

Twiztid "Whatthefuck!?!? (Extra Crispy Mix)"

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He just walked up out of the rain
I swear to god that's all it was to it.
I just brought him here.
You have a room for him?
Uh yes 13
Hey can I leave now
Fuck you
It's alright alright it don't matter to me
He's probably listening.
If he is I've got one thing to say
This is the last Halloween for that lousy factory of his
Pretty wild shit going on in their, I I heard rumors
Like what, what'd you hear?
This year I'm gonna get me about a case and a half
Of Malatove cocktails, burn that son of a bitch right
down.
Last Halloween for them.
So whatthefuck
So whatthefuck, whatthefuck yeah (Increase the
deceased, will your body rest in peace?)
So whatthefuck, whatthefuck yeah (Now that your soul
get's released when your body rot's)
So whatthefuck, whatthefuck yeah (In the grave will you
have time to pray?)
So whatthefuck, whatthefuck yeah (Hoping that your
soul will be saved)
Hey yo, fuck everybody that ain't down with us.
Superstars incorporated label us, infamous.
Niggas is ridiculous for trying to replicate our contexts.
Not equivalent to my terror, they suffer broke necks.
Bitch ass niggas is trying to imitate my real-estate.
So me and Monoxide Child we had to migrate
Like ducks in the winter
We sinners with the halos.
Left the company in the dust for lack of payroll.
Now we stable
On our feet, willing and able
To switch it from your groin to your naval
You wanna talk of fables
I turn the tables like the exorcist
Dominate your cerebellum so don't stand next to this
Multiple equation, abrasion to your mindstate

Inquisitive minds and eyes dilate
While I dominate on the underground level
I'm not the devil with no whores, pitchforks or shovels
So can you dig it I be Jamie Madrox bleach white like
Mr.Clorox
Be cold like Mr.Thomas but I don't be claiming White
Sox
My Louisville Slugger, my weapon for bashing brains
Leavin' competition tangled in chains like I was Pinhead
A sin to bite, livin' at night
Afraid of sunlight
Police told to shoot on sight
You think they might?
If they do I'll return fire at rapid speeds
Show them bitches a trick I got up my sleeve

Increase the deceased
So whatthefuck, whatthefuck yeah (Increase the
deceased, will your body rest in peace?)
So whatthefuck, whatthefuck yeah (Now that your soul
get's released when your body rot's)
So whatthefuck, whatthefuck yeah (In the grave will you
have time to pray?)
So whatthefuck, whatthefuck yeah. (Hoping that your
soul will be saved)
Tell you the truth it's like this
Everybody can suck my dick
And I could give a fuck less bitch.
You ain't shit
And I'ma be the first to tell
I got your family all hostage and they burnin in hell
True, I sold my soul, I never did shit with it
But I could give a fuck about it
So I know that I could live without it.
A constant struggle to get to the top
Increase the deceased, let it pop then watch 'em drop
Pressing the button stopping at nothing
You fuck with grown folks
Kids you better think before you say something
All up your crib, what looking for goods
Scream style muthafuckas with them masks in the
hoods
It ain't good remember that
All you suckers on the Internet
Thinking it's cool but we ain't into that.
Sitting in my room alone mad depressed
Relieve the stress by sticking pencils in my chest
God bless a bag of weed
So I can get high and get back at you suckers in music
With some shit to make your ears bleed
Proceed to talk that shit, it's all wack

I'm gonna get high and pay the whole world back
Increase the deceased
So whatthefuck, whatthefuck yeah (Increase the
deceased will your body rest in peace?)
So whatthefuck, whatthefuck yeah (Now that your soul
is released when your body rot's)
So whatthefuck, whatthefuck yeah (In the grave will you
have time to pray?)
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So whatthefuck, whatthefuck yeah
So whatthefuck, whatthefuck yeah
So whatthefuck, whatthefuck yeah
So whatthefuck, whatthefuck yeah
So whatthefuck
Whatthefuck bitches I.S.I. in this bitch!
Yeah...

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