

## Twiztid "4 Thoze Of U"

Visit "[4 Thoze Of U](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

You hear that? What?  
What? Woah!  
We off the train tracks homeboy  
Outta control  
Me and Madrox, rocking bitches, slapping the world  
I say some shit to make your toes curl quick, little bitch  
Paint a picture like Picasso, from your blood when it  
drips  
Take a sip, it makes me stronger than the stongest  
man  
And my mind takes a journey to the farthest land  
I'm the whole world's kryptonite  
I got these bitches on they knees, kissing hands, crying  
begging for they life  
I'm a put your knife to the neck (slice)  
Gotta go, run you just a hoe, true you ain't a juggalo  
(believe dat)  
(?)  
You get your head split, quick, some shit they can't  
stitch  
I'm a scrub for life, don't let the hair style (?)  
With a bag of weed looking to blow it  
Those who don't know it, I'm Monoxide, blaze up a  
smoke  
And pass that shit to your boy, and give his bitch a  
choke

*[Chorus x2]*

4 thoze of u that don't know  
Never blow hydro  
Are you afraid to go where I go?  
Even though, call yourself a juggalo  
Telling everybody that you dowwwwn

For thoze of u that don't know (hmm?),  
It's Mr. Madrox (fuck yeah!)  
First name, Jamie, can't nobody see me  
And my brother M-O-N-O one the m-i-c  
And basically my little brother Blaze, put it down  
With thug mentality (that's right)  
We represent the vicinity of the East (eastside!)  
But there'll be no love for hoes or the police (all you

thugs put yo shit on!, biyatch!)

What you thought it was? Bumping weak shit  
Need to get some hatchet in your life (Yay! Yay!)  
Cause you perpetrating, like we don't know  
Yesterday you was a hater, but today you's a juggalo  
(biyatch!)  
You just a false wearing sheep nanny ghost  
Trying to fall up in the flock, with that same mopey  
dope (mopey dope)  
Trying to turn you in the shot (Believe it is!)  
Second hand south scanned underground  
And plus a hundred grand  
So fuck a fan base, show me family faces  
No matter they size, shape, or races

*[Chorus x2]*

First off! (Here we go!)  
Who better trip and get the sawed off  
Pointed to the back of your head, acting like the dead  
Don't play, 12 shells a day  
Still put it down for my G's around the way (Hey! Hey!)  
Hey, ain't nobody try to step to  
Better watch your mouth homeboy, I'll powerplex you  
(Ow!) Into the mat, now picture that  
Your styles so skinny your noise is... (Hella, Hella! Phat,  
Phat!)  
Phat enough to kick it with a gang of hoodrats  
In the back of a chicken shack (Clucking)  
Move it back to your jaw like a side effect (and fuck you  
hoodrat hoes in the projects)  
Got a 12 gauge, and I'm holding it down  
Who wanna ride wit me, cause I'm headed eastward  
bound  
Call the T-W-I-Z-T-I-D-B-L-A-Z-E  
And we ride till infinity

*[Chorus x5]*

I hate everyone, I hate everyone, I hate everyone, I hate  
everyone

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