

## 85 Bucks an hour

Twiztid

Chillin at the studio  
Chillin at the studio \$85 bucks an hour  
So hurry up and loop a beat Mike, come on!  
I'm Violent J, but my homies call me shithead  
But that's my homies  
To you I'm Violent J bitch  
I put my boys on the track even though they suck  
'Yo dawg I'm Dave I don't give a fuck.'  
I did a record deal  
I signed a contract  
Technically for Island I can only rap  
But fuck that, with Twiztid I'ma still spit  
Even though I got a cold and I sound like shit  
What the fuck was that (Coughs)  
Fuck it, leave it in that shit was phat  
You heard this beat 80 times and I'ma still freak it  
And if you notice my shit don't even rhyme  
Look at that  
I ain't even got a rap and it's still phat  
My shit went gold  
I got fat knots  
And your still flyer parking lots  
You might say my vocals are up too loud  
So I'ma turn em up louder and I'll piss you off.  
Psychopathic Records are geniuses  
Get off on penises  
Here comes the chorus, but I got no hook  
Instead I'll just fuck with the phonebook  
Phone rings  
Hello?  
Yeah uh Harry Sacks please?  
Who is this?  
Uh Harry hey this is Slim Anus down at the cannery uh,  
Dick Shooter left a bulletin, something about uh  
Tou filling in his slot tonight down at the uh garage  
We got a casement of fudge, we need as many packers  
that we can get uh, uh Sacks  
Hello?  
My name is Jamie Madrox and I got fat balls  
I'm always urinating in the motel halls  
I got a big head that never fits a hat  
So you ain't seen me wearin a damn thing green bitch  
I'm far from rich I got a hooptie  
With a smash in the fender  
And in the back too  
I got a broken tail light and I'll smash you, bitch  
Get outta my way, we got clown luv  
Phat props to the lyrical Tom Dub.  
It's the M, O, N, O, and I can't even spell the rest  
It takes too long and I need a fuckin cigarette  
I can't hear  
My right ear's mad wack  
So shut the fuck up and listen or get an ass kicking  
I slap hoes and call them bitches to their face  
And scream ''Now fuck off bitch, Twiztid in the place!''  
So back up, recognize and check nuts  
Cause simply my dear, I don't give a fuck!

Phone rings  
Psychopathic  
Yo this Mo Styles in dis peace, what's up son?  
Hello?  
Yeah, what's up son  
I'm lookin' for this deal you know what I'm sayin  
I got raps to bust for y'all  
Y'all ready for Mo Styles?  
I'm about to kick this flow  
You ready for this shit or what?  
Who is this?  
Word light son  
I'm Mo Styles  
I'm straight from the hood  
I got all my peoples on 1-800-increase-y'all  
We coming hard  
(Bring it, bring it, bring it)  
My name's 2 Dope  
And sometimes Shaggy  
Sometimes Shaggs  
And some times Gweedy  
I get mad stupid  
I gets mad ill  
Locked down on all 5, fuck it  
I do this still  
Stretch my nuts back like a sling shot  
I plant em in your mouth  
Shake my hips like Elvis  
Wiggling my pelvis  
Last kid that stepped  
I applied the camel clutch  
And stretched his back like a muthafuckin bungie jump  
What!  
(Uh, uh, uh)  
I'm Violent J back to make you smile more  
I let my nut sac drag on the tile floor  
I kick free styles for miles  
My gold comes in piles  
I worked on Belle Isle  
I picked up deer shit and now I spit raps  
I snap your neck  
Cause my free styles are fresh.  
(Laughs)