

Trough ur eyez

Twiztid

Through your eyes you think we're all the same
Through your eyes we're all the same
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Through your eyes we're all the same

(2x)

Through your eyes you think we're all the same
(Tell me can you see me now?)
Through your eyes we're all the same
(t-t-t-t-t-t-t-tell me can you see me now?)

I'm an optical illusion
Your expectations of me awaiting stone like Medusa
Lashing at me ripping out my mortal being
But your foundation is flimsy and slowly crumbling
Everything has an end
Now let's pretend that pipe dreams are made of medicine
Make me feel better again
Made me feel better than them
Or true or false sitting together again
I can't despise the way you capitalize
On situations the way you always seem to
It's been a surprise the way you speak those lies
Reassuring and convincing me that I'm somebody, too
But I'm not
See, you wouldn't comprehend this
Insignificant magic deep within, inside
But you wouldn't realize
That if I was looking through your eyes then I would wanna die

I need the bogs and jungles and planets that you ain't never heard of
Sit with gorillas in the mist and blaze the herb up
My thoughts are fixed with a 12 gauge
My skin is all covered in paint from head to toe
trying to hide me from the sun rays
My wicked ways will be death of y'all
My reflection is your curtain call
Bless me father, hear us all
My contemplations premeditated
I'm heavily medicated
Into the underground is what I'm dedicated
I can't handle so I blaze the weed
And I give a fuck less bitches if ya hating me
Just wait and see in turn full circle on the bottom again
Lookin up watching all the clouds
Turn purple, like your back ass out
I thought I told y'all motherfuckers, bitch we don't die

I ain't the one to blow your head off to the scapegoat
The one you bitches blame cause you sinking in your boat
Bitch I slit your god damn throat
And leave ya twitching
Twiztid ain't the reason why yo ass bullshitting
(RADIO)
Them scared of playing us
Underground bitches, it ain't no love for the famous
Get your ropes cut quick, low maintenance

Sitting in the dark and I ain't got to make the playlist

Effortless excuses (my bad)

For why they don't saturate situations for they nooses

And who are we to go and call you out?

We done heard all the stories and don't what the fuck they talking about

I'm not a puppet, so don't pull my strings

I don't need nobody trying to hold me, console me, control me, shit

You're the one trying to change me, make me into something that I'm not