

Twisted Tower Dire

"Bad Dream"

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I'm back, blowin' up like the World Trade
Throw your hands in the air while the music plays
Comin' live and direct from Dimension X
Where bitches bleed all day with no Kotex
Broke necks
Mind checks
Seranaded with these beats
How deep?
About a hundred and fifty-two feet
Don't sleep
'Cause the boogymen will steal your soul
And have you strung out on remote control
And now your mind is broken and you feel pain
What you call sanity's what I call insane
I said your mind is broken and you feel pain
What you call sanity's what I call insane
My mind's flippin' on alcohol
Tylenol
And marijuana
Still I eat the rhythm alive like a piranha
Now Madonna done fucked everybody but me
But I heard she got the clap (awwww!!)
Pass me a Newport, it could be a light
Image is nothing so I'ma drink me a Sprite
Tonight's the night
But my name ain't Betty Wright
It's Mr. Bones
And aggravating hoes please leave me alone
I'm on my own
In my little fucked up world
And I ain't got time for silly games little girl
'Cause I'm tryin' to be me
And that's all I can be
And if you see more, you best a-go and join the Army
Arm me
With the lyrics and rhythms that I be spittin'
I seen it through your panties it was written on your
kitten
Smellin' like chicken
But finger-lickin'
Nonetheless

And for my big Johnson, I got the propholactic vest
So I won't bust no bulky shot
'Cause that's highly illogical like Mr. Spock
And I ain't tryin' to be a father any time soon
And we only got one hour left in the motel room
But that's enough time for me to hit the skin
I can tell you want it baby, by the way that you grin
Let me fondle on your breasts
As we both undress
And if you let me, I'ma bust a nut all up on your chest
Bend over let me catch the rhythm as ya moan
I love it when you tighten up and try to touch your toes
As my dick smashes
Crashes
What a disaster
Clit pleaser, call me the Thigh-Master
'Cause I got a black belt in the art of Wo-Tongue-Fu
Let me lick on your vagina as you holler at the moon
Now mengo, mango
Me and Tisha did the tango
But little did I know my girl was looking through the
window
Now what was I to do, throw that bitch out in the street
Fucked up hair, no panties, and bare feet
Two...keep on fuckin' like ain't shit up
Because a couple more strokes and I'ma bust that nut
Three...play it cool, let the shit unfold
Calmly get dressed and say, "fuck both of y'all hoes."
Woke up in the backseat of a ride
Tangled in the seatbelt, smellin' like peroxide
Blood keeps gushin' from the side of my head
And I wonder to myself am I alive or dead
Reach for my dick, oh my God, I hope she didn't chop it
Try to play the lunatic like Lorena Bobbit
All up in the place, confused and distraught
She took back the new Polo shoes that she bought
She tried to play me out with a fucked up scheme
And then I blinked my eyes and woke from my bad
dream
--dream
--dream
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--dream
--dream
--dream

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