

## 4 Thoze Of U

Twiztid

Ya hear that  
We off the train tracks homeboy outta control  
me and madrox rockin bitch, slappin the world  
I say some shit to make the crows crow quick  
little bitch, paint a picture like my cock  
Some fuckin blood with a drip drop - take a sip  
it makes me stronger than the strongest man  
and my mind takes a journey to the farthest land  
I'm the whole worlds kryptonite  
I got these bitches on they knees  
kissing hands, cryin, beggin for they life  
I'm a butcher knife to the neck, gotta go (what)  
1 you just a ho (right), 2 you ain't a juggalo. (believe that)  
bitch you watch your mouth and represent  
you get your head split quick, some shit they can't stitch  
I'm a scrub for life, don't let the hairstyle ?  
with a bag a weed, looking to blow it  
Those who don't know it I'm monoxide, blaze up a smoke  
and pass that shit to your boy and give his bitch a choke  
Biatch!

(2x)

For those of you that don't know  
never blow hydro  
are you afraid to go where I go  
even though, call yourself a juggalo  
telling everybody that you down  
Chrous Backround singing:I hate everyone  
For those of you that don't know  
it's Mr. Madrox (yeah), first name's Jamie  
can't nobody see me  
in my world of m-o-n-o on the m-I-see and basically  
my little brother Blaze put it down with thug mentality (that's right)  
We represent the vicinity of the East (Eastside)  
bustin free no love for hoes or the police  
What you thought is  
was bumpin weak shit need to get some hatchet in your life  
Cause don't perpetrate like we don't know  
yesterday you was a hater but today you's a juggalo (biatch)  
You just a ? wearin ? and any coats(?)  
tryin ta fall up in the flock with the same hokey-dokey  
I turn you into smoke (breathe it in) second hand I'm stayin underground jus  
t  
lost 100 grand so fuck a fan base (Yeah)  
Show me family face  
(yeah) no matter they size, shape, or race

(2x)

First off, (here we go), whoever trippin get the shot off  
1 into the back of your head, actin like the dead, don't play  
12 shells a day, still put it down for my g's around the way  
(hey hey) ain't nobody tryin ta step to  
Better watch you mouth homeboy  
I'll powerplex you, into the mat  
Now picture that you're ? so skinny your nose is hella hella phat  
Fat enough to kick it wit a gang of hood rats  
In the back of a chicken shack

We relax in you jaw like a side effect  
and fuck you hood rat hoes, in the project  
Got a 12 gauge and I'm holdin it down  
who want to ride with me cause I'm headed east with bail  
Callin D dumpin t-w I-z t-I-d be-l-a-z-e  
and we ride to till infinity (yeah)  
Chorus repeats till end