

Something Weird

Twiztid

Are you enjoying that?
Just shut the fuck up and sit and watch!

I comes like BLAM! AHH! All up in your face
To give you mothafuckas a taste
Of whatever I'm kickin'
Damn, the shit is finger-lickin'
Like the pussy attached to the bitch I'm stickin'
Flickin'
The cunt-ilingous real tough
'Cause I wear a pair of thighs like some mothafuckin'
ear muffs
Lick it up
Because I gets to the point
Sit back, relax, and smoke a fuckin' joint
Rough, rougher than the corsite of the sandpaper
More complex than menthaliptous with the soothing
vapors
Where the papers?
Because I wanna get high
Lay on the lawn and stare at the sky
I'm quite disgusted
When some gets apathetic
I'll scream out my battle cry and freeze you up like
cryogenics
Anasthetic, carbon monoxide
A mind-meld
Pressure on your mind until your mind swells
It's something weird

Check the sound
Peep this freaky shit goin' down
Grab on to the rhythm like it owns your soul
Ask me where my brain is, man, I don't know
(Weird!!)
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Listen as I mingle
You start to tingle
You peep the jingle
I got you salivatin' for a Mr. Bones single
Lyrics illuminate like some candles
Nastier than ashy ass feet in some open toed sandals
Dimension X is the port to imagination
Desecration
Of the body, mind deprivation
In relation
To the son of man you can't avoid
'Cause I'm on the Dark Side of the Moon like Pink Floyd
Can you see me?
Maybe if you see me, you'll believe me
A hexogonic case
Skeleton face

On your TV
Turn the channel
And I'll just reappear
And make sure that we're all cleeeaar...
On the subject that I'm stressin', the shit is kinda deep like Atlantis
Mothafuckas nowadays be actin' scandalous
But fuck em', and fuck you too if you down wit' em' I aim to split em'
And eat they ass up with the deadly rhythm I'm bringin'
Pain to your ears loud and clear
So turn it up and freak out, it's something weird

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I wanna rip the skin off my body so I can see my skeleton
The things you think are mandatory I think are irrelevant
In fact, a lunatic is not always insane
Society bends the mind intends to give pain
Maintain long enough to live your life
Maintain your sanity long enough so you can get paid
Looking for my mind, I think I lost it
And fuck every last muthafucka out there that wanna talk shit
I give a fuck not what you think
I'm down to blast your ass everytime you blink
So think
Sucka
Mothafucka
You besta back up
Before I crack up
And nut-up
And fuck yo' ass up
I rip the rhyme like it has to be
What's my mental capacity
You're askin' me
I'm hittin' like 6.9 on the Richter Scale
I'm walkin' a ghostly trail
Scratches from the fingernails
Ghostly grooves overcoming the whole state
But wait, it gets better, just wait
Something weird....

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Yeah....