

A Little Fucked Up

Twiztid

I know you hate it
Butcher knife is serrated
Ever since I could mate
I've been murder infatuated, morbidly fascinated
So keeping me medicated is probably the only way
That I'm ever safe to come play with
Hard to understand like I'm speaking another language
To people who never wrapped up a body inside a blanket
And heave it into a river with heavy shit
That'll take ya to the bottom
I'm telling y'all
Hang with the down trodding
From causing your town problems
I'm feeding your broke condoms
Full of my cum squadrons
Come from along, got 'em all wrong
So please don't be surprised when you sleep with my chainsaw
Addicted to getting brain from dumb broads with smut mouths
To keep away from them bum thoads that go all out
And I'm rap's equivalent to a chemical fallout
And I'm only here to let them demon dogs out I'm a little bit fucked up in the head Who wanna see their skulls
outside of they face?
Tuck their tongue inwards just to see how they soul tastes
Fingers through their temples, touching brains as they meditate
In a cannibalistic, pessimistic, zombie-like state
Overcome and I ain't infected by the sickness
My mind's lights out, total darkness and bring the wicked
Like a soul weaver, weaving in and out of consciousness
Like the nightmare you can't contain in your sleep, so bitches
Here to move for the thought, a headless body on the wall
Is it your body? Where's your head?
It must be down the hall, is it tangled in intestines?
Screaming and trying to reconnect
In hopes of reanimating a head to a severed neck
I'm a mad man, ate blocks with light malice in hammock
A couple buckles short of our straightjacket
I'm manic depressant - in an essence, I'm fucked up
Can't blast images that appear, and the voices never stop
Even when I cover my ears I'm a little bit fucked up in the head I never said that I was sane

Something inside my brain got me crazy
Fuck, call me deranged
Fuck, label me weird and strange
There's a thousand voices that say
I should take my broken mind and maybe just do away with it
Fuck it, give me another minute
I'll be laughing, making a casket, laying my ass in it
Fuck it, forget it, I've already made it and laid in it
And nothing's different, my head keeps spinning and I keep grinning Cause I'm a lunatic laughing
Right from the beginning all the way to the nuthouse
I'll be the opposite of winning but right now
I'm only here to kidnap women and children, and turn the lights out
I've given a hundred degrees of insanity, please
Go get your kids and your wife out
It's only seconds until I go get the knives out
And I told you I'm a couple bulbs short up in my lighthouse I'm a little bit fucked up in the head

Songwriters

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