

# All of the Above

Twiztid

Sometimes when they visit  
I wonder 'Can they hear me? '  
I'm scratching at the box and screaming out quite clearly  
I'm so lonely. My one and only probably took another  
That means new daddy and same mother

For my babies  
Before they grown ladies, I hope they remember me when they old ladies  
With their own babies

Carry my memory until it fades away  
My mother came to visit me, yesterday on my birthday  
She laid a single rose on my head stone and said  
"It ain't been easy trying to get along since you've passed on"  
I hear it momma. It's been real turmoil  
I've been scratching all month, trying to hit topsoil;

I've been working real hard, but my body feels weak  
But I can't die!  
Just too awake to fall asleep  
Tell them all that I miss 'em and send it with all my love  
Sincerely from the underground to all of the above

Shed tears for me  
How long  
Have they been praying for me  
Also, I'm sending love to all of the above

They gotta whisper to me  
I'm all alone in the place of underground  
And I'm surrounded by grace  
And all the faith in my existence see  
Lives on and the face of my seed  
And I can see it when he visits me  
But I'm a father of the ground now  
Family to the earth and I'm sorry that I'm gone now

Kiss your mother on the cheek  
And tell her I understand why she still don't speak  
Even though I'm in this coffin I get haunted by the streets  
And the sounds of bloody murder roam the night  
And I'm freaked out  
Now it's peace out  
Cause I pulled the piece out  
Put it in my mouth and blew my motherfucking teeth out!

I reached out  
But nobody reached back  
And no that's not an excuse, for it's the reason that I'm trapped  
(inside here)  
And everything is black and hard to breathe  
Exactly like the life that I was trying to leave

You know I hate to see a grown man cry  
Sometimes my homies stop by  
And smoke joints to get me high in spirit  
If they could only know that I hear it when they cough

Hear it when they talk, and scream for them to stay every time they get ready to take off

Peace you all. Bring a shovel next time  
Cause it's cold down here and this dirt is a thick line between life and death  
It appears I have nothing left  
But the person never forgets just like a ghost in transit

I watch 'em move like bandits when they rob my corpse  
And then they left me on the porch as a prep for the divorced  
And now I'm back in a black bag on a gurney at the morgue  
And I'm on a flat slab, hoping the journey will bring me home  
Isn't that sad

Then I won't say no more  
And let you think about me every time you hear this flow  
They put me back in my coffin and they lowered me down  
And ever since then, it seems like nobody come around

[Chorus x2]