All Day (feat. Twiztid)

AMB

All day, each and every which way.
We spit flames, steady playin' a sick game!
All day, each and every which way.
We spit flames, steady playin' a sick game!Otis:
I'm hiding out in the dark in all of them cemetary places
And I put tattoo teardrops on all the dead bodie's faces
Cause it is they who cry for us and if I may bust
And seperate all the hate from those who are down with us and when I say "Rush!"
It's like a thousand knives and hatchets to your head
It's the Ginsu-nami makin' these black streets red (what I said?)
The dead meets and plot so be afraid
We're makin' zombies with bodies and then unleash what we made, it's all day!Monoxide:
All of my lifetime, waitin' and gradually seperatin' all of the rational thinkin' from out of my mind
Rewind and everybody comes to find out that that's why people like you die or either hide out
I got you glowin' and I'm squeezin' like Darth Vader
And I'm hopin' now that I can introduce you to your maker.
All it takes is a little bit of my hate to get it goin' from zero to fuckin' totally insane
And I'm knowin' that -Chorus x 2:
All day, each and every which way.
We spit flames, steady playin' a sick game!
Who want it? WHAT?
Step and you get FUCKED UP
Whoever want it with US
LIKE WHAT
Want it with US
LIKE WHATBonez Dubb:
Lazy eyes that be lookin' in all directions
My crazy mind that you can't get with no connections
Protection is brought to me from the dead
It's an army of the anti-life, so what's ahead
Is a muthafuckin' beat down, we stick around
All the wack can hate
And change pace after we murderin' all the snakes and fakes
Keepin' it wicked, but don't know if it's enough
I'm takin' a picture of the sickest form of love, it's fucked up!Madrox:
I'm all day, 24/7 like 7/11 spittin' venom on a mission to get to heaven
We hellish and people relish the transition of a scrub
To a kamakaze who got little to no love (What?)
What you got? Nothin', I'm bein' positive

I ain't even trippin', my whole lifestyle is monsterous
As a hatchet with a broken handle and a course blade
Your wig belongs to us, consider your debt paid. ALL DAY!Chorus x 4:
All day, each and every which way.
We spit flames, steady playin' a sick game!
Who want it? WHAT?
Step and you get FUCKED UP
Whoever want it with US
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