

Sweet Tooth

Twiztid

Sweeter then a bag of cheva dipped in molasses
The honey blunt got too much resin up on my glasses
You can't see me in the candy store
Got me all off guard forgot why I was here
What I'm shopping for
Candy coated pixie sticks
Hookers by the slurpee machine
Looking to turn tricks
For fix
As I reach up in my belt
And grab out the candy cane
And extract a couple ju-ju bees off into your brain
Watch your frame fall and crumble like peanut brittle
Got you oozing from your walls
Must be caramel in the middle
In the center of your nuget, sits a bullet
And shock tarts spit from trigger
Each time I pull it
I reach for the ginger snaps out the register
Give me all this and a hundred grand mothafucker
JD's in the parking lot waiting on me
While R.O.C. is tying up the security

Bitches, hoes, money and dro
On Halloween I got a sweet tooth for everything
Candy, popcorn and tootsie rolls
On Halloween I got a sweet tooth for everything
Hookers, drugs, pimps and thugs
On Halloween I got a sweet tooth for everything
Serving ugly bitches with a beat down mug
On Halloween I got a sweet tooth for everything

My hunger pains go deep
Deeper then the core of the Earth
While the planet sleeps,
I weep
Brain activity is high on the outcome
Human bodies moving in and out
From the place where they subside
I ride like the wind
Swans
Smoking up their knowledge like
Crumbs
As I fall millions of miles through the core of the Sun
The more light we have come to bring the terror so just run
My chucks are like a utility belt
Detach my tooth
Mamma's know set to blow the roof
My, I spy all the negative energy it radiates profusely
Turn it into misery
Take a piece if you dare
All fifty bags are fixed laced
With the wickedest shit you ever sipped
Now surrender all your smoke to my nigga JD
And blaze with your dead homie
The street creepers
Me and Twiztid made of pure ether

Knocking cop out, they can't reach us
And if you seek us
Catch on up and you'll find
The sweet tooth monstrous internet lines
Are all corroded
Leaving bodies folded
Candy treats frozen
Many flavors posin'
Which will be chosen
They all taste nice
Sweet tooth fiening for your life muthafuckas

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It's me, JD
The W double E-D-M-A-N
From D-E-T
With a sweet tooth for your candy bag
Run your tricks and your treats and your chronic sack
I'm the one all dressed in the colorful gang rags
Walking on your porch while I'm spraying my set tag
Dumping out the window of the '65
See the blood splattered postman
It's D's on the ride

Off in the distance
(Where we at man?)
Way in the shadows
I'm the monster you gone have to battle
To keep yo'
life and whatever
You brought tonight I'm taking it with or without a fight
I got a sweet tooth for your pocket loot
I'm bullet proof baby don't believe me?
Shoot!
You can't kill a dead man
Who done died so many times
That it's getting old being alive

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