

Bussytheadopen

Twiztid

[Verse 1: Jamie Madrox]E town with it, turn to the back

With that east side repping ready for the attack

Checking all the tires, all white and black

With the black Twiztid embroidered on the back

Guess who's back, yep, it's the tray side

And we put it down for life and ready to ride

Madrox and Monoxide, you ain't heard

Got people who were all anticipating our return

With everywhere you look, it ain't looking good not at all

And everybody looking is waiting for you to fall

Now we design and dominate that's just mans natural instinct

And put it on the line like reputations and pink slips

We got the music, let it do what it do

And this stress carrying the world, we gonna carry that too

We gonna bury them fools and the rest in a cloak

At night we gonna strike like black parasites

[Chorus: x2]Now don't y'all, not for one second

Think I won't just BUST YO' HEAD OPEN

Give me a reason to leave you breathing

That's a point blank message to all the non-believers

[Verse 2: Monoxide Child]O six Caddy, brand new daddy

Twenty eight grams in twenty little baggies

Got a little something in the back of my jacket

Cause I'm always getting threats they wanting to kidnap me

Flames still burning and the hatred's back

I got the chainsaw revving and bloodstains to match

I got you nervous like a reverend who got caught in the act

And you react like you did when he got whacked with the ax

Underestimated and medicated

I'm only handed this psycho game from the people who never made it

I'll be dead if I bow out now Jack

I represent a portion of people who on the real they won't allow that

They got us tatted on their neck, breast, chest and head

And undress the dead, enough said

We got a mark on your planet earth

You got a rack full of bootlegged shirts, the truth hurts

[Chorus x2][Verse 3: Blaze Ya Dead Homie]You've awoke the sleeping giant, all this psycho lying

Your sawed off blasts leave all your mama's crying

At the wake, ready to bake everybody in the front row
My aim is to put your relatives in a hole
Laying next to you stretched out in one big plot
The blood clots all over your head like polka dots
No gun shots I did it all with my Louisville slugger
Another notch added every time I beat a mother fucker
Stomp a mother fucker, drag they bodies in their back yards
Chop heads and hands off of the corpse
The identity, I ain't trying to see no time
It's on, I scatter ashes where the sun don't shine
And I do dirt with only close people of mine
Cause they real while you phony snitches out there dropping dimes
So give me one reason to get me to squeezing on another
And I'm a haul out and start cracking mother fuckers
[Chorus]

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