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"Is there anybody out there?"
"Esham and Twiztid."
"Twiztid!"
"Who thought it'd happen?"
"That's right, bitch"
Look at me! Look at me!
Come on dog, I see you sterrn.
Look at me! Look at me!
Is it the clothes you see me werrn?
Look at me! Look at me!
Is it them twenty-fours glerrn?
Look at me! Look at me!
You know I just ain't cerrn.
Look at me
I'm from the three-one-three
E-A-S-T S-I-D-E
Who's the number-one cheddar boy in the city?
Attitude shitty
Sniffing coke off bitches titties
You never thought that I'd be runnin wit the hatchet
Who runs detroit? Esham and Kill Patrick
I can't forget about the Wicked Clownz and Psychopathic
And if you got static, I'm whippin out the automatic
I'm swinging for your esophogus
You gon look at me, or I'm a get to palming the world just like I was Apocol
With that destructive and malicious look in my eyes
Me, Mono, Blaze, and Esham who wanna die?
Fuck it, y'all
I've been fuckin with black magic
Now I'm standing in the middle of the Gratiot yelling at the passing traffic
Nothing to laugh at, but I'm something to see
I spit fire, you can see my tounge blaze when I breathe
Look at me! Monoxide!
Jamie Madrox! Soda pop rocks
Esham! Wicket shit! Boomin' out spots!
Look at me
My life and times what they took from me
They overlooked me, the judge threw the book at me
Look at me
All blue Detroit hat
Suspect cause I'm driving while black
Look at me! Look at me!
Come on, dog. I see your sterrn.
Look at me! Look at me!
Is it the clothes you see me werrn?
Look at me! Look at me!
Is it them twenty-fours glerrn?
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Look at me! Look at me!
You know I just ain't carin.

Look at me! Look at me!

Come on, dog. I see you starin.

Look at me! Look at me!

Is it the clothes that I'm wearin?

Look at me! Look at me!

Is it them duece-four's glarin?

You know I just ain't carin.

L-O-O-K A-T M-E B-I-T-C-H U B-I-T-C-H...

I said

L-O-O-K A-T M-E B-I-T-C-H U B-I-T-C-H...

L-O-O-K A-T M-E B-I-T-C-H U B-I-T-C-H...

I said

L-O-O-K A-T M-E B-I-T-C-H U B-I-T-C-H...