

Bury me alive

Twiztid

I dont give a fuck, right!
Dead face with the eyes white.
Intimidate you with my eyesight.
Im trying to hide from the average.
Everyday we startin static.
Livin with the maggots.
Masters of the black magic.
My shits for killas with the twiztid tats on they backs.
My shits for killas who walk around with the ax.
My shits for killas screamin I would rather die.
Then see you motha fuckas doin MTV live.
You can keep the mainstream life and all the ho's.
I'm steady cussin in video's.
For Juggalos.
Im underground where the dead don't sleep.
Keep us a secret to thw world and watch the posse increase.
So if you feel me then bury me alive.

(2x)

Bury me Alive (Bury me Alive).
Run with the Psychopathic Hatchet.
Then hide!
Bury me Alive (Bury me Alive).
Keep it in yo kliq and fuck the outside.

Strickly for the juggalos, bitch I thought you knew.
Cause we sealin up the mainstream ears with crazy ?tunes?
So they can hear a word we say.
We stay twiztid, speakin voodoo them bitches wouldn't understand it anyway.
Walk with a ax when the sun falls.
Talkin to the ouija board for predictions of the holocaust.
Give a fuck less about video or airplay.
We stay ?? and scream till the head break.
This is your shit it was made for you.
Dont let the radio influence you.
And tell you what to listen to.
And everybody at MTV can suck my dick.
Tellin me we'd be the shit if they labeled us a buzz clip.
Man fuck that!
We be beneath the ground.
We rose with the hatchet, you can hear the wicked sound.
In your eardrums, dont let the others get a taste.
And if they start bump it, it gonna smack them in the face.
Then bury my alive.

'With a fury of buckshots.
God Damn they ruthless.'" 2x

This aint no ???? so nobody dancin.
I only fuck with the dead and my motha fuckin advances.
Chances are, you outta luck when you fuckin with the killas.
Psychopathic, fuck it we be the illest.
Keeo it the realist.
Like everybody else that be doin that.
Im in the back in black, chillin with the bloody ax.
When we attack.

We have your whole crew shook.
You fake ho's know, twiztid wrote the god damn book.

And I dont give a fuck.
Perpatrators you can suck my nuts.
Say you bought the album, but dont know a single cut.
You's a bandwagon rida givin juggalo's a bad name.
We'll fuck you up for that, bitch this aint no fuckin game.
Fuck all that shit that the print wrote.
Magazines is toilet paper, glorified for the assholes.
Fuck Publication.
Syndication.
Music Segregation.
Cause we run beneath the nation.
So bury me alive.

'With a fury of buckshots.
God Damn they ruthless.' (2x)