

# 85 Bucks An Hour

## Twiztid

(Violent J)

Chillin' at the studio...

Chillin at the studio, 85 bucks an hour so hurry up and loop a  
beat Mike. Come on!

(Music starts)

Uh, Uh, Uh

I'm Violent J but my homies call me Shithead  
But that's my homies, to you I'm Violent J bitch  
I put my boys on a track even though they suck

(Dave)

Yo dawg, I'm Dave and I don't give a fuck

(Violent J)

I did a record deal, I signed a contract  
Technically, for Island I can only rap  
Well fuck that, with Twiztid I'ma still spit  
Even though I got a cold and I sound like shit  
What the fuck was that? Fuck it, leave it in, that shit is phat  
You heard this beat eighty times I'ma still freak it  
And if you notice, my shit don't even rhyme...  
Look at that. I ain't even got a rap and it's still phat  
My shit went gold, I got fat knots  
And you're still flyer'in parking lots  
You might say my vocals are up too loud  
So I'ma turn 'em up louder to piss you off!  
Pyscopathic records are geniuses, get off our penises  
Here comes the chorus, but I got no hook  
Instead I'll just fuck with the phone book  
(Music cuts. Phone rings, a guy picks up)

Hello?

(Slim Anus)

Yeah uh, Harry Sacks Please?

(Guy)

Who is this?

(Slim Anus)

Uh Harry, hey this is Slim Anus down at the cannery,  
uh, Dick Shooter left a bulletin, something about, uh,  
you filling in his slot tonight down at the, uh, garage.  
We got a casement of fudge. We need as many packers as we  
can get, uh uh Sacks.

(Guy)

...Hello?

(Music Starts)

Uh Uh

(Jamie Maddrox)

My name is Jamie Maddrox and I got fat balls  
I'm always urinating in the motel halls  
I got a big head that never fits a hat  
So you ain't see me wearing a damn thing green bitch  
I'm far from rich, I gotta hoopty  
With a smash in the fender, and in the back too

I gotta a broken tail light and I'll smash you  
Bitch, get outta my way. We got clown love  
Fat props to the lyrical Tom Dove

(Monoxide Child)

It's the M-O-N-O, and I can't even spell the rest  
It takes too long and I need a fuckin' cigarette  
I can't hear, my right ear's mad wack  
So shut the fuck up and listen or get an ass kickin'  
I slap hoes and call them bitches to thier face  
And scream "Now fuck off bitch, Twiztid in the place"  
So back up, recognize and check nuts  
'Cause simply my dear, I don't give a fuck!  
(Music cuts. Phone rings, a guy picks up)

????????

(Mo' Styles)

Yo, this is Mo' Styles in this piece, what's up son?

(Guy)

Hello?

(Mo' Styles)

Yeah, what's up son? I'm lookin' fo this deal,  
you know what I'm sayin'? I  
got raps to bust fo y'all. Y'all ready fo Mo' Styles?  
I'm 'bout to kick this flow, y'all ready fo this shit or what?

(Guy)

Who's this?

(Mo' Styles)

Word up son. I'm Mo' Styles, I'm straight from the hood.  
I got all my peoples on 1-800 Crenshaw. We comin' hard.

(Music Starts)

Bring it, bring it, bring it

(Shaggy 2 Dope)

My names 2 Dope, and sometimes Shaggy  
Sometimes Shags, and sometimes Greedy

I get mad stupid, I gets mad ill  
Locked down in all five, fuck it, I do this still  
Stretch my nuts back like a slingshot and plant 'em in your mouth  
Shake my hips like Elvis, wiggling my pelvis  
Last kid that stepped,  
I applied a Camel Clutch and stretched his back like  
motherfuckin' bungee jump  
WAAAAAAH!  
(Music Cuts to Violent J)  
I'm Violent J back to make you smile more  
I let my nutsack drag on the tile floor  
I kick free styles, for miles  
My gold comes in piles, I worked on Bell Isle...  
I picked up deer shit, and now I spit raps...  
I snap your neck...  
'Cause my freestyles are fresh...  
(Door Opens, closes)

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