

Meat cleaver

Twiztid

'Yeah!
Let me know.(Whats that.)
Myzery.(Word up!)
Twiztid and the Insane Clown Posse.(Know what I'm sayin?)
Formin a fifty foot voltron on your ass.(Bitch Ass)
(See what Im sayin? Psychopathic style, nigga!)
Your worst nightmares couldn't fuck with this.(What you gonna do?)
Run that shit!''

Im runnin wit the pyschopathic.
Make a move and shit gets drastic.
Leave you motha fuckas in caskets.
Wrap your reynolds ?
Cause we psychoschmatic and schizophrenic lunatiks.
Holdin our balls ???? to my dick.
We real shit bitch.
Run and tell a friend twiztid end of the beginning because the beginning
of the end.
The world dealt me a healthy hand of pain and lies.
You can see the hate in my eyes.
Its no surprise.

It aint shit, best believe that.
Suckas claimin they paid and cant handle the weed tacks.
I leave tracks like a needle you know me as the fifth beetle.
Fucked up beyond ??
I hit toledo like a troop but what?
Leavin your conscience in a ?? but what?
Fuck a smith and wesson ?knife? and grabbed it look at what?
And right before I shoot ya.
I snap your back like I was lex luger.
Chronic weed abuser.

As we capitilize and enterprise music scenes.
Money movtivated goal in a dream.
Like martin luther king.
Hesitators pause.
While we crack they jaws.
Swoopin over they town like super balls.
Woop! Woop!

Id ???? and its on like that.
Makin suckas spasm so hard they lungs collapse.
Twiztid's the sound, somethin that your worst nightmares couldnt fuck wit.
Prepare to run bitch, cause I'm runnin wit a meat cleaver.

Runnin with a meat cleaver, go!
And if you missed it the name is Twiztid.
Runnin with a meat cleaver, go!
?Boliqua? Myzery Para La Isla.
Runnin with a meat cleaver, go!
Shaggs and J, Insane Clown Posse.
Runnin with a meat cleaver, go!
Pyschopathic!

Straight from the N.Y. ? Myzery ?red eye? invasion.
Da minority and jumpsteady plottin retaliation.

Sufficated dirty kats.
Player hated gats.
We pack in. Scullys and army jackets.
Handed out in pyschopathic.
I got a plan so stack the ammo in the trunk.
The word is downtown we dont front.
Spark the blunt, give them what they want.
Psycho thugs.
Known as slugs loco.
In laca vasa getaway rides insta basa.
?????????
My shit is jammed before you planned.
But he's wounded.
Bally move quick or ??? me
Bein chased down this dark alley.
Im on that ass allready hollerin ??
Pull out my blade carved it in him like im masana.
Go back to the ride floor recorpses.
No remorses. Pyschopathic and Spanish Side we joinin forces.

I smell garlic, my head hurts.
Cause my brain is cursed, by voodoo wizards.
My skin turns blue and I start to shake.
My tongue comes out like a snake. Pfffffff!

Zoonga, Oonga, Whooleegoovoo.
That's why you hearin them voodoo flows.
You don't know what it meant till the next day you wack up.
With your dick in your homies butt.

I might grabbed your face, twist your neck and then let it go.
BBBBBBBBllllllllllllllll.
Then shaggy climbs up my back.
Then we attack, and hit ya.
Like a ten foot ninja.
I paint my face like a clown.
Other times I paint it like sting and come down.
The rafters up at the mall.
And throw old folks to the ropes.
And chop there throats.
Wooooooo!

But I aint no wrestler.
I'm a serial murderous killer molestor.
Nah, I'm just juggalin your balls a bit.
It's J who's into that shit.
Yeah fuck you!(Violent J)
And if you wanna get lippy.(lippy)
I'll stretch your lips out and call you skippy(HEHEHE).

Bottem line is we twiztid like Sam Kinison's back.
After the car wreck.

[Chorus 1x]