

Twisted Tower Dire

"Scared"

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(Monoxide Child)
Better grab yo' CD
'Fore the shit really gets deep
Watch a nigga on the creep
In the backseat
Thinkin' bout a friends on the knees
Goin' down that one street
Man, I'm out to get 'cha
Better feel me, blood, I'll get wit' cha
'Cause read the scripture
On the coffin
Not takin' no losses
Check, comin' back
With a stack wrapped
Look at the stack
All my Gs
These...
Suckas wanna play
Or lift away
But I'm bringin' em to they knees
Come and get these...
Mothafuckin' nuts
Gotta get the fuck on up
So don't even trip, I'll bury yo' ass too muthafuckin'
quick, bitch
Back in the mode
Hit the road
If you can't hang
Fuck around, and get ya shit twiztid, leave you dead up
in the Mustang
Lane to lane, gotta watch me drivin'
All across the island
Just look behind ya
On the ceiling of your Pathfinder
So ya better think twice
Or I'm all across like 60 mice
Runnin' wild like I'm outta mind
Innertwined...
With the fact, I'm outta town
But fuck y'all bitches
I'll haunt ya without the loss of any breath

Hope to God you muthafuckas learn, hope to God we'll
scare ya to death
(People laughing)
(Jamie Madrox)
Die from the skin have the devil's chance
To breath
Hold ya hands to breathe
Terminal like disease
With amphetamines
Goosebumps from a cold breeze
Foamin' at the mouth like I got rabies
Scabies
Maybe... it's 'cause I'm just a creep
Slippin' through your dream at night when you're when
you're fast asleep
Shoulda get at me cuz I'm a freak
Don't peep
Quick to hung your ass with a bare sheet
Dangle boo, I'm scarin' em', bodies filled with fright
Vocal cords jumpin' out in the street light
Just might play today be nice
Crunch a mothafuckin' bottle over my head in a
streetfight
I'm feelin' alright
Dynamite!
Outta sight
Like Jimmy Walker
Cut a mothafuckin' head off but it on a cake just like
Betty Crocker
Night stalker
Anti-shittalker
Inventor of the vibe
Come and take a look at my mind
You will see shit don't work properly on inside
Outside is another whole story together
Got six bullet holes in the front of my sweater
No matter the weather
Some feel better
Any days make a nigga feel a little better
Never...
Feel bad with the good inside
Gotta scuffle with your knife to your head in the
cowhide
Creepin' outside
Like a nigga insane
Tappin' bloody fingers on the windowpane
Leave em' out to play
Suckas say no way
Better come back on another day
Lock your windows and your doors but be prepared
For a brother to stop and ask you, is you scared?

(People laughing)

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