

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 flyering 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 bungee 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)