

# All Day (Feat. Twiztid)

AMB

All day, each and every which way.  
We spit flames, steady playin' a sick game!  
All day, each and every which way.  
We spit flames, steady playin' a sick game! Otis:  
I'm hiding out in the dark in all of them cemetery places  
And I put tattoo teardrops on all the dead bodie's faces  
Cause it is they who cry for us and if I may bust  
And separate all the hate from those who are down with us and when I say "Rush!"  
It's like a thousand knives and hatchets to your head  
It's the Ginsu-nami makin' these black streets red (what I said?)  
The dead meets and plot so be afraid  
We're makin' zombies with bodies and then unleash what we made, it's all day! Monoxide:  
All of my lifetime, waitin' and gradually separating all of the rational thinkin' from out of my mind  
Rewind and everybody comes to find out that that's why people like you die or either hide out  
I got you glowin' and I'm squeezin' like Darth Vader  
And I'm hopin' now that I can introduce you to your maker.  
All it takes is a little bit of my hate to get it goin' from zero to fuckin' totally insane  
And I'm knowin' that -Chorus x 2:  
All day, each and every which way.  
We spit flames, steady playin' a sick game!  
Who want it? WHAT?  
Step and you get FUCKED UP  
Whoever want it with US  
LIKE WHAT  
Want it with US  
LIKE WHAT Bonez Dubb:  
Lazy eyes that be lookin' in all directions  
My crazy mind that you can't get with no connections  
Protection is brought to me from the dead  
It's an army of the anti-life, so what's ahead  
Is a muthafuckin' beat down, we stick around  
All the wack can hate  
And change pace after we murderin' all the snakes and fakes  
Keepin' it wicked, but don't know if it's enough  
I'm takin' a picture of the sickest form of love, it's fucked up! Madrox:  
I'm all day, 24/7 like 7/11 spittin' venom on a mission to get to heaven  
We hellish and people relish the transition of a scrub  
To a kamakaze who got little to no love (What?)  
What you got? Nothin', I'm bein' positive

I ain't even trippin', my whole lifestyle is monstrous  
As a hatchet with a broken handle and a course blade  
Your wig belongs to us, consider your debt paid. ALL DAY!Chorus x 4:  
All day, each and every which way.  
We spit flames, steady playin' a sick game!  
Who want it? WHAT?  
Step and you get FUCKED UP  
Whoever want it with US  
LIKE WHAT  
Want it with US  
LIKE WHAT

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

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