

# Laughable

Twiztid

One of us has to go  
W-w-w-won't be me  
Cuz that shit's laughable  
Yeah, that shit's laughable

Three eyed beast  
Way past peace  
I'm a tangent or a rant  
A sick therapeutic release  
I'm thick speech  
And long winded  
Side effects of the gifted  
Everyone tied with weights  
To they ankles and it's your job to see they lifted  
Inspired like a thirsty vampire  
With a spare tire and a blood glucose addiction  
Tell em suck it  
This one for the bucket list  
Ain't no one in the game still do it for the fuckin love of it  
Beneath the ground I'm under it  
Not a flash in the pan  
Like the lightning before the fuckin thunder hits  
Drop that bass and feel it in your soul  
Unless your shit is sold  
And if so  
Don't holla at us no fuckin mo  
Me and my brother  
On another level  
So devil fucking angel  
GOD we bringing it all together  
(Me and my brother  
On another level  
So devil fucking angel  
GOD we bringing it all together)

If ya'll stand in my way  
Then I might lose control  
And imma let my shit spray  
Cuz one of us has to go  
And no it won't be me  
Cuz that shit's laughable  
That shit's laughable  
Ya that shit's laughable

Yo, yo, yo  
Never stop breathin'  
And never stop squeezin'  
Till that pistol start squeakin'  
I never found a reason  
I should not leave you not leakin'  
Shadow Army is the Gang  
East Coast is my region  
Day one seasoned  
Gemstar cheekin'  
Get ripped on till you sit calm  
And this ya last season  
Track bleeding the song cryin'

I hear it weepin'  
I'm up early hunting and creepin'  
Y'all still sleepin'  
Thug culture  
Street cred's kosher  
Used to duck Chevy suburbans  
Now that's my chauffeur  
Nights got the block hot  
The days getting colder  
You couldn't picture my life  
With high res exposure  
Trained by The OGs  
To hold my composure  
Sacrifice rats and break bread with the vultures  
One for my lifers  
And peace to my soldiers  
One family one love they can't hold us

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Liberated from the feelin  
Like I was kneelin  
To politic an appealin  
To counterfeit rhetoric  
From the mouth of it  
Evident from the minute  
I would stand up and acknowledge it  
Now everyone agrees  
We wish ya momma woulda swallowed it  
Confident I'm a lot of it  
Not a bit of the drama  
Get in the way of my commas  
And that'll get me to slaughterin'  
We the kings of the bottom  
But we toppin' everything that ya brought in  
And now I'm walking  
In the fire while they burn a coffin  
We cant stop  
Ready for war  
Wasn't ready for us  
And if I was keepin up with the score  
Then I bet it's a little more  
Than like 150 to nothin us  
You should've never had em  
Try to levee the trust  
Now you became a bevy  
Of everything I disgust  
I know this shit is heavy  
Like you're holdin' my nuts  
With no if, ands, or buts  
I'm the one ya discuss  
Now hands up

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