

What I'm Feelin

Twiztid

The drugs keepin me high
I just wanna eliminate everyone thats in sight
The wicked shits alive in me and it will never die
I just wanna let you know inside what I'm feelin
Feelin' dead but I'm still alive*
Killers who cut throats the only ones that survive
The wicked shits alive in me and it will never die
I just wanna let you know inside what I'm feelin

I'm sick like hotel beds
And gettin head
In a motel where
My girls in the corner dead
The coroner said it was an overdose
So I cut his throat and left him for dead
Inside a moble home*
I'm a stoner with his motor blown
And I get high over leavin wack mcee's comatose
You ain't shit you suck
So what you got your vowels mixed up*
J hand me the bitch so I can pump this shit up like training day
I'm holdin the real killers who walk and never run away
Put your fuckin gun away
'for I get pissed off then piss on ya like a rainy day
I ain't happy I'm the other way
Stayin mad as fuck and always lookin to retaliate
So if you wondering why I magigate
Just refer to the real definition of assassinate

Here we go and were takin it back to basics
We make a mark in any marks trying to erase it
We take the number and usually we embrace it
We were born in chaos with carnival faces
Hows that for odds
Sent here to eliminate false profits and DemiGods of statistics
Media* moguls and spreaders of the falseness
With they heads lopped off and bodies tied to crosses

Followers have been exposed
With overactive temperal lobes
Up in they dome
No indiviuality more clones on the production line
Manufacture and faximilated rhymes for the twelfth time
Thirteen's synonomous with the oddity's
Stay hungry for flesh like the piranha be
Killer tryin to dishonor me
Nothin is sacred in a dead economy
So bury me deep* where the haters will never bother me

They got a problem with us and the way we tellin it
Not a statistic refuse to be irrelevant
Disorted in sick shit
Ooze from every element
You can blame it on my soul but the music be compelling it
To do the type to make you feel it when you hear it
Musical ducktape
To patch the holes in your spirt

No jump on fate
We tomahawk with the lyrics
And stay buzz wordy while your shits on clearance

You phonier than cinamax porn and bein torn
Between bein a label whore
And wishin you were never born
I'm not hear to scorn
I'm just sayin that your nothin more than a porn on a board in a fake war
And now you fuck with ya militia*
Whirl with that government issue
Wont miss ya
I ain't gotta spit a line to diss ya
I got a line around the block of folks commin to get ya

[Chorus]