

# Monstrosity

Twiztid

House of Krazees  
HOK... HOK  
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Monstrosity, our anthologies, new velocity  
It's probably in perportion to people's disturbing curiosity  
Everyone likes a psycho, especially (Krazee) freek shows  
When enchained, on display, and amusement of all the people  
"Look mom he's waving back at me is he actually  
Sick enough to kill me and eat me after he capture me?  
Or will he keep me alive?"  
Picture my anamosity  
The thought of me killin' you 'fore I eat you is generosity!  
The world has no apologies to offer me, they bother me  
With talks of perfection while I'm walkin' amongst so awkwardly  
Talk of me and my brothers with flashlights under covers  
Like ghost stories at night to scare the shit out of each other  
Is it possible to kill 'em all in their sleep without a fight?  
I don't know but role the dice  
And close your eyes and say good night  
We waitin' to strike  
Deep in the dark with them shark teeth  
Intoxicated from the anxiety, fear, and disbelief

The sick generation  
(This one's third eye is set to spying...)  
Where are the ride of sky's men?  
Sick of the way that I cry when  
Wish I rush stuff like a bison  
While teeth get sharp as a lycan  
Utilize all of my outlets  
Take me about this, no can't do that  
Blew out my brains and they grew back  
Blew out your brains, I'mma use that  
No simply crazy and you can't get my station  
I'm not even on my way, a frequency scale  
My rhythmatic form, how it rips it right off the back  
And our army is finicky, vengeance swells  
You hatin' this male  
You chopped down my sails  
I'm drinkin' the shit cause I'm sick  
The price of my body  
Rippin' you outta my conscious for all  
The nigga's a monster

(Now check this one here...)  
Gotta hit my brain right?  
Before I leave behind a  
A murderer scene at arrival in one of your gang fights  
And I'll do it in plain sight, I'm underground like a drain pipe  
I'm like a monster lookin' for something to eat by daylight  
Please don't let me leave from the house  
Or I'll become the next killer the news is talkin' about  
You've got nothin' more than a mouth  
And I spout evil and poison

I can never be casted out  
I'm a monster without a doubt  
And I'm walkin' around with nothin' but trouble  
I hear 'em shout, I'm a ("Monster!")  
And I believe I am  
So I'm about to get to killin' every one I can  
Better call a coroner then  
I'm on the loose and it looks like I got bath salts in my hands  
I don't think I'll ever understand  
So I just drown out all my feelings with killin's and contraband