

What I'm Feelin'

Twiztid

[Chorus]The drugs keepin me high
I just wanna eliminate everyone thats in sight
The wicked shits alive in me and it will never die
I just wanna let you know inside what I'm feelin
 Feelin' dead but I'm still alive*
Killers who cut throats the only ones that survive
The wicked shits alive in me and it will never die
I just wanna let you know inside what I'm feelin
[Monoxide]I'm sick like hotel beds
 And gettin head
 In a motel where
 My girls in the corner dead
 The coroner said it was an overdose
 So I cut his throat and left him for dead
 inside a moble home*
 I'm a stoner with his motor blown
And I get high over leavin wack mcee's comatose
 You ain't shit you suck
 So what you got your vowels mixed up*
J hand me the bitch so I can pump this shit up like training day
I'm holdin the real killers who walk and never run away
 Put your fuckin gun away
'for I get pissed off then piss on ya like a rainy day
 I ain't happy I'm the other way
Stayin mad as fuck and always lookin to retaliate
 So if you wondering why I magigate
 Just refer to the real definition of assassinate
[Chorus][Madrox]Here we go and were takin it back to basics
 We make a mark in any marks trying to erase it
 We take the number and usually we embrace it
 We were born in chaos with carnival faces
 Hows that for odds
Sent here to eliminate false profits and DemiGods of statistics

 Media* moguls and spreaders of the falseness
With they heads lopped off and bodies tied to crosses
 Followers have been exposed
 With overactive temperal lobes
 Up in they dome

No individuality more clones on the production line
Manufacture and faximilated rhymes for the twelfth time
Thirteen's synonymous with the oddity's A
Stay hungry for flesh like the piranha be
Killer tryin to dishonor me
Nothin is sacred in a dead economy
So bury me deep* where the haters will never bother me
[Chorus][Madrox]They got a problem with us and the way we tellin it
Not a statistic refuse to be irrelevant
Disorted in sick shit
Ooze from every element
You can blame it on my soul but the music be compelling it
To do the type to make you feel it when you hear it
Musical ducktape
To patch the holes in your spirt
No jump on fate
We tomahawk with the lyrics
And stay buzz wordy while your shits on clearance
[Monoxide]You phonier than cinamax porn and bein torn
Between bein a label whore
And wishin you were never born
I'm not hear to scorn
I'm just sayin that your nothin more than a pawn on a board in a fake war
And now you fuck with the militia*
Whirl with that government issue
Wont miss ya
I ain't gotta spit a line to diss ya
I got a line around the block of folks commin to get ya
[Chorus]

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>