

Blam!!!

Twiztid

You don't know how we do things
Shut the door and don't fuckin say shit
I'ma bust you, gimme that fuckin wrench
I'm gonna crack this fuckin kid in the skull
Listen here motherfucker you don't know how we do things
You shut the fuck up
Look some motherfuckers don't play that shit
I'm one of them motherfuckers
Don't fuck with me
I'm warning you what the
Don't fuck with me, you cocksucker
Shut, shut up
I transcend
And get you through the grape vines
Rappers is dime a dozen
Like your cars and train times
This is the shit
I'm not the ordinary prick
I holla it, step back Jack
Or collide with two fist Blam!
To your chin Blam!
To your skull
Now tell me who the brother with the biggest balls rising
From here to Reno pesky like a mosquito
Tougher than Scarface so call me Al Pacino
Wishing like Skeeto to meet the Beatles
Eating some frito's a cool cat daddy like Chester Cheeto
Chanting like the Santo Domingo
Munks mortuary, then it goes to the cemetary
Met a girl named Carrie
She told me she loved me and it's scary
Like Chuck Berry I string funky guitars
Swoopin down on brothers like they were far better
Deal caps get peeled
Raps get dealt and dealt
Twelve inches keep spinning
Turntables with felt
Now give a little cut can you
That's enough cause I represent a style
That be fuckin tough and built like a Tonka truck
Because I take abuse and keep on
Survival of the fittest, first rule of the strong
I'm not made by Nabisco, but I drink Cisco
When I go to Hardee's I always order me a Frisco
Combo meal \$2.95 Oh what a deal
Would you like that supersized for 35 cents?
For real? Ok go ahead just don't do no hockin on my bread
Can I substitute my drink with a milkshake instead?
Yes sir, your total comes to \$14.88
Who I'm tryin to feed, Michigan State?
Can you relate?
Blam! Very, very difficult to fuck with
Badder than bad coming from MoTown
Blam! Very, very difficult to fuck with
You don't wanna fuck with me
Blam! Very, very difficult to fuck with
Badder than bad coming from MoTown

Blam! Very, very difficult to fuck with
You don't wanna fuck with me
Clap on, clap off like the clapper
I'm such a hotstepper
Drinkin some Dr. Pepper
With my nigga Jed he's the wrecker
Microphone check 1, 2, 1, 2
Now tell me mufuckas what you came to do
I came to bring the skills
And try to pay the phone bills
I saw Jack and Jill
Doin the nasty at the top of the hill
Comic books, and bitches is the shit that I dig
I don't wanna grow up cause I'm a Toys R Us kid
I get lost in space like Will Robinson, Danger!
Call on the dragon sword cause I'm a mighty morphin power ranger
Hitting on the scene with karate kicks
ODin on the sugar with the pixie sticks
And a big ol' fat glass of grape Kool-Aid
Chillin with senior citizens enjoyin the shade
Stayin paid couting the big old wad of cash
Hittin on the scene like Jumpin Jack Flash
I dash some pepper, achoo it made me sneeze
Always itchin my balls like I have some type of fleas
Oh baby please, what you see's is what you get
A goof ball with long hair growin wild like a chia pet
We just met, you know how I come across
As I enforce, sweatier than intercourse
Spicier than hot sauce
Reinforce your lyrics, lyricist cause I'm a smash
Takin your titles and I'm not gonna stop
Till your career crash
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You don't wanna fuck with me
Hickory dickory dock
Tell them hoes they better stay off my cock
Cause I rolls with a pack of lunatics down the block
Mad alliance, big giants
House of Krazee's runnin shit for the '96 and then some
Represetin mad skills, pay the bills
Gotta act, bustin hands on the dub sack
Now tell me who got the ill rhymes?
Got your toe tappin like Gregory Heinz uh
Running shit like a marathon
I'm stronger than teflon
And use my liquid friend to get my drink on
Well I'm sluggin bigger than the average nig
Got an attitude I get rude
You disrespect me and I'll split your wig
Nig nig nack paddy wack
My name is Mr. Bones dunkin lyrics
In your ears like Eddie Jones
You better give it up for the original individual in disguise
So open your eyes, surprise
I fade em all like Jamal
I'm standin tall with my back to the wall
A bad brother like Lou Brawls

I fold ya, I thought I told ya
Gun in the holster
Thought patterns were deeper than the minds of Minolta
I ain't actin this ain't no play
Been eatin Pladoh and paint chips since I was 8
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