

## Twiztid

### "What's That"

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Check 1, check 2

. now what it feel like, they say were just a couple in the  
way ass,  
talkin way too fast, and all our shit, it sound like trash  
(what!?).

You cant see us, replicate us and try to be us,  
IN YOUR FONEY-ASS SWAP MEET 2 stripe adidas.  
Now what you holdin down, dog your whole style is  
tough,  
your rhymes is whack and shit dont bump,  
you say Im hatin, hell naw, Im just telling the deal,  
and since I hate you then I dont give a fuck how you  
feel.

We keep the dead jumpin put your hands in the air,  
you can diss the unreal, but the unreal dont really care,  
we dont give a fuck, more bodies up in the trunk,  
every day is Friday the 13th with bad luck.  
Somehow we made it through, dont know how,  
somehow we do,  
without relyin on radio or interviews.  
Where my killers at, middle finger in the air,  
and we spread in the numbers everyday so be  
prepared.

Chorus: x4

Whats this,  
thats what its like,  
and I dont want nobody to know,  
nobody.

i could cut your eyeball out with a exacto blade  
you still couldnt see my freekshow mindstate (twiztid).  
Levitate up in the middle of the room  
and have everybody shakin in they kung-fu shoes.  
I got madrox wit me packin a bowl,  
I got 17 keepin 1 in the hole,  
I got a stash spot that I keep on the low,  
incase I gotta put in work on the bitch ass juggaho.  
People sendin me their death threats,  
but I got something for you fake ass bitches better  
believe that.

My axe is swingin I got your blood on my face  
with your body still floppin cut in half at the waist.  
Its like peepin with a mad man,  
shit it aint nothing to loose but my shell and you can  
have that.  
Never ??? you mother fucker never die,  
with the axe and the pistol representin the

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