

Twisted Tower Dire

"Static"

Visit "[Static](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Walkin to an undertone.
Ears don't hear so clear cuz I stuck a pencil inside my temple.
My blood escapes from outta the hole, your broadcast is white from every one of my channels.
Nothin' but static remains, I ain't really changed.
I just disconnected and chucked all of my feelin's away.
I'm numb now, they call me dumb somehow.
I chose myself as a target to unleash and take all the pain out on.
So I'm the victim of my own wicked torment.
Spare me with the tears of sorrow, I quite enjoy it.
I was never meant to belong.
Odd shaped pieces never fit the puzzle of life society's built on.
So here I sit with a hole in my head, I tried replacin information and I wound up dead.
Nothin' but static remains on my hands and my brains are leakin' out on the floor as I die screamin in pain.

You dealin with a person who aint got nothin to lose type
A motha fucka hang himself with the lace inside his gym shoes.
You better watch your back you better watch me ain't no tellin where
I might be or what I got with me.
You dealin with a person who could really give a fuck,
Type of motha fucka get the stick and somebody gone get stuck.
You better watch your back you better watch me ain't no tellin where
I might be or what I got with me.

I'm the wrong one to test, laid hoes to rest go against me and i kidnap the nest second guess me
I'm pushin pause on your life like your stopped at a light
I'm sneakin in like a thief in the night to cause murder
(nah man don't hurt her)

Man you soundin like bitch get a grip to late her necks
slit
Watch the blood drip it forms a puddle by the side of
head and now it hit you that
Shes dead in a rage you lunge at me but my blade cuts
a hole in your lunge your grabbin at me
But both yall are done I'm the one nobody though could
ever do something
So grucium to the point where people call it a rumor
that never caught me till this day
The spirits still haunt me in my mind is where they hide
I hope nobody'll find out I could end it with a slit of my
wrist or I could murder
Mother fuckers to help me get with this shit.

You dealin with a person who aint got nothin to lose
type
A motha fucka hang himself with the lace inside his
gym shoes.
You better watch your back you better watch me ain't
no tellin where
I might be or what I got with me.
You dealin with a person who could really give a fuck,
Type of motha fucka get the stick and somebody gone
get stuck.
You better watch your back you better watch me ain't
no tellin where
I might be or what I got with me.
Man who you fuckin with?
I got no conscience fuck the whole world is how i feel
To be honest walk up in a crown of Gs bust off hot lead
from the barrel of my gun
To the cheek now they dead.
Blood stains streak where they were standin they body
slayin section pick them up
And put them in my collection.
Don't start static always lookin for more watch your
back when it's dark and you alone it's on

Electroshock brain wave hair rise look in a killas eyes
static with me
You only fantisies rub the wrong way quick reflex eager
to jump at fuckin anyone
And put em in check i let things get to me now
I'm the one startin the static easy come easy go
problem solved
With automatics deep breaths takin no need aint
necessary
Cause the static bein started doesn't scare me not at
all

You dealin with a person who aint got nothin to lose
type
A motha fucka have hang himself with the lace inside
his gym shoes.
You better watch your back you better watch me ain't
no tellin where
I might be or what I got with me.
You dealin with a person who could really give a fuck,
Type of motha fucka get the stick and somebody gone
get stuck.
You better watch your back you better watch me ain't
no tellin where
I might be or what I got with me.

Visit [Twisted Tower Dire](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.