

# The world

Twiztid

I...

You can catch a buzz off me from smoking the reazin off my bong  
And disappear in the dark like the smoke in my lungs  
Now will you walk with me  
Take a chance when the faces all talk to me  
Or when they callin me  
My eyes closed and I can't see straight, now it's pitch black  
Can't breathe and I can't move like a heart attack  
Hung ova, stoned sober  
my last guy crashed and burned so game over  
Control over a parallel you can't even fuck with  
Cast half the spells and burn you in the dark shit  
Crossed over with my faith in God  
Stigmata, bleedin from the hole in my arm  
I'm hangin from ropes and chains with my veins all cut up  
In a puddle of blood, monoxide, bitch, what up  
Realm walker through the smoke I come  
Drank the ? with green eyes and sippin on blood

Chrous:

What if the world couldn't get any worse than this?  
It just did it just did it just did it just did  
4 times

You're starin at a homicidal maniac straight out his biskit  
you never know how deep shit can get until you're knee deep in it  
So come along and witness things  
Dark enough to mainstream  
Sendin eyes wander through the tunnels  
Of your blood veins  
And if yall didn't know ? for hoes  
Ain't no love for trolls  
Better roll for you get stole on  
Better, better get gone  
'Fore I grab this axe start hittin your ass the way I usually hit this bong  
Hit this moist and coochie  
when I speak on point like se 'er fuck your 9 millimeter  
Real stupid, your killaz carry an axe  
either in our hands or in the haters back watch em drip like candle wax  
Caught up in the wicked web created by the light of them  
and now your homies dead I think you better call an ambulance  
Talkin that, walkin that, can't nobody  
fuck with me but now you're on your back and labeled just another casualty

Chorous 4 times

Time is running out for the planet Earth. ?  
you will make it, in society, or out of it  
What if the world couldn't get any worse than this?  
Time is running out for the planet Earth  
What if the world couldn't get any worse than this  
You'll make it, in society or out of it

Comatose (what?) fucked up on drugs  
scatter brain from an infection I got my blood  
monoxide bless the dead up (bitch what), hold it down  
keep these weak bitches from double crossin the underground

My space, my world, and my way  
and I'm a ? big dog so bitch don't play ( eat a ?)  
My reflection is insanity that's all that I can see  
that's all that I can really truly be (yeah)

Brought up in a world of lies and hypocrites and tension  
where copy cats are waiting to perpetrate you invention (damn)  
so listen up and lend an ear, here, you can borrow mine  
livin for yesterday and today will tomorrow find (hey)  
a place where people will understand  
it ain't the chips that make the man  
it's the spirit heart and action  
And you can try and argue with that  
While me and monoxide split this pack  
of cigarettes and smoke our lungs black