

Twiztid "Whatz That!?!"

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Microphone check, 1, check 2 now what dat feel like?

[Madrox:]

They say were just a couple in the way, ass, talkin way too fast, and all our shit it sound like trash.

You cant see us, replicate us and try to be us,envonius swab meet, twoo stripe adidas, now what choo holdin down, dog yo whole style is sunk, yo rhymes is wack yo shit dont bump, you say im hatin, hell naw im jsut tellin teh deal, and since i hate you then i dont give a fuck how you feel, we keep ya dead jumpin, put yo hands up in the air, you can diss the un-real, cuz the un-real dont really care,we dont give a fuck, load bodies off in the trunk,everyday is prolly the 13th wit bad luck, somehow we made it through, dont know how, somehow we do, without relyin

on radios or interviews, where my killas at? Middle fingers in the air, and we spreadin the numbers everyday so be prepared.

[Chorus:]

What thats? thats what its like, and I dont want nobody to know, (nobody)

What's that? thats what its like and I dont want nobody to know (nobody) [4x]

[Monoxide:]

I cut ya eye ball out wit an exact-o blade, you still couldnt see my freek show my state, 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 one in the hole, I got a , stash spot that I keep on the low, in case I gotta put

in work on a bitch ass Jugghoe, people sending me the death threats, but i got somethin for you fake ass bitches better believe that, my axe swinging I got ya blood on my face, witcha body still floppin cut in half at the waist, its like, deeper than a mad man, shit it aint nouttin to lose but my shell and you can

have dat, never void, muhfucka never die, wit tha axe
and the pistol representin the East Side

[Chorus]

[Madrox:]

we got the dialect, to dialate yo intellect, we teach
of love and hate without no textbook or no internet,
we stomp on waves(waves) play in the graves (graves)
adn the take the minds of poserless and knee it at
your face, Man define minda frames, everyone is king,
and the pressures of the world are crumbled by teh
words we sing, I ain't content Im pissed and sick off
all this bullshit we all up in yo face, run up on this
Geractric

[Monoxide:]

WE aint the trance or the millenium, I cann tell ya
dat, you can keep that freestyle rap and back back, we
are the drama seekers, lookin for non -believers, we
walk and water and clouds, and slit the dream
weavers,

I hope ya glad to meet us, now get a blaze up, you
jsut a hounddog, stalk bitch, so raise up, you outta
mind outta body, outta spirt, outta rhyme, sneak up on
you in teh dark from behind

[Chorus]

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