

Twiztid "Rock The Dead"

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Why don't you play with your friends?
They're all dead, dead, dead...
Wake up, float to the sky
Bring the wicked shit and the dead will arise
Wake up, float to the sky
Bring the wicked shit and the dead will arise
Come on
Space and beyond
Mind of an idiot
I stole your headstone from your grave plot
Conscience and confused
Seen tomorrow's dreams on tonight's news
Fallin through a hole in the sky
Will I die?
You know the time multiplied with this life, love, and
lies
Steppin in the darkness
Walkin through my conscience
Like an android I remain heartless
Underground, and mental know me well
Bring it to the white lights of the depths of Hell
Walk through the time flux hand and hand with clear
mind
Chords are harmonious like the rhythm of windchimes
Peel back the rind and examine the fruit
Rotten to the core buried in they best suits
Maggots crawling on they face,
Eyes sunk in they head
Throw your fuckin arms up and rock the dead
Wake up, float to the sky
Bring the wicked shit and the dead will arise
Wake up, float to the sky
Bring the wicked shit and the dead will arise
Come on
Got me a mic, and now we ache like the dead
And all we wanna do is rock the dead
So many thoughts runnin all through my head
But the only one that's clear is rock the dead
Screamin like AHH!
I can't even take it no more
Release the straps from my jacket and let me go
Ill medication got my whole body shakin

Making an escaping
But they gonna keep on chasing
I'm facing off with the world and the planet
Nigga hoe
Buried alive like good goddamnit
It ain't a living thing
It's a no fuck giving thing
Bring the pain
And I'ma bleed with the rain
Insane when I leave this bitch
I got the whole world screaming out
YOU AIN'T SHIT!
They'll be the wrong one's you can bet
I don't know why you hide your face
Cause I'm coming for your neck
Get hard on the plot
What you got?
Should I cut your head off on the spot?
A whole pile of dead bodies I'm on top
Me and my man rockin the dead like UHH non-stop
Wake up, float to the sky
Bring the wicked shit and the dead will arise
Wake up, float to the sky
Bring the wicked shit and the dead will arise
Come on
Got me a mic, and now we ache like the dead
And all we wanna do is rock the dead
So many thoughts runnin all through my head
But the only one that's clear is rock the dead
Got me a mic, and now we ache like the dead
And all we wanna do is rock the dead
So many thoughts runnin all through my head
But the only one that's clear is rock the dead
Think about it a hundred years from now

It was all different people livin on the planet
Now they dead
200 years ago it was a whole nother posse
Now they dead
The dead probably out number the living 10,000 to 1
A hundred years from now we'll be dead
So fuck that! I'ma run with the muthafuckin dead
Got my vision on you point blank range
Strange look coming cause I'm in all black
And I'll be rockin with an axe
Everyday life how I'm livin
Cemetary walks, and grave diggin
Sacrifice another victim
You can hear me screaming through the trees and the
woods
Hang myself on a higher branch if I could

Gotta get em out
Gotta get these sick thoughts outta my head
So I been rockin the dead
Some of my best friends are dead
If you're cool with Monoxide, Violent J, Shaggy, and Evil
Ned
Serial killas from the West and the East
And all the dead muthafuckas from here to Greene
street
Fuck it if you're missing some limbs and patches of
hair
Nod your bald head and throw your nubs in the air
I wanna see zombies just and scream aloud
And kill every live muthafucka in the crowd
Wake up, float to the sky
Bring the wicked shit and the dead will arise
Wake up, float to the sky
Bring the wicked shit and the dead will arise
Take it
Got me a mic, and now we ache like the dead
And all we wanna do is rock the dead
So many thoughts runnin all through my head
But the only one that's clear is rock the dead
Got me a mic, and now we ache like the dead
And all we wanna do is rock the dead
So many thoughts runnin all through my head
But the only one that's clear is rock the dead
Wake up, float to the sky
Bring the wicked shit and the dead will arise
Wake up, float to the sky
Bring the wicked shit and the dead will arise
Wake up, float to the sky
Bring the wicked shit and the dead will arise
Wake up, float to the sky
Bring the wicked shit and the dead will arise(Rock the
dead!)

Got me a mic, and now we ache like the dead
And all we wanna do is rock the dead
So many thoughts runnin all through my head
But the only one that's clear is rock the dead
Got me a mic, and now we ache like the dead
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But the only one that's clear is rock the dead

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