

# Coin Flip Lunatic (feat. Royce Da 5'9)

## Twiztid

I ain't the one so they calling me number two  
And it's true cause I'm the  
Shit with the attitude of a mosh pit  
I come equipped with a quarter to flip border and 6 short and awake  
And I can show you just how gory it gets (yea)  
I'm all in a twist and I got the ID to prove it  
But they only witness the chainsaw right through him, person of interest  
Not me, like Laci I'm Scott-free. I'm first in a short line of people  
Where killing is my influence it might be them shoes  
Cause them Nike's been telling me to do it so somebody hand me the knife please  
I'm 'bout to loose it like the sleeves on a wife beater  
Congruent with an evil and irregular human could not be like me  
I'll give a fuck I'll rob a zombie and put some nickle in his back on my chainsaw mats  
Cause I'm on Crack and I got the spirit of Leatherface inside me  
Lunatic bout to try a chicken by the sea and try the tuna fish  
Bout to drowned a guy and girl, turn around and call it uni-sex  
Snatch his exoskeleton out his body now his body gelatin  
That hair trigger is highly delicate so you hold me owe me fuck me chump  
You nosy why I humpty dumped, you know me tie a noose around my ankle  
I'm gonna bungee jump, always down for homicide  
Riding round with a army gun that's modified  
Down to die but I'm trying to keep my style alive  
But I been the tightest when I spit this venomous fire  
You can feel it inside your in master gut feeling I'm getting up in-de-side this  
I dig deeper than coal miners gold Midas touch  
Got 90000 plus people throwing lighters up  
Speaking of gold that's what I might a struck  
Ya'll are disgusted at how much that I am discussed  
The reason you got your eyelids shut rock city is what I'm a product of  
Put the district attorney body on lay away so I ain't got to buy the judge  
Get ready to flip on the coin toss come and dance on the edge  
Of the knife till it split you soul with out a drop of blood loss  
Gonna get that knife, I'm head over heels about it  
If I'm flipping tails your heads in the back pack live without it  
But you can't, better hoping that I flip a heads  
Instead I leave ya wheel chair bound cause I'm taking both ya legs  
Plastic mechanic, fucking with me they leave with ya stamped  
On a mentally divided decision is in my hand and it's shining  
In the night under the light of the moon

Giving the flip the blades clinking to slash hurdling doom  
Leaving the pussies covered with wounds  
Sinking just how I do cause my knife is like a dick  
And it loves fucking the wounds of the cuts I leave behind  
I'm sick in my mind and I'm sick in reality  
Supposedly intertwined like both sides of the coin and personality too  
The beginning of the toss will be the end of all of you  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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