

Bad Dream

Twiztid

I'm back, blowin' up like the World Trade Throw your hands in the air while the music plays Mind checks
Comin' live and direct from Dimension X Where bitches bleed all day with no Kotex Broke necks How deep?
Seranaded with these beats About a hundred and fifty-two feet 'Cause the boogymen will steal your soul Don't
sleep And now your mind is broken and you feel pain And have you strung out on remote control What you call
sanity's what I call insane What you call sanity's what I call insane My mind's flippin' on alcohol I said your
mind is broken and you feel pain Tylenol And marijuana Still I eat the rhythm alive like a piranha Now
Madonna done fucked everybody but me But I heard she got the clap (awwww!!) Pass me a Newport, it could
be a light Image is nothing so I'ma drink me a Sprite Tonight's the night But my name ain't Betty Wright It's
Mr. Bones And aggravating hoes please leave me alone I'm on my own In my little fucked up world And I ain't
got time for silly games little girl 'Cause I'm tryin' to be me And that's all I can be And if you see more, you
best a-go and join the Army Arm me With the lyrics and rhythms that I be spittin' I seen it through your panties
it was written on your kitten Smellin' like chicken But finger-lickin' Nonetheless And for my big Johnson, I got
the propholactic vest So I won't bust no bulky shot And I ain't tryin' to be a father any time soon 'Cause that's
highly illogical like Mr. Spock And we only got one hour left in the motel room But that's enough time for me
to hit the skin As we both undress I can tell you want it baby, by the way that you grin Let me fondle on your
breasts And if you let me, I'ma bust a nut all up on your chest Bend over let me catch the rhythm as ya moan I
love it when you tighten up and try to touch your toes As my dick smashes Crashes What a disaster Clit pleaser,
call me the Thigh-Master 'Cause I got a black belt in the art of Wo-Tongue-Fu Let me lick on your vagina as
you holler at the moon Now mengo, mango Me and Tisha did the tango But little did I know my girl was
looking through the window Fucked up hair, no panties, and bare feet Two...keep on fuckin' like ain't shit up
Now what was I to do, throw that bitch out in the street Because a couple more strokes and I'ma bust that nut
Three...play it cool, let the shit unfold Calmly get dressed and say, "fuck both of y'all hoes." Woke up in the
backseat of a ride Tangled in the seatbelt, smellin' like peroxide Blood keeps gushin' from the side of my head
And I wonder to myself am I alive or dead Try to play the lunatic like Lorena Bobbit Reach for my dick, oh my
God, I hope she didn't chop it All up in the place, confused and distraught She took back the new Polo shoes
that she bought She tried to play me out with a fucked up scheme And then I blinked my eyes and woke from
my bad dream --dream --dream --dream --dream --dream --dream

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