

# Rock The Dead

Twiztid

Make a move to the sky  
Play the wicked shit and the dead will arrive  
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Space and beyond, mind of a idiot  
I stole your head stone from your grave plot  
Conscious and confused,  
See tomorrow's dreams on tonights news  
BLOO BAH falling through a hole in the sky  
Will I die?  
And all the time I've applied with this life love and lies  
Stepping in the darkness walking through my conscience  
Like an android I remain heartless  
Underground and middle know me well  
Bring it to the white lights of the depths of hell  
Walk through the time flux hand in hand with clear minds  
Thoughts are harmonious like the rhythm of wind chimes  
Peel back the rind and examine the fruit  
Run to the corpse buried in its best suit  
Maggots crawling out its face  
Eyes sunk in its head  
Through your fucking arms up and rock the dead

Screamin like Ah I can't even take it no more  
Release the straps from my jacket and let me go  
Ill medication got my whole body shaking  
Planning escaping but they gon keep on chasing  
I faceing off with world and the planet NIGGA HOE  
Buried alive like real god dammit  
It ain't a living thing it's a no fuck wit it thing  
Bring the pain, and ima leave with the rain  
INSANE when I leave this bitch  
I got the whole world screaming out YOU ain't SHIT  
We be the wrong ones you can bet  
I don't know why you hide your face, 'cause I'm coming for your neck  
Bad part, of your block  
What you got? Should I cut your head off, on the spot  
A whole pile a dead bodies I'm on top  
Me and my man rocking the dead like  
UH NON STOP

Got vision on you point blank range  
Strange look coming  
'cause I'm in all black and I be rocking with the axe  
Every day life how I'm living  
Cemetery watch the grave digging  
Sacrifice another victim  
You can hear me screaming through the trees and the woods  
Hang myself from a higher branch if I could  
Gotta get em out Gotta get these thoughts outta my head  
So I keep rocking the dead

Some of my best friends are dead  
If you include Monoxide, Violent J, Shaggy and Evil Ed  
Serial Killers from the West and the East  
Dead motherfuckers from here to Brake St.

Fuck it if you missing some limbs and patches of hair  
Nod your bald head and through your nubs in the air  
I want to see zombies jump and scream a loud  
And kill every live motherfucker in the crowd  
Chorus Repeated