

Twisted Tower Dire

"Wig Split"

Visit "[Wig Split](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Monoxide)

We cracked your head in half
It wasn't funny but we laugh
Twiztid running this bitch for nine dash
A car crash is no equivalent
We far from innocent
Crossing the valley and we gets ignorant
Acting belligerent on the daily
Hoping that somebody can save me
But I guess I'm dead wrong
All by myself
Fuck everyone else I'm in a hole
And I can't breathe my lungs swole
Bad dreams when I sleeping
Everybody constantly creeping
Feeling so weak and I can't see them
My conscience keep leaving me
Falling in and out
Waking up in puddles of sweat and cotton mouth
Them down south niggas don't know about this
And niggas on the westside way to pissed
Because it's eastside niggas talking hardcore shit
Enough to get the northside hit
We legit like a mothafucka
Chilling with million dollar peoples
Digging up graves and acting evil
You looking for the sequel
More like something close to equal
You rappers don't even sequel with bitches in Toledo.
What?

(Chorus)

Die, die
Die mothafucka, mothafucka
Die, die
Die mothafucka, mothafucka
Die, die
Die mothafucka, mothafucka
Die, die
Die mothafucka, mothafucka

(Madrox)

I smoke to many cigarettes and get high to much
Don't work enough
Shit is to rough
I could give a fuck less if the whole world blow up
Or what gang signs niggas throw up
I'm to fed up to keep my head up
So I let it drag
Can't afford a belt so my pants sag
Everybody seems to be a fag or a lesbian
But what the fuck happened is what I'm questioning
The president is prejudice against you and me
Then he's taking half our money and he chilling tax free
And if you ask me that's another smack in the face
We need to burn the White House and piss in his face
And every judge should do a minimum of twenty to life
If they can dish it they can take it, tell me that ain't right?
And every cop should be beat like Rodney King
Non stop from the summer till it turn to spring
Shove a donut in their mouth and a badge in they ass
Because the pigs don't get no class
They get their wigs spilt

(Chrous)

Die, die
Die mothafucka, mothafucka
Die, die
Die mothafucka, mothafucka
Die, die
Die mothafucka, mothafucka
Die, die
Die mothafucka, mothafucka

(Monoxide)

My life is falling to pieces
Fuck you I hope you die
In the casket where I lie
And burn my body so I wont attract flies
In my eye's a look of terror, cold as ice
So what if I slit my wrist once or twice

(Madrox)

Now I can split your wig with my aluminum bat
Or I can blow your eardrums with my brain dead rap
And you can call it this or that
But I swing to the other
Word to the Monoxide Child, my brother
No other represent this
Effervescent knowledge for Twiztid education

I got the lesson
Bloody text book
Kill the next motherfucker that look
And always shaken ya never shaken
Get your wig spilt bitch and we out (x3)
Tell these motherfuckers what we talking about

(Chorus Repeats Till End)

Die, die
Die mothafucka, mothafucka
Die, die
Die mothafucka, mothafucka
Die, die
Die mothafucka, mothafucka
Die, die
Die mothafucka, mothafucka

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

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