

## Scared

Twiztid

Better grab yo' CD  
'Fore the shit really gets deep  
Watch a nigga on the creep  
In the backseat  
Thinkin' bout a friends on the knees  
Goin' down that one street  
Man, I'm out to get 'cha  
Better feel me, blood, I'll get wit' cha  
'Cause read the scripture  
On the coffin  
Not takin' no losses  
Check, comin' back  
With a stack wrapped  
Look at the stack  
All my Gs  
These...  
Suckas wanna play  
Or lift away  
But I'm bringin' em to they knees  
Come and get these...  
Mothafuckin' nuts  
Gotta get the fuck on up  
So don't even trip, I'll bury yo' ass too muthafuckin' quick, bitch  
Back in the mode  
Hit the road  
If you can't hang  
Fuck around, and get ya shit twiztid, leave you dead up in the Mustang  
Lane to lane, gotta watch me drivin'  
All across the island  
Just look behind ya  
On the ceiling of your Pathfinder  
So ya better think twice  
Or I'm all across like 60 mice  
Runnin' wild like I'm outta mind  
Innertwined...  
With the fact, I'm outta town  
But fuck y'all bitches  
I'll haunt ya without the loss of any breath  
Hope to God you muthafuckas learn, hope to God we'll scare ya to death  
(People laughing)  
(Jamie Madrox)  
Die from the skin have the devil's chance  
To breath  
Hold ya hands to breathe  
Terminal like disease  
With amphetamines  
Goosebumps from a cold breeze  
Foamin' at the mouth like I got rabies  
Scabies  
Maybe... it's 'cause I'm just a creep  
Slippin' through your dream at night when you're when you're fast asleep  
Shoulda get at me cuz I'm a freak  
Don't peep  
Quick to hung your ass with a bare sheet  
Dangle boo, I'm scarin' em', bodies filled with fright  
Vocal cords jumpin' out in the street light  
Just might play today be nice

Crunch a mothafuckin' bottle over my head in a streetfight  
I'm feelin' alright  
Dynamite!  
Outta sight  
Like Jimmy Walker  
Cut a mothafuckin' head off but it on a cake just like Betty Crocker  
Night stalker  
Anti-shittalker  
Inventor of the vibe  
Come and take a look at my mind  
You will see shit don't work properly on inside  
Outside is another whole story together  
Got six bullet holes in the front of my sweater  
No matter the weather  
Some feel better  
Any days make a nigga feel a little better  
Never...  
Feel bad with the good inside  
Gotta scuffle with your knife to your head in the cowhide  
Creepin' outside  
Like a nigga insane  
Tappin' bloody fingers on the windowpane  
Leave em' out to play  
Suckas say no way  
Better come back on another day  
Lock your windows and your doors but be prepared  
For a brother to stop and ask you, is you scared?