

## Twisted Insane "Visions"

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[Intro]

You know many times I've had  
Visions of my own death,  
I mean I been actually seeing  
Visions of what it could be like  
It makes you wonder, have you done everything you  
really want to do in life?

[Verse 1]

Many visions of my death, I have visions for dementia  
No repentin for the murder I committed with the  
Murder all up in your face, might I catch another case  
If I kill him when I hit him with the pistol whipper  
Niggas step into the realm, you would think I was from  
Elm, just because the way I hit you with the Fred Kru  
With the less shoot I will rip the niggas stomach if they  
want it I will run up with the gun up like I'm Lex Luthor  
Hoppin and runnin on the track I'm like I'm Mike Tyson,  
chewin a motherfucka's lungs like an old lycan  
Poppin the funs, sparkin the gun, hoppin and jumpin up  
over the ones who wanna become affiliated with the  
good life  
What's the next step when you vision your death? Do  
you run from accepting your sentence?  
If they sent a fella that wreckeded my helmet, Blood I  
will come back with the vengeance  
I can feel him getting closer, I can feel him on my  
shoulder, coming over as I walk into the dark room  
Voodoo rituals doing residuals drinking 150 150 fill  
him with hollow tips and harpoons  
Never the less, I was impressed, by the way that nigga  
stood up in my space with the face of a demon  
All I heard was a pop, never knew that I was shot, did  
my body even drop? Am I bleeding?  
Little nigga always woofin like he wanna be, talkin this  
and that about what he is gonna be, do it to me when  
he beat me like a nigga was a G but I already know that  
he is just a wannabe  
From the front about to watch it what I'm gonna be  
niggas be trippin when I feel a difference with this time  
I tried to move, but my body feels like it's been hit up  
with strychnine.

[Chorus]

I might get caught up in riddle, I might get caught up in  
riddle, I might get, I might get, I I I might get caught up  
in riddle

[Verse 2]

To a stinkin nigga moving with the ticker from the  
wicked I proceed to eat them bitches like an animal  
I can hear a nigga creepin so I'm thinkin grab the heat  
and hacking off his feet and eat him like an antelope  
Or maybe he will come up in the door and do a nigga,  
you never know how many people wanna shoot a  
nigga,  
Maybe imma kill him, but the next week, his homies  
come deep and put chka chka through a nigga  
In the bath with a bloody mask in the casket forget what  
happened tonight  
Hmmm, put his ass in a hefty bag, poured the gas, and  
I got a match and a light  
Hmmm, nigga thought I was just rapping till I got up  
and attacked him with a machete and hatchet then I  
Stretch him like elastic fuck an open casket put him in a  
basket when I'm laughing with a twinkling eye  
Chopped him into pieces, and covered him in feces but  
Jesus I'm sicker than diseases  
I can it feel like I got telekinesis I got from my aunties,  
and uncles, and nieces  
Give my greetings to Jesus, you finna meet him, that's  
when I reached for the four five  
I tried to move, but my body feels like it's been hit up  
with strychnine.

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