

# Bussyoheadopen (Feat. Blaze Ya Dead Homie)

## Twiztid

[Verse 1: Jamie Madrox]

E town with it, turn to the back  
With that east side repping ready for the attack  
Checking all the tires, all white and black  
With the black Twiztid embroidered on the back  
Guess who's back, yep, it's the tray side  
And we put it down for life and ready to ride  
Madrox and Monoxide, you ain't heard  
Got people who were all anticipating our return  
With everywhere you look, it ain't looking good not at all  
And everybody looking is waiting for you to fall  
Now we design and dominate that's just mans natural instinct  
And put it on the line like reputations and pink slips  
We got the music, let it do what it do  
And this stress carrying the world, we gonna carry that too  
We gonna bury them fools and the rest in a cloak  
At night we gonna strike like black parasites[Chorus: x2]  
Now don't y'all, not for one second  
Think I won't just BUST YO' HEAD OPEN  
Give me a reason to leave you breathing  
That's a point blank message to all the non-believers[Verse 2: Monoxide Child]

O six Caddy, brand new daddy  
Twenty eight grams in twenty little baggies  
Got a little something in the back of my jacket  
Cause I'm always getting threats they wanting to kidnap me  
Flames still burning and the hatred's back  
I got the chainsaw revving and bloodstains to match  
I got you nervous like a reverend who got caught in the act  
And you react like you did when he got whacked with the ax  
Underestimated and medicated  
I'm only handed this psycho game from the people who never made it  
I'll be dead if I bow out now Jack  
I represent a portion of people who on the real they won't allow that  
They got us tatted on their neck, breast, chest and head  
And undress the dead, enough said  
We got a mark on your planet earth

You got a rack full of bootlegged shirts, the truth hurts[Chorus x2][Verse 3: Blaze Ya Dead Homie]  
You've awoke the sleeping giant, all this psycho lying  
Your sawed off blasts leave all your mama's crying

At the wake, ready to bake everybody in the front row  
My aim is to put your relatives in a hole  
Laying next to you stretched out in one big plot  
The blood clots all over your head like polka dots  
No gun shots I did it all with my Louisville slugger  
Another notch added every time I beat a mother fucker  
Stomp a mother fucker, drag they bodies in their back yards  
Chop heads and hands off of the corpse  
The identity, I ain't trying to see no time  
It's on, I scatter ashes where the sun don't shine  
And I do dirt with only close people of mine  
Cause they real while you phony snitches out there dropping dimes  
So give me one reason to get me to squeezing on another  
And I'm a haul out and start cracking mother fuckers[Chorus]

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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