

Twiztid "Renditions Of Reality"

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When you slip into reality
Hoes wanna straddle me
Playa haters wanna battle me
But I shed em all like calories
Prophecy preacher
Lend your ear and I'll reach ya
And if your willing to be taught I'ma teach ya
I'm not a people person
Truth is I can't stand too many people
So many fake the funk and perpetrate and call me evil
But evil is a harsh word.
Tell the mockingbird that I said it
A man of my word I won't regret it
If I let it get to me like it get to them I'm no better.
The same message over and over with different
sender
Playa hatin is an art of a scandalous and shabby
person
Some do it oh so well
I'll be damned if they don't rehearse it.
Disperse it to people like me and you everyday
And they expect the common man to turn his cheek
and walk away
And now I pray for an end to the madness
No more sadness shall fall to my people
That preside to be the baddest
And all that they do and say
But overshadowed by a cloud turnin night to day
It's so tremendous that you couldn't even walk away
If you chose to
You even supposed to watch the ones you close too
Now that's insane
Tell me will it change
I'm confused, not a thing to lose
This shit is far from positive
And saddens like the booze
Payin dues ain't the only part of duties
That bestowed to the chosen
Spittin lyrics in the microphone
And dodgin playa haters till my temple hit the ceiling
And this how they got a nigga feeling
I done fell into reality

My renditions of reality
Call it bad or good, wrong or right
Believe in me
Believe in me and I'll believe in you
One day it's gonna hit me like a ton of bricks
I'm feeling so sick, one of my dawgs passed and shit
I'm feelin like killin em all
But what's that solve?
He still gonna be dead in the morning, why take the fall
Inside I be so mad I'm finna burst
Instead of a Chevys
My homie's rollin in the back of a hearse.
You know it's worse
It's too hard to cope with some days
Murderous ways leavin me sick and in a daze
Comatose, completely tore up
Nerves be so bad I wanna throw up
I'm bout to blow up
In a rage
I need to talk, nobody wanna listen
On the corner, murder mindstate condition

Overload
Pull the trigger
Stress got the best of suicide
Pour out some liquor
Another grave digga gets paid
Digging a grave for senseless ways .
Keep to ourself and stay paid
All of my dawgs can't die,
I visit the sky and reminisce when I'm high
I'm never gonna lie I got love for my peoples
Dead or Alive
Or we can smoke out in the ride in my memory
Yeah
Reality is just a fragment
A fragment of our souls
My eyes are closed
My head is spinnin
My head is spinnin
I don't know.

This is a musical masterpiece dedicated to down rydas
Keep it in your clique, fuck the Outsiders
People hatin' on everything and everything's the same
Everybody is a player and life is a silly game
It's a damn shame daddy died eleven years today.
I wonder if he know I'm doin' straight
Could you tell him something
If you see my pops before I do
Let him know that he's remembered by my crew
And everyday in my mind, any place, any time

Lookin in the sky for the seventh sign
I walk around, nobody knows what I do
Sealing fates and date rapes
As my body transcends through this portal of life
Smokin blunts, wrongin my rights
I live for the night
Because I melt in the light
Completely out of sight
For facts so unknown
So grotesque never stated on microphones
So alone in this fucked up world, it sucks dick
Everybody got a problem with somethin
Well you can bet
I'll be the last one
More like the last dragon of sorts
To ever let this world contort their way of thinking
It's so essential it gives us all the potential
To take over the world, in our mentals
If I can't live my life the way I wanna live my life
Then why can't I die.
Why can't I die
My renditions of reality
Bad or good, wrong or right
Yeah (Reality is a fragment inside my soul)
Believe in me (My eyes are closed, head spinnin and I
don't know
(It's just reality, bad or good, wrong or right
Believe in me and I'll believe in you)
My rendition of reality
(And everything's tight)
Reality is a fragment inside my soul
My eyes are closed, head spinnin and I don't know, and
I don't know, and I don't know...

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