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## Twiztid

## "Yuwannahoe"

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What up ya'll? Alright, gotta little something to say You know I been chillin, chillin in the underground And we see all of ya'll Yea we see ya'll You know what I'm saying? Everybody in the game trying to do their thing You in the industry We in the streets You know what I'm saying? The label that runs beneath the streets Psychopatchic ABK, Esham, Blaze Ya Dead Homie, Zug Izland, ICP, and TWIZTID!

Hey you bitch boy guess what? Me and my brother made of rubber So when Twiztid's in the house We bounce the mothafucker Save your pen ink and your paper Player hater We bring the dark side Everywhere like the temper Ain't you heard Ain't nobody jocking your shit Use an open toed sandle Just flip-flopping it Here's one for your play list Suck my mothafucking dick First single You can wait on the remix

Get your candle blew out I feel the love homie Even if it's hating your mouth I'm still the same sick and Twiztid individual Looking to go ballistic So reminiscent to make your ??? I keep it covered and smothered Like hash browns And my war songs ready Keeping them vultures from swooping down I'm as classic as a throwback version Of Michael Myers Where the hatred that'll spread Like a forest fire

yuwannahoe? (So don't worry) Don't hate on me (Get the fuck outta here) yuwannahoe? (So don't worry) Don't hate on me (Get the fuck outta here) yuwannahoe? (So don't worry) Don't hate on me (Get the fuck outta here) yuwannahoe? (So don't worry) Don't hate on me (Get the fuck outta here)

I trying to shake them off my collar With a pop and a twist But these haters hang on Like some velcro shits I can't escape it I try scraping them off But they holding on so tight It's like rapping a moth I leave you mothafuckers shaking In the frost of my cold heart And burry you alive In a hole in my backyard Don't act hard You don't want to chance it sonny Monoxide, you know how we do this, money

So now I hear that you're attacking my crew For the shit that we do And you'se a bitch Thinking ain't nobody sweeter then you We spitting sugar shock For you dum-dum lollypops Give you 20 whole seconds to reload your glock Better bust right If you're looking for the lime light Better sit down Get your rhyme right Get your shit tight Round here we stay tight Like fly anus When no video Don't no radio rotate us And no play list Just young, dumb, and faceless While big cats copping these dumb hoes And nice bracelet

(You hear that, all stars go wait on your publishing checks so you can pay your baby momma rent)

yuwannahoe? (So don't worry) Don't hate on me (Get the fuck outta here) yuwannahoe? (So don't worry) Don't hate on me (Get the fuck outta here) yuwannahoe? (So don't worry) Don't hate on me (Get the fuck outta here) yuwannahoe? (So don't worry) Don't hate on me (Get the fuck outta here)

I don't know why They hate me so much Dedicating more then half of their life To doing such bitch ass shit It's making me wanna retaliate You'd probably press charges Hoping that they'd lock me away

I'm not a bad boy I'm a fat boy, bitch boy My whole team spits raps While your team is unemployed Riding a pie I'm a give them a piece of my mind You'se a back burner project Getting done up from behind My whole squad drops LPs to CDs And making way more chow Then you'll hoes will ever see

That's right mothafuckers Stop making that shrink rap Boo-boo bitch

Hold up man, why dont you bring that beat back up in here?

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