

## Nitrous

## Twisted Insane

You would think I was dreamin',  
But I wasn't sleeping,  
Bitch and my dealer was creepin',  
Handle the pump if anyone want the funk open the trunk and jump in the deep  
end,  
Motivated by the, Pistol, money, and pussy,  
Feelin' the cap and it's foggy,  
Kill 'em all up, Fill 'em all up,  
Middle of the night,  
So nobody saw me,  
Gotta' be evasive,  
Shoot niggas in faces,  
Stickin' their boyfriends in cases,  
Teach 'em the basis,  
'Cause I bet there's somebody that'll blow your noodle for laces,  
How many smelt it?,  
The body up in the next room been dead for weeks,  
But how many felt it?,  
The feeling that somebody's backin' up outta their sleep,  
I am the phenom,  
Mercal Fur,  
Sick up on the block,  
You don't really wanna' be the motherfucka' all up in my face before you get  
erased like chalk,  
And that was my venom,  
Chew niggas like gremlins,  
Put 'em in the pot with the noodles,  
And a bullet through the knee'll rip a nigga a brand new asshole,  
(The whole kit and kaboodle),  
You niggas is poodles,  
And me and my niggas be only for other people, (Fools)  
Gangbangin' on google?,  
You niggas are killin' me,  
Fillin' you up with the tools,

Murder music?,  
You niggas can't hear?,  
Rip off your ear like Tyson,

Fuck 'em all up, cut 'em all up, slice 'em  
Kill 'em all up, fill 'em all up, nitrous  
(Nitrous)

-Yeah it was the millimeter of the loaded gun,  
They don't wanna' be the reason a nigga wasn't breathin' when the blood hit  
the tip of his lung,  
Poppin' at a motherfucka' like a nigga was a nothin' in the middle of the st  
reet  
He was losin',  
His life, his mom, his wife, his rhymes,  
He fights these niggas instead of constantly choosin'  
(I was just bruisin'),  
Feelin' like David Palmer, (Reference to the the show 24)  
Hit 'em with a millimeter, look around the corner, poppin' off in California  
like the nigga was Dahmer,  
Hit 'em all up but be careful 'cuz you ain't the only nigga who is psycho,  
Layin' in the middle of the street dead,

With your family yelling "Michael!"  
How many give 'em abusive,  
Thinking I'll give 'em a bit of this music,  
Sit up and listen to my shit for days,  
While you just sippin' up off of the fluid,  
Then you proceed to pick up the grenades,  
And get to bustin' away at the buick,  
Some niggas just wanna' get paid,  
But they never even do shit,  
Wake up the monster,  
Up in the dark,  
Wandered off with the devil himself,  
I'm going bazonkers,  
Creepin' through blocks in the night, watchin' out for my health,

Murder music?,  
You niggas can't hear?,  
Rip off your ear like Tyson,

[Devil:] What seems to be troubling you my son?  
[Twisted Insane:] Seems like there ain't nobody really payin' attention... A  
in't nobody really payin' attention when I speak to 'dem.. You know?  
[Devil:] Why do they not listen?  
[Twisted Insane:] I really couldn't tell you... I'm not them...  
[Devil:] Make them hear you  
[Twisted Insane:] You know what, you right, Imma try homie, Imma try

Does anybody even listen to me when I speak?,  
Nobody believes me,  
I'm sick of these niggas sittin' in the dark gettin' geeked,  
Just up in the club,  
Forty, me, and my nuts,  
Posted up and we deep in the tomb,  
Ken?, Ryu?, Blanca? Guile?  
Hit 'em with a sonic boom, (Street Fighter reference)  
Think about life in a blacked out room,  
With no kinda' weed or rolled swisher to burn,  
Her mom and her sister can both be deaf as far as I'm concerned,  
([Devil:] It is now my turn)

Murder music?,  
You niggas can't hear?,  
Rip off your ear like Tyson,