

Everybody Diez

Twiztid

Everybody dies
Everybody dies[Jamie Madrox]
Patchwork, sewn together from dues to dirt
From earthgrown and weather conditions of the desert
And everyone's a part of it, some more then others
Sons, daughters, and brothers, lawyers, accountants, and even grandmothers
New comers and old faces, people of any races, and familiar places
Parents and teachers, prostitutes and preachers
Throw ya hands to the sky and pray that he can see us
Living how we got to live, and doing what we got to do
Praying for another day so we can fight and make it through
Some of us are designed for crimes, some of us designed for rhymes
Still we congregate in unemployment lines
One of a kind, and still kinda strange, same book, same world
Just we on another page. (one more time)
One of a kind, and still kinda strange, same book, same world
Just we on another page...[Chorus x2]
Come on, we on another page
(Everybody dies)
Come on, we on another page
(Everybody dies)[Monoxide Child]
Once I lit a smoke off a bitch I fried
And I ashed it in her face when she died
Who you bitches you calling regular when you out of my zone?
Like a cellular phone that's stuck on roam, now get ya mind blown
That's me and my man at your door, and we looking for a reason to start the war
You should of never tried to take a stab at us
And you never should of rapped on us
We see the game from way the others hurried and rush
We broke them down, rolled them up, sparked the flame and smoked them all in the dust, what?
You couldn't touch me bitch, not even if you wanted when it's supposed to
Bitch I'll have your whole block haunted
Flaunt us like the beans in your chilli, we all know the really really
Monoxide slap your girlfriend silly
Big Willie get your throat cut and left bleeding
While my homeboy's banging your girl, while ya leaving[Chorus x2]
Come on, we on another page
(Everybody dies)
Come on, we on another page

(Everybody dies)[Bushwick Bill]
What ya looking at, where ya bitch at?
I'll make her bounce on till the back's up
Thinking you're something that your other playas tap off
Holes in your stomach, till your whole waist snap off
Pour on some 'nac, bite the bottle cap off
Hate it with a passion when a bitch nigga act off
Ride on ya hood everyday and never slack off
Never let it get squash, never let it slide
Die mothafucka, die mothafucka, die[Anybody Killa]
Flip through a couple pages, looking into my background
All you see is the dead around
Daddy always said there'd be days like this
Now daddy's dead and gone cause he was granted his only wish
I can't believe all the drama when it comes to death
Ain't nothing you can do but pay respect
Slip into the afterlife, feeling light as a feather
Everybody dies, so quit acting like you livin' forever[Chorus x2]
Come on, we on another page
(Everybody dies)
Come on, we on another page
(Everybody dies)

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