

# Something Weird

Twiztid

Are you enjoying that?  
Just shut the fuck up and sit and watch!

I comes like BLAM! AHH! All up in your face  
To give you mothafuckas a taste  
Of whatever I'm kickin'  
Damn, the shit is finger-lickin'  
Like the pussy attached to the bitch I'm stickin'  
Flickin'  
The cunt-ilingous real tough  
'Cause I wear a pair of thighs like some mothafuckin'  
ear muffs  
Lick it up  
Because I gets to the point  
Sit back, relax, and smoke a fuckin' joint  
Rough, rougher than the corsite of the sandpaper  
More complex than menthaliptous with the soothing  
vapors  
Where the papers?  
Because I wanna get high  
Lay on the lawn and stare at the sky  
I'm quite disgusted  
When some gets apathetic  
I'll scream out my battle cry and freeze you up like  
cryogenics  
Anasthetic, carbon monoxide  
A mind-meld  
Pressure on your mind until your mind swells  
It's something weird

Check the sound  
Peep this freaky shit goin' down  
Grab on to the rhythm like it owns your soul  
Ask me where my brain is, man, I don't know  
(Weird!!)  
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Listen as I mingle  
You start to tingle  
You peep the jingle  
I got you salivatin' for a Mr. Bones single  
Lyrics illuminate like some candles  
Nastier than ashy ass feet in some open toed sandles  
Dimension X is the port to imagination  
Desecration  
Of the body, mind deprivation  
In relation  
To the son of man you can't avoid  
'Cause I'm on the Dark Side of the Moon like Pink Floyd  
Can you see me?  
Maybe if you see me, you'll believe me  
A hexogonic case  
Skeleton face

On your TV  
Turn the channel  
And I'll just reappear  
And make sure that we're all cleeaarr...  
On the subject that I'm stressin', the shit is kinda deep like Atlantis  
Mothafuckas nowadays be actin' scandalous  
But fuck em', and fuck you too if you down wit' em' I aim to split em'  
And eat they ass up with the deadly rhythm I'm bringin'  
Pain to your ears loud and clear  
So turn it up and freak out, it's something weird

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I wanna rip the skin off my body so I can see my skeleton  
The things you think are mandatory I think are irrelevant  
In fact, a lunatic is not always insane  
Society bends the mind intends to give pain  
Maintain long enough to live your life  
Maintain your sanity long enough so you can get paid  
Looking for my mind, I think I lost it  
And fuck every last muthafucka out there that wanna talk shit  
I give a fuck not what you think  
I'm down to blast your ass everytime you blink  
So think  
Sucka  
Mothafucka  
You besta back up  
Before I crack up  
And nut-up  
And fuck yo' ass up  
I rip the rhyme like it has to be  
What's my mental capacity  
You're askin' me  
I'm hittin' like 6.9 on the Richter Scale  
I'm walkin' a ghostly trail  
Scratches from the fingernails  
Ghostly grooves overcoming the whole state  
But wait, it gets better, just wait  
Something weird....

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Yeah....