

# Speculationz

Twiztid

Speculation has it, that I'm the freakiest one  
I like to rip out my tongue and spit the black magic  
And I'm supposed to be fucking some crack addict without a rubber?  
And I already got a baby by her mother?  
They say I'm a sci-fi wizard of sorts  
And my momma, she was a banshee, she was drowned by the courts  
They say my little brother Jamie, he's dead and in a grave, and I'm all alone and afraid  
And everything I gave has been so underestimated, I've been hated by generations  
For having conversations with people who didn't make it  
How could I fake it?  
I'm a monster, remember me? The weirdo with the axe, from another galaxy  
I keep a blender in my kitchen filled to rim with the blood  
And spit suspicions of me drinking it up  
So it's fucked, scatter stones, get out my cool-Aid  
I'm blasting away from all you haters  
Hit me up on my two-way

(4x)

Besides some bullshit falling down  
I'm okay

Speculation has it that I'm a drunk and a drug addict  
A shit talker, always trying to start static  
A borderline faggot, with long fingernails  
Either that or he's a coke head, but I don't think he cares  
Speculation has it that I have already engaged in sexually fantasies with me and Gwen Stefani  
A video taping, internet downloads  
Speculations is called is the one who gets boned  
I can't escape it, mistake it, or fake it out  
Look you in the face as if I don't know what you talking about  
Speculation, you heard I don't spit on no bodies shit, but no, don't hate me

Many mouths to feed, and many personalities, and me looking to get P.A.I.D  
Is it a lie or is it true?  
You can put that on our skills they stay snug like my Batman suit

Smash the flash I have the plastic backing  
Speculation, hateration, me and Twiztid don't give a  
Mistaking, papered up, smashing independently  
With a dedicated ass fanbase, and don't a mothafucka hear from me  
Speculation, see they just don't know  
I be rapping too fast, they be listening too slow  
I be spitting sluggish  
E-40 be spitting thuggish  
E-40 be representing the bottery up in the cop, got the dirt popping  
Ain't no stopping a pimp  
Walk with a limp  
Elbows on bimp  
Flopping on hips  
Sipping on sip, sipping on sip  
Dipping and skating and bounce to this shit  
Me and Twiztid be twisted  
Me and Twiztid be gone  
Me and Twiztid be blisted

Me and Twiztid be stoned  
Gone on our head, dead, dead wrong  
Smoking turtle, beating on our chest like King Kong  
Conversating acting and poking, that's how it's hanging today  
Trying to persuade this liquor into giving me brain