

## How Does It Feel?

Twiztid

This old time radio program was originally aired live  
Long before the advent of high fidelity  
As a result you may detect an occasional surface noise or volume drop  
Due to transmission problems so common to old radio.  
We hope however that any variants in audio quality  
Will not take away from your pleasure in listening to this,  
One of the all time favorites....  
How does it feel to be you  
How does it feel to feel the way you do  
It's so decisive  
And I don't care if you like or you hate me  
I know you muthafuckas bout to underrate me  
Looking through your window  
As a thunder bolt strikes the ground  
Wind blowing through the trees making irritating sounds  
Like the voice in the back of my head when I'm immune  
To the confines of Dracula's tomb  
9th rate man made Nosferata  
Child of the night sending shocks through your body  
Fatter than Poveratti  
Speak softly  
Or back up off me  
Feline before I gaze in your eyes and blow your mind  
Sickness what I depicted is ordered and evicted  
Frequently described as being Twiztid or wicked  
Predicted many sights seen happening to lives  
Perform on the daily in disguise  
Sinister  
Tell the minister to bless my soul  
Momma made me mind broken and went outta control  
Smash the remote control through television screen  
Blame it on the movie or a dream, it's all the same  
Mind games, little prodigies paralyzed  
Swollen little brain mesmerized  
Then he dies  
Left alone in a world full of hate  
Body rots away while his mind incubates  
How does it feel to be you  
How does it feel to feel the way you do  
It's so decisive  
And I don't care if you like or you hate me  
I know you muthafuckas bout to underrate me  
How does it feel to be you  
How does it feel to feel the way you do  
It's so decisive  
And I don't care if you like or you hate me  
I know you muthafuckas bout to underrate me  
You label me a paranoid schizophrenic  
Known on this planet for 2 things  
Talkin shit and automatic  
Mind gets transferred in little walks through the woods  
Bury you alive if I could  
Robin through the hood with a body in the trunk  
Unidentified because he's known as a chump  
I hear him keep talking junk in my ear  
But nobody else can hear  
I look around and I'm feeling weird

Palms are sweaty I'm about to black out  
Last chance but nothing could stop this Twiztid sprout.  
I'm all about mad cussing  
Fuck you and the red Martian  
Peon wrecking and skull crushing  
Turning bitches to dust and when I recite you folks die  
Like I creep in the night, I let your soul fly  
So high that I never touch ground  
Make it so your bodies never found  
Another Unsolved Mystery  
Looking for some nobody  
Every single night on TV  
Try to get me to see .  
My eyes closed and rolled back  
Holdin a thought deep in my mind about a car jack  
Another brake down in the middle of the street  
People just kept moving they feet  
Treat me like a freak, so how am supposed to act  
So when you see me muthafucka be prepared for the axe  
How does it feel to be you  
How does it feel to feel the way you do  
It's so decisive  
And I don't care if you like or you hate me  
I know you muthafuckas bout to underrate me  
How does it feel to be you  
How does it feel to feel the way you do  
It's so decisive  
And I don't care if you like or you hate me  
I know you motherfuckas bout to underrate me  
We're going vampire hunting with a 9 millimeter  
Our souls our blessed by Mary Magdalene and Saint Peter  
Eat a bit of flesh but I call it the host  
Am I dead, alive, or just a ghost  
Comatose midrange, 2 dollars and some change  
Hoping, picturing sanity but I'm feeling so insane  
Got a migraine headache, my stomach hurts...