

## P3.1

Twiztid

Yah, hehehehe, aye, aye

The things you say, they keep fucking up my mind (My mind)  
What will it take just to push it all away? (I don't know, all hope is lost)  
It's no mistake when you feel it, it's your time (Time-time)  
The dead of night come, go and take you away (Close your eyes, release and let go)

I'm the shape of the Myers boy  
Shadow of the Kirk masked even though my name is homage to McCoy (Yeah)  
Dammit Jim! I'm a doctor, not a mannequin (Naw)  
Flip a coin, take a dark path like I'm Anakin (Yeah, yeah, yeah)  
Slaughter all the Padawan, protégés in mad amounts  
Me and all myself are out this world like Astronomicon  
Shameless plug, I'm the light switch  
My cordless mic is rusted shut from my rhyme spit  
And I'll rewind it, spit rhyme mind from shut, rusted  
Is my mic cordless busted? Stop it I'm disgusted  
Playing and they can't touch it  
I'ma let my little homie Cody holler at your nugget

I'ma show 'em off the rip I ain't the one to be fucked with (Damn)  
I'll pull up to your function with a loaded 12 gauge buckin'  
Fuck a concussion, blow the seeds out the side of your pumpkin  
Burn rubber down your street, then proceed to get blunted (Pump-pump)  
I'm Mr. Manson, I'm the master of puppets  
I got a bitch on each finger, every one of them love it (Brra, brra, brra)  
You throwin' shade on my name, you better switch up the subject  
Either in private or public, I'll have you starring in a snuff flick (Uh, uh, uh)  
Yeah, that's a promise too, I will fucking slaughter you  
Real gangstas move in silence, but I'll tell you what I'm 'bout to do (Hey, hey, hey)  
I tape you to a chair in your living room  
Force feed your face an ounce of shrooms  
And fuck your baby mama right in front of you

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Yo, you're talking shit to me? My history will leave you broke and blisterin'  
Unsolved just like a mystery, now tell me are you listening?  
'Cause I be speaking, spitting liquid lines consistently  
Unfolding victory, you ain't even up in my periphery  
Specifically I'm slippery and spitting differently  
It's not DiGiorno, it's delivery  
I'ma put you out your misery  
And my artillery is gonna hit you kamikaze  
To your face, ain't no motherfuckin' way that you could stop me (Stop me, stop me, stop me)  
Bitch you better bow down 'cause I've been hearing around town  
You've been talking helly smack and no  
You ain't takin' my crown though

Believe me we can go rounds, we ain't ever gonna slow down  
Ain't nowhere for you to hide out 'cause we run the fucking underground

I've been killing shit, boy it's been a grip  
Ask me how long (how long), why's it matter bitch (Matter bitch)  
On the grind now, certified asshole  
Treacherous, murderous, stabbing with a flagpole  
Every day is Halloween, make an effigy  
Of your favorite rapper, then burn it, clever see?  
Never heavenly, bring 'em hell like Hades  
Still a smart ass, bitter fans hate me  
'Cause who I roll with, bitches talk spiteful  
Can't drop bullshit, petty like high school  
I see the shots, I can pop shots too  
This is hip-hop, I can rock the block too

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Uhh, fucking up my brain (My brain)  
Never gon' feel a pain like this  
Never gon' miss when I'm busting at your bitch  
But hey, I can't complain (can't complain), the fuck is this?  
Some motherfucker got his pumpkin in my face about to catch my fist  
I'ma make it my mission to find ya (find ya), I'm right behind ya  
Hear the tone of your motherfucking brain spraying out your dome (Dome)  
'Cause I'm a surgeon with the chrome (Chrome)  
Show up at your fucking home (Home)  
Show 'em what I do to haters, livestream it on my phone  
Mike Bones, ha, binge a magician  
My mission is to switch 'em to admit they just dicks  
And they stick on that bullshit, so quit them addictions  
To making whack shit in hopes somebody listens 'cause it ain't me

Okay, I've been about it, get her the burger and the fries  
Yeah I In-N-Out it, it's plenty murder on my mind  
I can't get around it, and if these rappers were my sons  
They wouldn't get allowance, they'd all be getting grounded  
For the way their shit is sounding  
I rhyme circles, motherfucker  
Yeah, I spin around it  
I'm Stan Lee whipping kitchen powder  
And you like Superman if he ain't ever get his powers  
Just a regular stiff, hey yo, this shit is ours  
Any little beefs'll get devoured, I'ma kill this coward  
Artists get a little taste of clout and they start feeling sour  
Actin' like I wasn't fucking with them from the day  
Now they all want to be James, I can tell by the things

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