

Edguy

"Whatz That!?!"

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Check 1, check 2
now what it feel like
they say we're just a couple in the way ass, talkin way
too fast
and all our shit, it sound like trash (what!?)
You can't see us, replicate us and try to be us
if only you swap me 2 stripe adidas
Now what you holdin down, dog your whole style is
tough
your rhymes is whack and shit don't bump
you say I'm hatin, hell naw, I'm just telling the deal
and since I hate you then I don't give a fuck how you
feel
We keep the dead jumpin put your hands in the air
you can diss the unreal, but the unreal don't really care
we don't give a fuck, more bodies up in the trunk
every day is Friday the 13th with bad luck
Somehow we made it through, don't know how,
somehow we do
without relyin on radio or interviews
Where my killers at, middle finger in the air
and we spread in the numbers everyday so be
prepared

Chorus: x4
Whats this
that's what it's like
and I don't want nobody to know
nobody

i could cut your eyeball out with a exacto blade
you still couldn't see my freekshow mindstate (twiztid)
Levitate up in the middle of the room
and have everybody shakin in they kung-fu shoes
I got madrox wit me packin a bowl
I got 17 keppin 1 in the hole
I got a stash spot that I keep on the low
incase I gotta put in work on the bitch ass juggaho
People sendin me their death threats
but I got something for you fake ass bitches better
believe that

My axe is swingin I got your blood on my face
with your body still floppin cut in half at the waist
It's like peepin with a mad man
shit it ain't nothing to loose but my shell and you can
have that
Never ? you mother fucker never die
with the axe and the pistol representin the eastside

Chorus x4

We got the dialect to dialate you intalect
we change up love and hate without no textbook or no
internet
We stomp on waves (waves) play in the graves (graves)
and we take the minds of those are listening in
interphase
and defind mind frames, everyone is king
and the pressures of the world are crumbled by the
words we sing
I contend I'm sick and pissed of all this bullshit
we all up in your face while a bone(?) is geriatric

we aint the trend of the millenium, I can tell ya that
you can keep the freestyle rap and backpack
We are the drama seekers, looking for non-beleivers
we walk on water and clouds in search of dream
weavers
I hope your glad to meet us, now get the blaze up
your just a hot dog spot bitch so raise up
You outta mind, outta body, outta spirit, outta rhymes
sneak up on behind you in the dark from behind

Chorus x4

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