

Twiztid "Second Hand Smoke"

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"FREE YOUR MIND!"

[Jamie Maddrox]

I represent the eastside no peace.

Fuck the police.

We tell you to increase in disease.

At least, a grown man tellin ya somethin that he believes.

Practicin the decieve no more tricks up my sleeve.

What the fuck bitch.

What bitch!

Why you talkin shit.

Betta duck bitch before you gonna get hit.

This shit is twiztid deeper than that ol' french braid.

??

Kick it!

[Monoxide Child]

Everybody else still talkin bout somethin.

What you thought you heard bitch can it cause your frontin.

Dead wrong.

Dinner table conversations.

Leavin you pistol whipped in the corner wit abbrations.

Part of the contamination of mindstate.

Sleepin in a dream, hopin its gone when I awake.

Mama think im a play on type of serial killa.

Fruit loop outta my mind like godzilla.

We survive like catapilla's.

And cocoons and caskets.

Stretchin the industry like elastic.

Southern ?tatics?

Like the newport cigarette that I smoke.

Hit the motha fucka till I choke.

I brag and both about nothin.

Death, die and ho's fuckin.

So understand that he's sayin somethin.

Never be heard im underground.

With the dirt and grime.

Slashing hands be my reason for rhymes.

Im long time like a motha fucka.

Leavin ya hangin in the chorus.

Standin in some comfretable shit like Chuck Norris.
Check the chorus, second hand smoke when you bleed.
Remember when I told you to always believe.
You relieve outta monoxide child a while.
Travel the world on 9 clouds, screamin loud!

[Chorus 2x]

Free your mind! Breath it in Second Hand Smoke!

[Jamie Maddrox]

You homey bitches wanna shut me down.
Pull the plugs on the microphones, hatin on an
individual.
Handle Mr. Bones.
Choke this niggas ?hate own? or they dead blown.
If they are turn this motha fucka up and mash on.
As we blast on bitch ass niggas at a fast rate.
Growin at a fast pace.
Change my heart rate.
Lookin death in the face and I dont even shutter.
If my women starts cheatin, motha fuck her up, bitch!
Im off a ?shelve? Green weed, fame and wealth.
So take your ho's and dreams and put that shit back up
on the shelve.
Cause we rollin ??
??
Takin ?? with these. Growin trees.
Lookin chinese.
Hopin that the cops aint tellin me.
Tryin ??? house.
Nigga pass the blunt before you pass out.
Cause now its on.
Pushin hubcats.
Patrollin the hood, so fuck that.
Heard this shit and this shit is all wack.
Plannin me a attack cause we move when its dark at
night.
Believe the rumors cause they probally all right.
On a side like concealed weapons and drug trades.
Barricade the doors for the raid.
And in the shade.
With the sawed off double barrel pump.
Lookin for motha fuckas that wanna jump.
Cause I got thirteen bullets in my pocket Im a madman.
My trigger finger turnin suckas to sand.

[Chorus 2x]

[Monoxide Child]

No destruction and head trauma.
You cant even see the drama.

I get the persona from marijuana.
At night.
I lay stress with no place to go.
All by my lonely.
Screamin now fuck that chump.
So go ahead and talk junk.
I love the smell.
Player hate me cause I smoke burn in hell.
This shit aint for everybody.
I live to severe bodies.
So meloncholy is just a foley.
And im out!

[Chorus 8x]

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