

## Twiztid "Bad Dream"

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I'm back, blowin' up like the World Trade  
Throw your hands in the air while the music plays  
Comin' live and direct from Dimension X  
Where bitches bleed all day with no Kotex  
Broke necks  
Mind checks  
Seranaded with these beats  
How deep?  
About a hundred and fifty-two feet  
Don't sleep  
'Cause the boogymen will steal your soul  
And have you strung out on remote control  
And now your mind is broken and you feel pain  
What you call sanity's what I call insane  
I said your mind is broken and you feel pain  
What you call sanity's what I call insane  
My mind's flippin' on alcohol  
Tylenol  
And marijuana  
Still I eat the rhythm alive like a piranaha  
Now Madonna done fucked everybody but me  
But I heard she got the clap (awwww!!)  
Pass me a Newport, it could be a light  
Image is nothing so I'ma drink me a Sprite  
Tonight's the night  
But my name ain't Betty Wright  
It's Mr. Bones  
And aggravating hoes please leave me alone  
I'm on my own  
In my little fucked up world  
And I ain't got time for silly games little girl  
'Cause I'm tryin' to be me  
And that's all I can be  
And if you see more, you best a-go and join the Army  
Arm me  
With the lyrics and rhythms that I be spittin'  
I seen it through your panties it was written on your  
kitten  
Smellin' like chicken  
But finger-lickin'  
Nonetheless  
And for my big Johnson, I got the propholactic vest

So I won't bust no bulky shot  
'Cause that's highly illogical like Mr. Spock  
And I ain't tryin' to be a father any time soon

And we only got one hour left in the motel room  
But that's enough time for me to hit the skin  
I can tell you want it baby, by the way that you grin  
Let me fondle on your breasts  
As we both undress  
And if you let me, I'ma bust a nut all up on your chest  
Bend over let me catch the rhythm as ya moan  
I love it when you tighten up and try to touch your toes  
As my dick smashes  
Crashes  
What a disaster  
Clit pleaser, call me the Thigh-Master  
'Cause I got a black belt in the art of Wo-Tongue-Fu  
Let me lick on your vagina as you holler at the moon  
Now mengo, mango  
Me and Tisha did the tango  
But little did I know my girl was looking through the  
window  
Now what was I to do, throw that bitch out in the street  
Fucked up hair, no panties, and bare feet  
Two...keep on fuckin' like ain't shit up  
Because a couple more strokes and I'ma bust that nut  
Three...play it cool, let the shit unfold  
Calmly get dressed and say, "fuck both of y'all hoes."  
Woke up in the backseat of a ride  
Tangled in the seatbelt, smellin' like peroxide  
Blood keeps gushin' from the side of my head  
And I wonder to myself am I alive or dead  
Reach for my dick, oh my God, I hope she didn't chop it  
Try to play the lunatic like Lorena Bobbit  
All up in the place, confused and distraught  
She took back the new Polo shoes that she bought  
She tried to play me out with a fucked up scheme  
And then I blinked my eyes and woke from my bad  
dream  
--dream  
--dream  
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--dream

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