

## On the other end

Twiztid

Put me on public display and showcase  
So there's an equal opportunity for everyone to hate me  
I know you think it's a lie and it's a scam  
Fuck the music, fuck the time, and fuck who I am from where I stand  
We digest shit like flies on trashcans  
Overseers of the east revive when on pentagrams  
Time to open your mind possessed by the rhymers  
eventually how they wind up  
Damaged, innocence isn't a friend  
So it's hard to overlook and pretend where it all started  
Half hearted and semi skilled still today  
unfuckwithable and unreal  
Unbearable and unheard, unmentioned and disrespected  
I'm on levels and just words  
Subtract us and rob us of our confidence  
But obstacles and booby traps are hateration nonsense

Now on the other end of this microphone  
(Is the problems of a man whose mind is fucked up!)  
And on the other side of the speaker spark  
(Is a nation that don't give a fuck You think we don't care)  
Now on the other end of the raps we spit  
(You can see that we don't give a shit, I think you don't care)  
And on the other side of the music we play  
(I question if you still relate, can you, can you relate?)

Now I been both punked and spit on  
Laughed at and hit on  
You never had a clue that you were fucking with a time bomb  
Now people see me on the streets and wanna talk  
But when I lived right down the block though it was never worth the walk  
And I ain't gotta talk, all I had to do was sit and listen  
Home in the dark while you hope that I diminish  
And when I finish the judge will give me twenty years flat  
Cause I went up in the studio and murdered a track  
You got me pissed off and angry  
You thought this would change me?  
You gotta come better than that, I ain't afraid  
See your pit bulls are dead and we're the only dogs left instead  
To rightfully guide the misled  
It's been ten long years and all my blood, sweat, and tears  
Is the reason I'm standing right here willing to die for mine  
Blinded by the shadows of crooks  
Another day another page in the book

Are you ready?  
Seeing for who we are we ain't hidin no more, we right here  
Are you ready? Do you relate to the pain  
and what we're saying in the music that you claim to hear