

Story Of Our Lives

Twiztid

I want everybody listenin' now to say this
Twiztid is the muthafuckin' shit
And everybody else that feels that I'm a little outta line
Come see me when you hittin' rewind and you will find
That I'm an ex-con, serial killa
Axe-wieldin' for realla, big gorilla
As I walk in the shadow of death
I bitch slapped his ass and then light a cigarette
I told you all I was addicted to do drugs an weird sex
And puttin' holes in the back of ya neck, carnival reject
Respect, like you do the Don Dadda
When you see me, give ya boy a holla
Got the world in a shock collar
Like a rottweiler on the loose
Running trains on ya girl's caboose
Don't believe in the truce
We gonna fight until somebody here dies
I been here since 1865 ain't no lies

This is the story of our lives
Come and take a look in my eyes
Keep it real and tell me no lies
We've been waiting for you (here we go)

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We came through the door kicking that bitch off the hinge
We was knockin' but wouldn't nobody let us in
It's the incredible, edible, white chocolate rappers
We came on the scene bustin the cabbage-patch backwards
D-I-T-Z-I-W-T
We was born connected at the hip like Siamese
Twins, we comin' out with the underground sound
And one finger on each hand and you can count them

Fuck everybody here mad it's not about them
And tucked inside of my bag, is a problem
Underground, feel the ground shake
Feel it vibrate, watch ya girl gyrate
We can rule the whole world if we choose
But instead we kick the wickedest blues
And I refuse to lose the demographic
Of the people who choose to put the hearts inside of the black magic
(and here we go!)

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We write voodoo sayings on the fronts of T-shirts
So that when people read 'em, they will become creatures
Still comin' with the Ultra-man flow
That'll linger in your brain and constantly echo
We ain't in it to be rich, we're in it to reach folks
And change lives and put you up on shit you ain't know
That's about it
You're in the midst of some maniacs
That will unload a microphone in your dome as if its a gat
So conceal the unreal and if the fruit is mass appeal
Where the worms eating their way from under the apple peel
With all juice, and no pulp fiction
No \$1.99 a minute for our prediction,
We smash mics like with the rhymes we recite
Keep this muthafucka hype from now til sun light,
Now do you really need a shovel to dig it
And wit the flip of a coin we can be righteous or wicked.

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