

Down With Us

Twiztid

They call us strange, they call us twiztid,
But we remain I'm with the misfits
Bringing the pain, so you can just get down with us, down with us
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Woe woe

Temporary pain and everlasting images
Just like tattoos that cover my appendages
Practices and scrimmages
Stay sharp rehearsing lines and sentences
To kill the man in the mirror
My own personal nemesis
Pen inside the ink and no paper
Now that's a casualty
I spit dextrose
My mouth is full of cavities
You minor outta your league
You besta call the cavalry
Terrestrial bodies fall
Toward the center of gravity
Meaning your fall if you battle me
Too tight to rattle me
Spill ya blood on the canvas
And hang it in ya gallery
Full of substance so many empty
Like their calories
Allergic to fake bitches
The doctor call my allergies and
Pencil an appointment accustomed to disappointment
We be doing our own thang and gained some new enjoyment
It's a brand new nightmare
Bloody and unclear
To infinity and beyond roll like
Woody and light year

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You said I put the eye in evil
Well let me put a needle in your eye
And call it a peek hole into your mind
And I've decided to eat ya
And I don't give a fuck if you come looking for peace
Fam to me we all beefin'
And apparent J's with a meat cleaver
Quick to clear the block with a chalk
Call it ya street sweeper fuck a cop
He just wanted to kill a creature
Who was fuckin his daughter in a pair of sum sweet sneakers
Tell me, who gives it how you want it when ya need it

When the rest of em retreated to pleated and even turned their backs
On the people who really needed I'm just stating facts
You needa watch the shit you tatt on your back
And me and Jamie we ain't a couple of hacks
Roaming the industry lookin' for fat checks
Were the dopest of what we be the wicked abstract
And we never going out like that

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Better get yo hands together,
Grab a chainsaw, axe, whatever
It's show time but I'm much worse than
Dexter and Hannibal Lecter
Can you handle the pressure
When you channel and fester the evil professor
Leave you looking like a pez dispenser
Tied up in the road with a pentagram in the center
Evil lose like the number one contender
Say goodbye to your champ as I consume the pretender

Brought your butcher knives, axes, and wicked shit
We got blood soaked microphones and we won't quit
They want drugs, bitches, and a skull to crush
And all of them are down with us
We got them knives who love to use
Their on each and everyone of you
You might even find a gun or two
Just know that we do it all for you
"HELL YEA!"

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