

## Twisted Tower Dire

### "Leff Field"

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Smoke a square and then prepare yourself  
Monoxide, Monox-boogie, Mo-Diddy, Mo-Something  
Smoke something, smoke a square, smoke a square  
bitch  
Me and Violent, Me and Violent J  
I'm the wickedest of wicked and by far  
I'm destined for greatness  
Killing off you people hate this  
Now you can raise us in the top notch  
Mag or book  
And we still won't give you fags a look  
Bitch boy, I'm gay-bashing  
Come see my gun  
I never hated fags till I got sued by one (by one)  
My mental picture is painting me something ugly  
And I still don't understand how my hands got all  
bloody  
It's the Juggla!  
A juggalo role-model  
I stab people in the neck with a broken beer bottle  
And then you meet me and expect a nice guy  
You're lucky I ain't stuck a screw driver in your eye yet  
(hound dogs)  
When I sign an autograph, I see you chopped up in my  
tub, soaking in a blood bath  
With demons pissing on you like ROCK THE DEAD!  
(thoughts in my head)  
I'm getting glued the fuck out with my homie fucking  
Violent J  
And we don't give a fuck about nothing you fucking  
bitches say  
We speak the word and he unheard the mystify  
And when you see us, hug your momma and give her a  
kiss goodbye  
It's a long dark ride, where you going there ain't no  
holding back  
I'm the reaper in this bitch, there ain't no coming back  
My tongue in fact conceal a casket  
And spit some shit, so off the rip, it's a classic  
Shut the fuck up, when we speaking bitch  
Ain't yo mamma ever taught you shit

We stab individuals in they fatal spots  
You got nine lives? Well I got 10 shots (yeah!)  
I remember when we first got started  
Clown paint and faygo, you thought we was retarded  
(whoo-hoo-hoo-hoo!)  
Finally got you in the front row wilin  
Now I'm gonna do it again with Zug Izland  
I'm a axe holder, user, deep throater  
Wouldn't know a juggalo if I showed ya shadowless  
My reflection still casts a demon with green eyes  
behind stained glass  
I see spirits and I talk to people that ain't there  
They seem to vanish in thin air  
Why don't you get ghost homie, raise up  
While me and Violent J roll the weed and blaze it up  
(what?)  
Real ass juggalos is all I care about (who?)  
Fuck everybody else, and I don't want to hear about  
And I don't give a fuck if you know someone that's  
down  
I'll grab you by your neck and fling your fucking head  
around  
I won't sign nothing  
Fuck taking a picture  
Fuck shaking your hand, I'll pull you at me and hit you  
(plaw!)  
Then I kick ya fucking guts in until your ribs break  
There's your mutha fucking hand shake, bitch (bitch,  
bitch, bitch)

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