

The world

Twiztid

I...

You can catch a buzz off me from smoking the reazin off my bong
And disappear in the dark like the smoke in my lungs
Now will you walk with me
Take a chance when the faces all talk to me
Or when they callin me
My eyes closed and I can't see straight, now it's pitch black
Can't breathe and I can't move like a heart attack
Hung ova, stoned sober
my last guy crashed and burned so game over
Control over a parallel you can't even fuck with
Cast half the spells and burn you in the dark shit
Crossed over with my faith in God
Stigmata, bleedin from the hole in my arm
I'm hangin from ropes and chains with my veins all cut up
In a puddle of blood, monoxide, bitch, what up
Realm walker through the smoke I come
Drank the ? with green eyes and sippin on blood

Chrous:

What if the world couldn't get any worse than this?
It just did it just did it just did it just did
4 times

You're starin at a homicidal maniac straight out his biskit
you never know how deep shit can get until you're knee deep in it
So come along and witness things
Dark enough to mainstream
Sendin eyes wander through the tunnels
Of your blood veins
And if yall didn't know ? for hoes
Ain't no love for trolls
Better roll for you get stole on
Better, better get gone
'Fore I grab this axe start hittin your ass the way I usually hit this bong
Hit this moist and coochie
when I speak on point like se 'er fuck your 9 millimeter
Real stupid, your killaz carry an axe
either in our hands or in the haters back watch em drip like candle wax
Caught up in the wicked web created by the light of them
and now your homies dead I think you better call an ambulance
Talkin that, walkin that, can't nobody
fuck with me but now you're on your back and labeled just another casualty

Chorous 4 times

Time is running out for the planet Earth. ?
you will make it, in society, or out of it
What if the world couldn't get any worse than this?
Time is running out for the planet Earth
What if the world couldn't get any worse than this
You'll make it, in society or out of it

Comatose (what?) fucked up on drugs
scatter brain from an infection I got my blood
monoxide bless the dead up (bitch what), hold it down
keep these weak bitches from double crossin the underground

My space, my world, and my way
and I'm a ? big dog so bitch don't play (eat a ?)
My reflection is insanity that's all that I can see
that's all that I can really truly be (yeah)

Brought up in a world of lies and hypocrites and tension
where copy cats are waiting to perpetrate you invention (damn)
so listen up and lend an ear, here, you can borrow mine
livin for yesterday and today will tomorrow find (hey)
a place where people will understand
it ain't the chips that make the man
it's the spirit heart and action
And you can try and argue with that
While me and monoxide split this pack
of cigarettes and smoke our lungs black