

Monstrosity

Twiztid

House of Krazees
HOK... HOK
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Monstrosity, our anthologies, new velocity
It's probably in proportion to people's disturbing curiosity
Everyone likes a psycho, especially (Krazees) freek shows
When enchain'd, 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 rhythmic 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