

Twiztid "The World"

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I... You can catch a buzz off
me from smoking the reazin off my tongue
and disappear in the dark like the smoke in my lungs.
Now will you walk with me,
take a chance when the faces all talk to me,
or when they callin me.
My eyes closed and I can't see
straight, now it's pitch black,
can't breathe and I can't move like a heart attack.
Hung ova, stoned sober,
my last guy crashed and burned so game over.
Control over a parallel you can't even fuck with.
Cast half the spells and burn you in the dark shit
Crossed over with my faith in God,
stigmata, bleedin from the hole in my arm.
I'm hangin from ropes and chains with my veins all cut
up,
in a puddle of blood, monoxide, bitch, what up.
Realm walker through the smoke I come,
drank the gloats with green eyes and sippin on blood.

Chorus:

What if the world couldn't get any worse than this?
I just did it just did it just did it just did.
4 times

You're starin at a homicidal maniac straight out his
biskit,
you never know how deep shit
can get until you're knee deep in it.
So come along and witness things, dark enough to
mainstream,
sendin eyes wander through the tunnels
of your blood veins And if yall didn't know ? for hoes,
ain't no love for trolls,
better roll for you get stole on, better, better get gone,
for I grab this axe start hittin your
ass the way I usually hit this bong.
Hit this moist and coochie
when I speak on point like se 'er fuck your 9 millimeter.
Real stupid, your killaz carry an axe

either in our hands or in the haters
back watch em drip like candle wax.
Caught up in the wicked web created by the light of
them
and now your homies dead I
think you better call an ambulance.
Talkin that, walkin that, can't nobody
fuck with me but now you're on your back
and labeled just another casualty.

Chorus 4 times

Time is running out for the planet Earth. ???,
you will make it, in society, or out of it.
What if the world couldn't get any worse than this?
Time is running out for the planet Earth.
What if the world couldn't get any worse than this.
You'll make it, in society or out of it.

Comatose (what?) fucked up on drugs,
scatter brain from an infection I got my blood,
monoxide bless the dead up (bitch what), hold it down,
keep these weak bitches from double crossin the
underground.
My space, my world, and my way,
and I'm a grown-ass man, dog, so bitch don't play (eat
a ?).
My reflection is insanity that's all that I can see,
that's all that I can really truly be (yeah).

Brought up in a world of lies and hypocrites and
tension,
where copy cats are waiting
to perpetrate you invention (damn),
so listen up and lend an ear, here, you can borrow
mine,
livin for yesterday and today will tomorrow find (hey)
a place where people will understand,
it ain't the chips that make the man,
it's the spirit heart and action.
And you can try and argue with that,
while me and monoxide split this pack of
cigarettes and smoke our lungs black.

Chorus 4 times

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