

## Voices

### Twisted Insane

Yeah, come take a voice from the dead  
2 venomous livers, to spittin' poisonous lead  
Sick of demented to with the voice in my head  
Ship it somethin', represent your boys gettin' bread  
To push a nigga cause I'm close to the Ed  
Take another semi, equip it to get ghosts and the feds  
Creepin' and dippin' with 24's in the shed  
Sippin' no Hennessy, got goin' off the man  
Twisted and sticky spinners, my niggas is with the business, now give me a pretty bitch in a stroke givin' head  
All my bitches are thicker than Rose or the rest. Yeah  
For reason of insanity. I creep with the matter-blaster, for 3 and you anoto my, indeed I'm a savage packin', don't be another tragedy, for we just be gassin' as it, eatin' niggas drastically  
I got that cannibalistic flow, so I got the kiss and go  
Pivot ahead and bringin' a doe  
Through the traffic, get 'em all scratched  
My niggas have his kid so, instead of niggas get blasted with the blaster they stole. Yo mama!  
Catch me in the track catchin' Yola  
See my social stain, group with the game, spittin' the flame, grippin' the game, with Twisted Insane  
Killin' off motherfuckers, them sick in the brain

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And I be hearing voices at me  
Every night and telling me  
To come in your house and  
Kill em all it could've been easy  
Everybody would've been sleep  
I tippy toe and creep  
Pullin' back the sheets, hit em and everybody's bleeding  
Voices talking me to, tellin' me skin 'em, where to begin  
I go in and I then I put pin their faces on the wall, bloody murder, cook a nigga like burger they walking but they ain't taking I'ma have to make your body fall  
I would've stop but  
The voices keep telling me to keep goin' and kill 'em  
I would've rather keep goin' and get em up  
Fill em up with that voodoo  
Whatever I can't believe I'm in the dirt, fucked up but the voices want me to murder and just to put this shit on YouTube  
Feed 'em whenever they want to get fed  
Anyone against us they will get lead  
Drain! Now they all lay in pools of red

They all bled from the voices that talk in my head

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Everything that this little jimety cricket motherfucker's tellin' me, commit in' a felony, hopin' I could bring 'em away from the jealousy that they be s pillin' up on the streets, I'm choppin' it up for lunch, get me boppin' it up with that punk beat. Killin' his fuckin' family, get Bill in the ceilin', if you think you can chill on me when I'm crawlin' up on the ceilin', you ta kin' some penicillin but there's nobody here healin', I bet that you fear blood in the sight of a needle

THIS IS AN EXCORCISM

Man I'm a losin' the evil, that's the rule of the people, that's why I'm breakin' 'em all off a chunk of undead, amongst the purple and red, the voices tellin' me to take of their head. Bringin' 'em down, down, to defeat. It's okay cause they be the same people that need their face rearranged, see the fangs when I fuck up and Twisted Insane, there's no way I'm ever going to maintain

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The voice is talkin' to me, the voice is talkin' to me, they don't believe it when I tell 'em demons walkin' with me. I can see it, the fire breathin', mama preachin', but it don't help I'm off the deep end. Now I'm off in a land, prob'ly never comin' back, take a walk to the lost; nigga tell me whatchu find. Every shutter van, conversating with my man, left the dark, in your heart, and everything will be fine. Mind of a psycho, gotta find a kill Ima feel it when I catch you slippin', hit 'em with the grub, then I realize I'm talkin' to myself, I really mean it when I say I'm slippin' a dog

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