

Twiztid "Story Of Our Lives"

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[Monoxide]

I want everybody listening now to say this
Twiztid is the muthafucking shit
And everybody else who feels that I'm a little out of line
Come see me when you hitting rewind and you will find
That I'm an ex-con serial killa axe wielding for real-a
big gorilla
As I walk in the shadow of death
I bitch slap his ass and then I light a cigarette
I told you all I'm addicted to drugs and weird sex
And putting holes in the back of your neck carnival
reject
Respect like you do to don dada when you see me give
your boy a holler
Got the world in a shock collar like a rotweiler on the
loose
Running trains on your girls caboose
Don't believe in the truce we gonna fight until
somebody here dies
I been here since 1865 and no lies

[Chorus]

This is the story of our lives
Come and take a look at my eyes
Keep it real and tell me no lies
We've been waiting for you
Here we go
This is the story of our lives
Come and take a look at my eyes
Keep it real and tell me no lies
We've been waiting for you

[Jamie Madrox]

We came through the door kicking that bitch off the
hinge
We was knocking but wouldn't nobody let us in
It's the incredible edible white chocolate rappers
We came on the scene busting the cabbage patch
backwards
D-I-T-Z-I-W-T we were born connected at the hip like
Siamese twins
We coming out with the underground sound

And one finger on each hand and you can count them

[Monoxide]

Fuck everybody here man it's not about them
And tucked inside of my bag is a problem
Underground feel the ground shake
Feel it vibrate watch your girl gyrate
We can move the whole world if we choose
But instead we kick the wickedest blues
And I refuse to lose the demographic of the people
Who choose to put there hearts inside the black magic

[Chorus]

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[Jamie Madrox]

We write voodoo sayings on the fronts of t-shirts
So that when people read 'em they will become
creatures
Twiztid still coming with the ultra man flow
That'll linger in your brain and constantly echo
We ain't in it to be rich we're in it to reach folks
And change life and put you up on shit you ain't know

That's about it you're in the midst of some maniacs
Who will unload a microphone on your dome as if it's a
gat
So conceal the unreal if the fruit is mass appeal
We're the worms eating our way from under the apple
peal
With all juice and no pulp fiction
No dollar ninety nine a minute for our predictions
We smash mics like with the rhymes we recite
Keep this mutha fucka hype from now till sunlight
Now do you really need a shovel to dig it
And with a flip of a coin we can be righteous or wicked

[Chorus]

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[Outro]

[Ringing]...hello?

What up man

Shit what up

Hey you my boy right

Huh

[Crying] You my boy right

Huh... Yea... What the fuck

[Crying] YOU MY BOY RIGHT

Yea what I don't understand

[Crying] You ain't gonna tell on me

Huh

[Crying] You ain't gonna tell man your my boy right

Man what the fuck are you talking about

[Crying] Come get me I'm thinking I killed him

Whoa w-what go get you

[illegible crying]

What are you talking about

[Crying] Come get me dawg

Man what did you do

[Crying] I love you man you aint gonna tell on me man

What did you do

[Crying] You better not tell on me

What the fuck did you do

[Partial illegible crying] You my boy right right you ain't

gonna tell right you aint gonna tell right

Man you crazy

[Crying] They're coming to get me man

Who?

[Crying]

Man what the fuck is you talking about

[Crying] You ain't gonna tell right *[heavy crying]*

Man what the fuck is you crying about why are you
crying

[Whimpering] He's coming to get me

What did you do

[Whimpering] If you tell I'm gonna kill your ass your my
boy right

What the hell no what the fuck is wrong with you
[Near illegible whimpering] Your not gonna tell right is
mom and them there I'm asking you
HEY MAN you lost your shit
[Click] [Dial tone]

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