

## Twiztid "We Don't Die"

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[Madrox]

We ain't underground by accident  
There's only a select few that can handle this  
Freek shit  
Apparition of a poltergeist  
Blessed with heart  
But is cold as ice and broken twice  
Now I walk with an axe  
Dressed in all jet black with contacts  
Straight maniac  
Warlock, Samhain and Salem's Lot  
Sail through the hour glass ticking of the clock

[Monoxide Child]

If you don't know by now it's too late  
We the most serious thing on the market since date  
rape  
We the dead  
We don't explain or feel pain, beserko  
Keep it underground to maintain  
Bitch you better checknuts  
I'm doing voodoo in 66 in 6 months  
Ridin' in a digged out hearse with gold spokes  
Puffin' on 2 ton blunt with dead folks and it's like that

Axe Murderers, we don't die  
Serial Killas, we don't die  
Freaks of the Night, we don't die  
We get high, we don't die

[Monoxide Child]

Coming up outta the ground  
From the underground covered of dirt  
Keep away from the mainstream lover  
Just want somebody to move and get hurt  
Got your hole up dug deep in the dirt  
Can't hurt?  
What bitch muthafuckas makin' love to the press?  
With a bitch name tattoed on your chest  
Me and muthafuckin' madrox, hauntin' the joint  
Bringin' death to the people who don't get the point  
We dont die

[Madrox]

Uh huh, we unreal  
Just like a seven dollar bill  
Voice my opinion regardless on how you feel  
Freek shit  
It ain't about being rich  
It's about juggalos who runnin' with lunatics  
As long as y'all rock this we won't quit  
We do it all for y'all, I mean that shit  
Everyone of y'all means everything to me  
We breathe for y'all, that's why we call it family

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[Madrox]  
It's hard to explain the element my  
Self inflicted pain  
Were not positive, uplifted  
Fuck you, walk a mile in our shoes  
Experience hard times and payin' helly dues  
Freek shit  
What I live what I breath  
Cast out mutant x like he's diseased  
Still they try to ban our sound  
'cause supposedly it would be resurrected  
The dead from under hallow ground  
[Monoxide Child]  
You in the dead zone, 10 points for us  
Smell cigarette smoke right before your lungs bust  
You can't trust him  
But I can bust him in half  
Sit back and laugh at all the shit I did  
Can you do that?  
Could you school that?  
Better yet, I'm a wiggged out serial killa  
Type war death  
Freekshow, different from the rest  
But I, love it though  
Put you to the test

[x4]  
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