

Rock The Dead

Twiztid

Make a move to the sky
Play the wicked shit and the dead will arrive
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Space and beyond, mind of a idiot
I stole your head stone from your grave plot
Conscious and confused,
See tomorrow's dreams on tonights news
BLOO BAH falling through a hole in the sky
Will I die?
And all the time I've applied with this life love and lies
Stepping in the darkness walking through my conscience
Like an android I remain heartless
Underground and middle know me well
Bring it to the white lights of the depths of hell
Walk through the time flux hand in hand with clear minds
Thoughts are harmonious like the rhythm of wind chimes
Peel back the rind and examine the fruit
Run to the corpse buried in its best suit
Maggots crawling out its face
Eyes sunk in its head
Through your fucking arms up and rock the dead

Screamin like Ah I can't even take it no more
Release the straps from my jacket and let me go
Ill medication got my whole body shaking
Planning escaping but they gon keep on chasing
I faceing off with world and the planet NIGGA HOE
Buried alive like real god dammit
It ain't a living thing it's a no fuck wit it thing
Bring the pain, and ima leave with the rain
INSANE when I leave this bitch
I got the whole world screaming out YOU ain't SHIT
We be the wrong ones you can bet
I don't know why you hide your face, 'cause I'm coming for your neck
Bad part, of your block
What you got? Should I cut your head off, on the spot
A whole pile a dead bodies I'm on top
Me and my man rocking the dead like
UH NON STOP

Got vision on you point blank range
Strange look coming
'cause I'm in all black and I be rocking with the axe
Every day life how I'm living
Cemetery watch the grave digging
Sacrifice another victim
You can hear me screaming through the trees and the woods
Hang myself from a higher branch if I could
Gotta get em out Gotta get these thoughts outta my head
So I keep rocking the dead

Some of my best friends are dead
If you include Monoxide, Violent J, Shaggy and Evil Ed
Serial Killers from the West and the East
Dead motherfuckers from here to Brake St.

Fuck it if you missing some limbs and patches of hair
Nod your bald head and through your nubs in the air
I want to see zombies jump and scream a loud
And kill every live motherfucker in the crowd
Chorus Repeated