

## Twiztid F/ Blaze, Anybody Killa, Three 6 Mafia "5ves"

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(Muad'Dib vocal scratching) 1...2...3...4...5...(x2)

Chorus:

(Muad'Dib vocal scratching) One..  
(Felix)...Is for the live shows  
(Muad'Dib) Two..  
(Felix)...Is for the beats and  
(Muad'Dib) Three..  
(Felix)...Is for the woman who sleeps under my sheets  
so  
(Muad'Dib) Four..  
(Felix)...Is for the energy that builds exponentially  
(Muad'Dib) Five..  
(Felix)...is for my friends that keep on reinventing me

(chorus repeats twice)

First verse:

(Felix)  
On the fifth day  
My day off  
I'm up early  
The early worm gets the big bite by little birdie  
The early bird gets gets chased and caught by the cat  
Watch your back little birdie  
Cause I'm up  
from my nap  
Yes I got a cable T.V  
And I got a cable mic  
It's only got...(Muad'Dib) One..  
(Felix)...channel, but the reception is tight  
I'm flying by the seat of my pants  
So at the end of the night  
Your records come alive  
And beg for the daylight  
(Muad'Dib) And five miles..  
(Felix) ...away my brother is in his room  
Playing games  
Like Starcraft

And burning other people to flames  
And likewise  
Right here  
Right now  
The show of aggression has..  
(Muad'Dib)...Five..  
(Felix)...fingers and..  
(Muad'Dib)...One..  
(Felix)...mic  
Next lesson  
The session gets deeper  
Follow me through  
I brought my pen and pad  
And just a little inspiration  
To guide with you  
You could just listen and learn  
Itching to burn  
Vision for the rhyme of giving to return

Chorus

(musical interlude-drums, base, keyboards)  
(Muad'Dib vocal scratching over musical interlude)  
1...2...3...4...5... (x2)

Second verse:

(Felix)  
Wake up, it's early morning  
Get dressed  
Turn on my radio  
Another beautiful day  
in my neighborhood  
Since the morning's when I'm mostly inspired  
Though I'm still a bit tired  
I write because I'm feeling  
Like the flava's good  
Saturday was yesterday  
Last week  
And nothing's open now  
except coffee shops  
Which really ain't my style  
I smile as I'm writing this world is still asleep  
And it's just me and the sun  
And we're conversing for a while  
Now it's..  
(Muad'Dib)...Five...(Felix)...Fifty..  
(Muad'Dib)...Five..  
(Felix)...in the early  
And the shadow on my lawn becomes a midget  
As the sun comes rolling along  
A little bit more hustle

As I nod to my neighbors  
They have no idea that they could be in this song  
Their cool is still the dopest person out there  
My mother  
She accepts me for my rap  
As if rapping is my lover  
And she, she accepts me for my rapping of course  
Because art needs inspiration needs a source  
Don't blink on...(Muad'Dib)...Five..  
(Felix)...PM on this day  
I'm driving by  
Driving away  
Driving to say  
That my throat hurts from all the talking and really no  
work  
And everybody is writing calling Felix a jerk  
So what doesn't make you wince now  
can only make you better  
We'd all be better swimmers  
If the earth was really wetter  
The moral of the story is to remain untold  
And never really ends  
It just twists and unfolds saying..

(chorus) x4

(musical interlude, fades out)

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