

No Breaks

Twiztid

When I was heavy, off in that bottle
Full throttle, before weed became legal in Colorado
And booty cake was a nice dish
From Paula Deen before she opened the sucka mouth
And became that racist white bitch
When I'm out with songs, it's killing people like a boulder
The panic through the media had you looking over shoulders
At the known folks, cleaning coin collections with Coca-Cola
That's the sign of a good taste of the name brand soda
Open they eyes holes
They destroyed the twin towers and turned into ground zero
And all the innocent people that died for nothing
Can be remembered in the monument collecting coin
At 9/11 hope button
I can't ever be disgusting, it try to stomach the aftermath
Appetite of destruction
They're switching up to fugazzis
His holiness, Pope Benedict stepped down
From tongues and ties to Nazis
Now tell me what would Jesus do
Love in the house of the holy was the home
Of a persecutors of Jews
I'd like to think he takes the high road
So many thoughts in my human brain that my mind might explode
Like bombs in marathons at Boston
But I'm only one person, how can I make a change
I get lost in the solstice
Disappear from out of sight like a Malaysian flight
And have the entire world searching everyday and at night
I got the moon prayer for them short lives
Like Trayvon Martin, James Foley, Michael Brown, and it ain't right
Don't let the people die in vain
It's time to educate for new becomers
Tell people what they became Sometimes I feel like I'm stuck
And my light's down so much that I forgot it was up
I got this weight on my shoulders like a couple of trucks
And I ain't talking about skateboards
I'm talking about late Ford, a riptide
Money spent tight, and I got nothing to show for world but whip

But a fucking argument, like
Fuck I'm doing in a relationship
When I've been fucking every chick that she's been hanging with
I'll admit it, I'm burnt news
From the bad attitudes and bad views
And look how fast you gravitate to the back room
Just like me when the track moves
Feel like I'm part of the last view
To come through like a monsoon
And wash it all away
Put perspective on the break
Nail it and call it a day
'Cause if I don't I'm gonna make it, only dues a day
I'll be the top story, not just another fool in the pot
Pour me another so I can slowly drown it away
They cannot ignore me but still I leave a formidable trace
Contacts in, paint up my face
Axes ready, I ain't waiting for them haters to hate [x4]

Songwriters

Paul Methric, Jamie Spaniolo

Published by
Lyrics © MOMAD MUSIC PUBLISHING Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>