

Coin Flip Lunatic (feat. Royce da 5'9)

Twiztid

I ain't the one so they calling me number two
And it's true cause I'm the
Shit with the attitude of a mosh pit
I come equipped with a quarter to flip border and 6 short and awake
And I can show you just how gory it gets (yea)
I'm all in a twist and I got the ID to prove it
But they only witness the chainsaw right through him, person of interest
Not me, like Laci I'm Scott-free. I'm first in a short line of people
Where killing is my influence it might be them shoes
Cause them Nike's been telling me to do it so somebody hand me the knife please
I'm 'bout to loose it like the sleeves on a wife beater
Congruent with an evil and irregular human could not be like me
I'll give a fuck I'll rob a zombie and put some nickle in his back on my chainsaw mats
Cause I'm on Crack and I got the spirit of Leatherface inside me
Lunatic bout to try a chicken by the sea and try the tuna fish
Bout to drowned a guy and girl, turn around and call it uni-sex
Snatch his exoskeleton out his body now his body gelatin
That hair trigger is highly delicate so you hold me owe me fuck me chump
You nosy why I humpty dumped, you know me tie a noose around my ankle
I'm gonna bungee jump, always down for homicide
Riding round with a army gun that's modified
Down to die but I'm trying to keep my style alive
But I been the tightest when I spit this venomous fire
You can feel it inside your in master gut feeling I'm getting up in-de-side this
I dig deeper than coal miners gold Midas touch
Got 90000 plus people throwing lighters up
Speaking of gold that's what I might a struck
Ya'll are disgusted at how much that I am discussed
The reason you got your eyelids shut rock city is what I'm a product of
Put the district attorney body on lay away so I ain't got to buy the judge
Get ready to flip on the coin toss come and dance on the edge
Of the knife till it split you soul with out a drop of blood loss
Gonna get that knife, I'm head over heels about it
If I'm flipping tails your heads in the back pack live without it
But you can't, better hoping that I flip a heads
Instead I leave ya wheel chair bound cause I'm taking both ya legs
Plastic mechanic, fucking with me they leave with ya stamped
On a mentally divided decision is in my hand and it's shining
In the night under the light of the moon

Giving the flip the blades clinking to slash hurdling doom
Leaving the pussies covered with wounds
Sinking just how I do cause my knife is like a dick
And it loves fucking the wounds of the cuts I leave behind
I'm sick in my mind and I'm sick in reality
Supposedly intertwined like both sides of the coin and personality too
The beginning of the toss will be the end of all of you
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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