I want everybody listenin' now to say this Twiztid is the muthafuckin' shit And everybody else that feels that I'm a little outta line Come see me when you hittin' rewind and you will find That I'm an ex-con, serial killa Axe-wieldin' for realla, big gorilla As I walk in the shadow of death I bitch slapped his ass and then light a cigarette I told you all I was addicted to do drugs an weird sex And puttin' holes in the back of ya neck, carnival reject Respect, like you do the Don Dadda When you see me, give ya boy a holla Got the world in a shock collar Like a rottweiler on the loose Running trains on ya girl's caboose Don't believe in the truce We gonna fight until somebody here dies I been here since 1865 ain't no lies

This is the story of our lives Come and take a look in my eyes Keep it real and tell me no lies We've been waiting for you (here we go)

This is the story of our lives Come and take a look in my eyes Keep it real and tell me no lies We've been waiting for you (here we go)

We came through the door kicking that bitch off the hinge We was knockin' but wouldn't nobody let us in It's the incredible, edible, white chocolate rappers We came on the scene bustin the cabbage-patch backwards D-I-T-Z-I-W-T We was born connected at the hip like Siamese

Twins, we comin' out with the underground sound
And one finger on each hand and you can count them

Fuck everybody here mad it's not about them
And tucked inside of my bag, is a problem
Underground, feel the ground shake
Feel it vibrate, watch ya girl gyrate
We can rule the whole world if we choose
But instead we kick the wickedest blues
And I refuse to lose the demographic
Of the people who choose to put the hearts inside of the black magic
(and here we go!)

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So that when people read 'em, they will become creatures Still comin' with the Ultra-man flow That'll linger in your brain and constantly echo We ain't in it to be rich, we're in it to reach folks And change lives and put you up on shit you ain't know That's about it You're in the midst of some maniacs That will unload a microphone in your dome as if its a gat So conceal the unreal and if the fruit is mass appeal Where the worms eating their way from under the apple peel With all juice, and no pulp fiction No \$1.99 a minute for our prediction, We smash mics like with the rhymes we recite Keep this muthafucka hype from now til sun light, Now do you really need a shovel to dig it And wit the flip of a coin we can be righteous or wicked.

We write voodoo sayings on the fronts of T-shirts

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We've been waiting for you We've been waiting for you We've been waiting for you We've been waiting for you