

## **Twiztid f/ Dark Lotus**

### **"Shock & Awe"**

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[Anybody Killa]

Don't read it, time to shut 'em down, turn another page  
Put 'em in the Blender magazine crusade  
Kill 'em all, burn 'em all, take 'em to the streets  
Another publicist dead, page one fifty-three  
Only credit was a cover, tag next months issue  
Read all about fallen bears dissin' you  
Here's a story for that ass, Lotus ready to brawl  
Bringin' you blood, shock and awe, bring it on

[Violent J]

You can't make or break me, fuck MTV  
I'm a underground killer huntin' VIP  
And murderous me following Tom home  
With a twelve inch shank about to bloody the chrome  
I cut his throat so deep, nearly cut off his head  
Thirteen wounds found in the chest of his kids  
And his wife, I still got his wife  
She be suckin' our dicks at the Pod as we write

Shock, stab 'em up, and awe, watch 'em fall  
And then back into the underworld we crawl so fuck  
y'all bitches  
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[Shaggy 2 Dope]

I pull up strappin' bombs at your tailgate parties  
Rush your gate with at least 45 of my homies  
Dissin' out pile rings, knockin' out sound man  
Jump in your mosh pit with my Hatchet in hand  
OzzFest, Blood Fest, snow corner, more  
Showin' all these faggots all about hardcore  
Tiein' hands with mic cords and burnin' down your  
stage  
All this shit in all Juggalo's names

[Monoxide]

As soon as I walk in the door I set it off  
I slap Fred Durst and the guy who plays Ross

So temptin' to rush the stage  
And choke the shit outta Chris Cornell for ruinin' Rage  
Lights go out, mind doin' again  
And when they come back on I got my dick in Lil' Kim  
I pulled off the rubber and bitch slapped Danny Glover  
Now I swing on Ashton Kutcher and I bet I get the cover

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[Jamie Madrox]  
Fuck the radio and all the songs they play  
Their playlists are wack and their DJ's are gay  
I ain't payin' you shit to play my song  
Five g's for rotatino, you know that's wrong  
Got to come with more money just to add my shit  
Gotta pay an A & R to straight suck your dick  
Take you to lunch get you all drunk and shit  
I'm like fuck nah, fuck you and the mainstream, bitch

[Blaze Ya Dead Homie]  
I bomb on all you block parties, what's that  
Fuckin' radio friendly love songs, that shit is wack  
All you candy coated rappers and red cap wearers  
I got seven slugs and eleven pallbearers  
The only block I know is a block for my gat  
When I cock the hammer and pull the trigger back  
Erasing all the top ten spots, cut out ya hearts  
And mak you number one on the dead chart bitch

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