

Twiztid "Frankenstein"

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(feat. Colton Grundy)

Frankenstein!

[Chorus]

I'm not a clone, I'm a frankenstein
Created through the visions of a mastamind
This face, this soul, this rhyme is mine
But ya'll don't notice
Frankenstein!

[Madrox]

So what if I use jumper cables to kick start this retard
And his brother in this music game of street smarts?
Bitch, we been doing this since '93
10 years in this so called industry
What I see is so many stars sucking dick
What we be is something that's truly flipping the script
What ya'll know is only what they provide you with
A song is a song even if you call it a hit
My face is my property, painted up or not
Wearing a mask, whatever I have or have not
We come as an extension of who I be, ain't nobody
writing raps for me
And basically we put in mad work for the little that
we've obtained
Ain't no plaques covering my wall with my name
But my ever growing family is spreading in mass
Enough to scare the shit out of your playa hating ass
And you still wanna call me a clone?

[Electricity buzzing]

"We've finally done it..."

[Chorus x2]

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[Monoxide]

People, the panic's kinda wide spread
I'm shedding skins like chameleons just to keep up my
disguises
Now I'm hearing that this is the only reason that the
people play me
But they really hate me when my make-up's off
You sound soft, goo
And I'ma put it in the words of the B.I., then maybe you
will realize
This ain't a game, and I ain't a clone, it ain't the fame
it's the microphone
And all the family I've obtained over the years who
representing for the same fears

You keep hating and disrespecting
Violent J put us up on the grind and said "You gotta
keep an axe in your waist at all times, and it's a whole
lot of people
that's just looking to side, so don't worry about the
haters, you just bring it from withinside."
So this soul, this song, this rhyme, is the soul of your
very own Frankenstein

[Chorus x2]

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"If it's blown up, you'll see that it's good, and
multiplied! Good, but it's.."

Frankenstein

[Syn]

Frankenstein!

[Colton Grundy]

If they're both clones, what the fuck am I?
A painted dead body soaked in clone's formaldehyde?
Known to sway your eye and straight knock out teeth
And bring the heat to your zone, leaving ya to smoke in
the street
Knocking the beats, knocking the throw, knocking your
door off the hinges
Fuck you bitches and all you haters laying on the floor
Fuck what you know, I play a base for a haters domes
and telephone poles because I'm out cold
Colton the undying, Blaze ya dead, you know the rest

And it's a mothafucking shame to catch a bullet in your chest
For some shit you said when you was high and thugging
Light a gas in your face, and look who ain't saying nothing
You's a fake yourself, and fuck your wealth
And fucking with a Frankenstein is bad for your health
And you can put it on my casket and my fan bases
This 40, these nuts, and our painted faces

[Chorus x2]

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