

Twiztid f/ Blaze Ya Dead Homie

"4 Those of You"

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I hate, hate, everyone
I hate everyone
I, I, I, hate

[Monoxide]
We off the traintracks homeboy, we outta control
Me and Madrox rockin' bitch, slappin' the world
I say some shit to make the crows crow quick
Little bitch paint a picture like Picasso from the blood
when it drip
Take a sip, it makes me stronger than the strongest
man
And my mind takes a journey to the farthest land
I'm the whole world's kryptonite, I got these bitches on
they knees
Kissin' hands, cryin', beggin' for they life
I'm a butcher knife to the neck, gotta go, what
One, you just a ho, right, two, you ain't a Juggalo,
believe that
Broads you watch your mouth and represent, you get
your head split
Quick, some shit they can't stitch
I'm a scrub for life, don't let the hairstyle throw it
With a bag of weed, looking to blow it
Those who don't know it, I'm Monoxide, blaze up a
smoke
And pass that shit to your boy and give his bitch a
choke, biatch

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[Jamie Madrox]
For those of you that don't know it's Mr. Madrox, yeah
First name Jamie, can't nobody see me
And my brother M-O-N-O on the M-I-C and basically
My little brother Blaze put it down with thug mentality,
that's right
We represent the vicinity of the East, eastside

Bustin' free, no love for hoes or the police
What you thought it was
Bumpin' weak shit, need to get some Hatchet in your
life cause
Don't perpetrate like we don't know
Yesterday you was a hater but today you's a Juggalo,
bitch
You just a punk wearin' cheap nanny coats
Tryin' to fall up in the flock with the same hokey-doke
I turn you into smoke, breathe it in, second hand
I'm stayin' underground, just lost a hundred grand
So fuck a fan base, yeah, show me family face, yeah
No matter they size, shape or race

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[Blaze]
First off, here we go, whoever trippin' get it sawed off
One into the back of your head, actin' like you're dead
Don't play, twelve shells a day
Still put it down for my G's around the way, hey, hey,
hey
Ain't nobody tryin' to step to
Better watch your mouth homeboy I'll powerplex you
Into the mat, now picture that
Your style so skinny, your nose is hella hella fat, fat
Fat enough to kick it
With a gang of hood rats in the back of a chicken shack
We relax in your jaw like a side effect
And fuck you hood rat hoes in the projects
Got a twelve gauge and I'm holdin' it down
Who wanna ride with me cause I'm headed East with
bail
Callin' D, dumpin' T-W-I-Z-T-I-D
B-L-A-Z-E and we ride till infinity, yeah

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