

Twiztid

"4 Thoze Of You"

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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

Chorusx 5

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

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