

Wut the dead like

Twiztid

Violent J!!
Shaggy 2 Dope!!
Madrox!!
Monoxide!!
Tell me what the dead like!!

What the dead like, we be killin' off the mainstream
We make it hard to earn a dollar in this pipe dream
What the dead like, it's very complicated
I give a fuck about nothin' bitch and I know you hate it
What the dead like, we the people of the moonlight
Sittin' in the graveyard all night
What the dead like, we don't let you bitches call off
We chop your head and watch it fall off
WUT THE DEAD LIKE!!
They sit and wait for Armageddon
So they can put a slit in yo' neck just like a neder
WUT THE DEAD LIKE!!
They be runnin' with a hatchet
And dangle your soul and watch you jump and try to catch it
WUT THE DEAD LIKE!!
They like a 'boom boom boom'
They like 'ha-ha-ha-ha-ha' ridin' a broom!
WUT THE DEAD LIKE!!
Well they're just like me
Not givin' a fuck the world, better' carefree!!

If you look at the earth, the earth is one plain surface. What's above life and below life is death and that's where we are. There's so many levels of death above and below where you're at in life. It is complicated, it goes on for eternity. There's millions of levels stacked with death and we're waiting for you to join us.

What the dead like, they like livin' underground
That's what the dead like, when it's dark, they come around
Out the shadows like a serial killa
With a double-headed axe we dubbed the wig-splitta
We some off-the-wall
Not givin' a fuck at all
And while you bitches hatin', we laughin' at all of y'all
That's what the dead like, runnin' wild beneath the streets
From the southwest back to the mothafuckin' east!
WUT THE DEAD LIKE!!
Six feet deep beneath earth
Diggin' a deep for dead, underground since birth
Subterranean hearse
Underground straight through the dirt
With the bloodthirst
For juggalo love comin' first
WUT THE DEAD LIKE!!
You gotta be dead to comprehend it
But still we standin'
When your airplay's endin'
Buried alive, eternally, you can't stand it

The dead like always forever in the trenches You see, the dead are always

watching you through the eyes of the vulture, through the eyes of the birds,
because that way they can soar, they can watch what you're doing. Basically,
they're just watching em' for entertainment purposes because it's funny that
you fear death. You fear it and it wants you to taste it and you can't have
it enough and they're just waiting for you to join them...

WUT THE DEAD LIKE!!

They like the Psychopathic shit
If they see the hatchetman that means it's underground legit
That's what the dead like, and they ain't takin' nothing less
Keep it underground for life is a dance-only request

WUT THE DEAD LIKE!!

They worshipping' the reaper
So and yhat's you and I fear that's you that's the keeper

WUT THE DEAD LIKE!!

You can ask Richard Pryor
I know that motherfucker's life's about to expire

WUT THE DEAD LIKE!!

It's like a string of bad luck

Mad corrupt

Covered in blood like, 'bitch, whut?'

What the dead like, we dazed and confused

Runnin' with a hatchet to death, we can't lose

WUT THE DEAD LIKE!!

Whatthe dead like, fuck the spotlight

Only come out at night

Cause we melt in the sunlight

What the dead like, don't know, don't need to know

We stay in the graveyard with our dead ass juggalos

It's funny when you think about religion and science and all that and they
think they can put their finger on what it is but really they don't know the

slightest thing of what death is. I mean, when you lay down to sleep and you
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body goes into a state of unconsciousness, that's like the closest to what
death you could ever witness in life. But even that doesn't take you anywher
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near what death really is. I mean, when you wake up from a dream, you're
talking about how great it was and what you experienced and that's all
nothing, that's all minute compare to what death actually is. What you're
thoughts are and what reality is is two completely different things. To
actually experience death is beyond anybody's wildest imagination, beyond an
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writer's philosophies or anything like that. To have experienced death
myself, I'll say I would rather run with the dead, I would rather run with
the masses, I'd rather become what is forgotten here in this life.