

4 Those of You

Twiztid

Ya hear that. We off the train tracks homeboy outta control, me and madrox rockin bitch, slappin the world. I say some shit to make the crows crow quick, little bitch, paint a picture lice picasso from the blood when it drips. Take a sip it makes me stronger than the strongest man, and my mind takes a journey to the farthest land, I'm the whole worlds kryptonite, I got these bitches on they knees, kissing hands, cryin, beggin for they life. I'm a butcher knife to the neck, gotta go (what), 1 you just a ho (right), 2 you ain't a juggalo. (believe that) bitch you watch your mouth and represent, you get your head split quick, some shit they can't stitch. I'm a scrub for life, don't let the hairstyle ? with a bag a weed, looking to blow it. Those who don't know it I'm monoxide, blaze up a smoke, and pass that shit to your boy and give his bitch a choke. Biatch!
I hate everyone...I hate everyone...I hate everyone...I hate everyone

For those of you that don't know, it's Mr. Madrox (yeah), first name's Jamie, can't nobody see me in my world of m-o-n-o on the m-I-c and basically my little brother Blaze put it down with thug mentality (that's right). We represent the vicinity of the East (Eastside) bustin free no love for hoes or the police. What you thought is was bumpin weak shit need to get some hatchet in your life. Cause don't perpetrate like we don't know yesterday you was a hater but today you's a juggalo (biatch). you just a punk wearin cheap nanny coats tryin ta fall up in the flock with the same hokey-dokey. I turn you into smoke (breathe it in) second hand im stayin underground just lost 100 grand so fuck a fan base (Yeah). Show me family face (yeah) no matter they size, shape, or race.

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First off, (here we go), whoever trippin get the shot off, 1 in to the back of your head, actin like the dead, don't play, 12 s hells a day, still put it down for my g's around the way (hey hey) ain't nobody tryin ta step to better watch you mouth homeboy I'll powerplex you, into the mat, now picture that youre style so skinny your nose is hella hella phat. Fat enough to kick it wit a gang of hood rats in the back of a chicken shack. We relax in you jaw like a side effect and fuck you hood rat hoes, in the project. Got a 12 guage and I'm holdin it down, who wanna ride with me cause I'm headed east with bail. Callin D dumpin t-w-I-z t-I-d b-l-a-z-e and we ride to till infinity (yeah)

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