

Twiztid "Leff Field"

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Smoke a square and then prepare yourself
Monoxide, Monox-boogie, Mo-Diddy, Mo-Something
Smoke something, smoke a square, smoke a square
bitch
Me and Violent, Me and Violent J
I'm the wickedest of wicked and by far
I'm destined for greatness
Killing off you people hate this
Now you can raise us in the top notch
Mag or book
And we still won't give you fags a look
Bitch boy, I'm gay-bashing
Come see my gun
I never hated fags till I got sued by one (by one)
My mental picture is painting me something ugly
And I still don't understand how my hands got all
bloody
It's the Juggla!
A juggalo role-model
I stab people in the neck with a broken beer bottle
And then you meet me and expect a nice guy
You're lucky I ain't stuck a screw driver in your eye yet
(hound dogs)
When I sign an autograph, I see you chopped up in my
tub, soaking in a blood bath
With demons pissing on you like ROCK THE DEAD!
(thoughts in my head)
I'm getting glued the fuck out with my homie fucking
Violent J
And we don't give a fuck about nothing you fucking
bitches say
We speak the word and he unheard the mystify
And when you see us, hug your momma and give her a
kiss goodbye
It's a long dark ride, where you going there ain't no
holding back
I'm the reaper in this bitch, there ain't no coming back

My tongue in fact conceal a casket
And spit some shit, so off the rip, it's a classic
Shut the fuck up, when we speaking bitch
Ain't yo mamma ever taught you shit

We stab individuals in they fatal spots
You got nine lives? Well I got 10 shots (yeah!)
I remember when we first got started
Clown paint and faygo, you thought we was retarded
(whoo-hoo-hoo-hoo!)
Finally got you in the front row wilin
Now I'm gonna do it again with Zug Izland
I'm a axe holder, user, deep throater
Wouldn't know a juggalo if I showed ya shadowless
My reflection still casts a demon with green eyes
behind stained glass
I see spirits and I talk to people that ain't there
They seem to vanish in thin air
Why don't you get ghost homie, raise up
While me and Violent J roll the weed and blaze it up
(what?)
Real ass juggalos is all I care about (who?)
Fuck everybody else, and I don't want to hear about
And I don't give a fuck if you know someone that's
down
I'll grab you by your neck and fling your fucking head
around
I won't sign nothing
Fuck taking a picture
Fuck shaking your hand, I'll pull you at me and hit you
(plaw!)
Then I kick ya fucking guts in until your ribs break
There's your mutha fucking hand shake, bitch (bitch,
bitch, bitch)

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