

Green Pumpkins

Twiztid

"It's Halloween - Ghosts To Roam - Lock Ya Doors - Don't Be Alone."
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I'mma strange kinda pumpkin' that never goes away
And I survive of the hatred, and inside I'm all grey
What'z that shit you say
My thick ass root's extracted from 'ya poisonous fruits
Stronger than a whole house built of bam-boo shoots, 'N hard work
And it don't stop until you dead in the dirt
The truth hurts
It's Halloween, time for the dead ghosts to roam
So lock ya door, make sure you're not alone!

My pumpkinz rotten
Have I forgotten
That nothing lasts forever
Got it, damn I forgot it, why won't this come together
Hiding behind the moon
Like the bats, and the freeks at night
The green is starting to bloom
Ok to the drawer for the butcher knife!

Everything is changing to colors of green
Pumpkinz rottin' away, like hopes 'N dreamz
But we seem to hold it together, 'N keep it alive
For mostasteless Juggalo's wit freek show eyez
Now in the mirror-mirror visions become a little clearer
It's a decomposed vision of terror, starring back at ya
What you gonna do when you truly see
That the green book is him and me and family!
(Monoxide)
Disregard me as a stitch in ya time
And now it's come, to bring the hatred to the
Front of ya lawn 'N drop the bomb
The green pumpkinz, symbolized as something truly thatz
Coming, hear it bumpin' people should really get to runnin'
It's the Boogiemane, and I'm banging at ya door
Wit an ax, and a chain-saw, and enough ballz to maim Y'all
My cigarettes will burn a hole in ya chest, ya hot boxing wit' a monster
You're a zombie at best
I'm under beds makin' some noises, grabbin' some legz
Swear to GOD, I never touch 'Em I just scare 'Em to death
I'm never right, I musta' had some shitty Karma as a kid
Although my musics' made of poison, but somehow I seem to live
Turn ya porch light on and pray for Sunlight
Keep ya back door locked, and keep all of ya children outta sight
I'm translucent, walkin' through walls, hall's and door's
Very magical, I'mma turn five kidz to four!

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Enter into the mind of a serial killa
Never step, or hide inside cocoons of a caterpilla'
The mutation has begun and evolved
Green slime, and blood stains redecorate the wall
Took the protocol 'N bust it down to lime dust
And sprinkled it amongst the onez that's down wit us
And I trust that everyone will understand
When they hear the green book, and witness how it began
In the days when hunger was the wickedest of wayz
And the magic was felt everytime the CD playz, remember that
Now that's' an Un-subliminal fact, embedded on my family axe, 'N lotus tat's
You an quote that, in the mist of a spit
Monoxide, and Madrox all up in this son of a bitch
For Halloween, underground and unseen
From Green Pumpkinz' to green books' 'N everything between!

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