

Twisted Tower Dire

"Whatz That!?!"

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Microphone check, 1, check 2 now what dat feel like?

[Madrox:]

They say were just a couple in the way, ass, talkin way too fast, and all our shit it sound

Like trash.

You can't see us, replicate us and try to be

Us,envonius swab meet, twoo stripe adidas, now what

Choo holdin down, dog yo whole style is sunk, yo

Rhymes is wack yo shit don't bump, you say im hatin,

Hell naw im jsut tellin teh deal, and since i hate you

Then i don't give a fuck how you feel, we keep ya dead

Jumpin, put yo hands up in the air, you can diss the

Un-real, cuz the un-real don't really care,we don't give

A fuck, load bodies off in the trunk,everyday is

Prolly the 13th wit bad luck, somehow we made it

Through, don't know how, somehow we do, without

relyin

On radios or interviews, where my killas at? Middle

Fingers in the air, and we spreadin the numbers

Everyday so be prepared.

[Chorus:]

What that's? that's what it's like, and I don't want

Nobody to know, (nobody)

What's that? that's what it's like and I don't want

nobody

To know (nobody) [4x]

[Monoxide:]

I cut ya eye ball out wit an exact-o blade, you still

Couldnt see my freek show my state, levitate up in

The middle of the room and have everybody shakin in

They kung-fu shoes, i got, madrox wit me packin a

Bowl, I got, 17 keepin one in the hole, I got a ,

Stash spot that I keep on the low, in case I gotta put

In work on a bitch ass Jugghoe, people sending me the

Death threats, but i got somethin for you fake ass

Bitches better believe that, my axe swinging I got ya

Blood on my face, witcha body still floppin cut in

Half at the waist, it's like, deeper than a mad man,

Shit it aint nouttin to lose but my shell and you can
Have dat, never void, muhfucka never die, wit tha axe
And the pistol representin the East Side

[Chorus]

[Madrox:]

We got the dialect, to dialate yo intellect, we teach
Of love and hate without no textbook or no internet,
We stomp on waves(waves) play in the graves (graves)
Adn the take the minds of poserless and knee it at
Your face, Man define minda frames, everyone is king,
And the pressures of the world are crumbled by teh
Words we sing, I ain't content Im pissed and sick off
All this bullshit we all up in yo face, run up on this
Geractric

[Monoxide:]

WE aint the trance or the millenium, I cann tell ya
Dat, you can keep that freestyle rap and back back, we
Are the drama seekers, lookin for non -believers, we
Walk and water and clouds, and slit the dream
weavers,
I hope ya glad to meet us, now get a blaze up, you
Jsut a hounddog, stalk bitch, so raise up, you outta
Mind outta body, outta spirt, outta rhyme, sneak up on
You in teh dark from behind

[Chorus]

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