)  
Just miss me with the bullshit  
(Miss me, miss me, mi- mi- miss me)  
Miss me with the bullshit  
(Miss me, miss me, miss me)  
Bitch, miss me with the

Brainsick, motherfucker