

# Twiztid

## "85 Bucks An Hour"

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**(feat. Insane Clown Posse)**

Chillen at the studio  
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85 bucks an hour  
So hurry up and loop a beat come on Mike  
I'm Violent J but my homies call me shit head  
But that's my homies to you I'm Violent J bitch  
I put my boys on a track even though they suck  
"Yo dawg I'm Dave and I don't five a fuck"  
I did a record deal I signed a contract  
Technically, for Island I can only rap  
But fuck that, with Twiztid I'm a still spit  
Even though I got a cold, and I sound like shit  
What the fuck was that?  
Fuck it, leave it in, the shit is phat  
You heard this beat 80 times and it's still freakin  
And if you notice my shit don't even rhyme  
Look at that I ain't even got a rap and it's still phat  
My shit went gold, I got phat knots  
And you're still flyering parkin lots  
You might say my vocals are up too loud  
So I'm a turn 'em up louder just to piss you off!  
Psychopathic records are geniuses  
Get off our penises  
Here comes the chorus, but I ain't got a no hook  
Instead I'll just fuck with the phone book  
Hello?  
Yeah, ugh Hairy Sacks please  
Who's this?  
Hairy, hey this is Slim Anus down at the canery  
Ugh, take shoot at the bulletin  
Somethin about ugh, you fillin in his slot tonight down  
at the ugh,  
Garage we got a casement of fudge  
We need as many packers as we can get  
Duh, ugh, Sacks  
Hello?  
My name is Jamie Madrox and I got fat balls  
I'm always urinating in the Motel Halls  
I got a big head that never fits a hat  
So you aint ever seein me wear a damn thing green

bitch  
I'm far from rich, I got a hooptie  
With a smash in the fender and in the back to  
I got a broken tail light and I'll smash you  
Bitch get outta my way we got Clown Love  
Phat props to the lyrical town dove  
It's the m-o, n-o, and I can't even spell the rest  
It takes to long and I need a fucken cigarette  
I can't hear my right ears mad whack  
So shut the fuck up and listen or get and ass kicked  
I slap hoes, and call them bitches to there faces  
And scream out FUCK OFF BITCH,  
Twiztid in their place  
So back off recognize and check this  
Simply my dear I don't give a FUCK  
Psychopathic  
Yo there's more chiles in this peace what's up son?  
Hello? Yeah what's up son?  
I'm Lookin for this deal know what I'm sayin?  
I got raps to bust for ya'll  
Ya'll ready for Mo Chile's?  
I'm bout to kick this flow, you ready to kick it or what?  
Who's this?  
We're light son,  
I'm Mo Chiles straight from the hood  
I got all my peoplez on 1-800 and Chris Shaw  
We commin home  
My names 2 Dope and sometimes Shaggy  
Sometimes Shaggs and sometimes Gweedy  
I gets mad stupid, I gets mad ill  
I done it all five, fuck it I do it still  
Stretch my nuts back like a slingshot and plant 'em in  
your mouth  
Shake my hips like Elvis  
Wigglin my pelvis  
I skipped that step  
Apply the camera clutches stretch it back like a mutha  
fucken bungy jump  
WHAT?  
I'm Violent J back to make you smile more  
I let my nutsack drag on the tile floor  
I kick free styles for miles  
My gold comes in piles  
I worked on Bell Isle  
I picked up dear shit  
And now I spit raps  
I snap your neck  
Cuz my freestyles are fresh

