

Twisted Tower Dire

"Sombody Dissin U"

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Monoxide Child]
They call me hektik
Cause the way the players ?interject? it
You talk shit you gonna regret it.
Fuck it you said it.
Watch your mouth fool!
Im on the move.
Time to play
For words you say.
One level of pain.
Or display bitch back off.
Two later ???
You jack off.
Leavin you wishin that you was dead off.
The planet people that'll stand lemme explain.
All this shit you talked drove me, insane.
But my brains swells, my ears bleed and all of that.
???

Is underrated remember that.
Ears get cracked.
With baseball bats.
I love the sound it makes, when it pings.
I even love it when my ears bleed.
Stompin suckas in a second.
Leave you with no sign of recollection.
Rearrange your ????? ?recession?
Diease affection hopin I die slowly.
Covered in cornstalks, protected by the oak trees.
Freeze!
Motha fuckas, get yo hands in the air, motha fuckas!
This aint a game, I dont talk shit!
I slit necks just because.
Catchin the buzz.
Keepin a lookout for the ?fuzz?
If I get hit by the cops, im goin out like val kilmer.
Heat the whole squad, droppin the bomb, then watch
em simmer.
Pain is a beautiful thang, it makes my spine shiver.
Murder for hire, better believe I deliver.

[Chorus 2x]

If you think somebody's dissin you.
They probably are.
So far, all I been hearin is player hatin.

[Jamie Maddrox]

As we movin with the speed of the robot sonic exhaust.
Chronic fumes fuel.
Gin and tonic.
Half of the world is corrupt and alive.
Other half is depressed and they want to die.
I.S.I.
Why ask why?
Relize, theirs a killer in your face, look him in his eyes.
Before your body dies.
Im gonna grab your soul straight up out yo chest.
Put it in my blackglass jar, with all the rest.
Of the compitetion.
Pack rhymes with precision.
Eliminatin advisaries in all local divisions.
Im cuttin like incision while other suckas is missin.
With the love ? three niggas and college with tuition.
Take a listen, I drop knowledge like a teacher.
An ill preacher, preachin his ?serment?
All they learnin howto sing along.
With this dead man's song.
He's got an ax in his head so I know what side he's on.
And braindead people always say right on.
They got 10 on the weed cause we all highons.
We let bigons be bigons.
And then dismiss.
Yo wack ass bitches none of you biz.
Fuck a diss.
Cause you let your colors know, too many times.
It goes way deeper than rhymes.
Fuck a beat, cause I rock acapella.
Crazy ass fella.
Use to fuck Cinderella.
In the back of the Pumpkin Coach.
Smokin roach after roach.
Fuck her all night and have her make french toast.
Coast to coast.
Drop knowledge like a teacher.
I.S.I. in this bitch we playin the preachers.

[Chorus 2x]

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