

## Trough ur eyez

Twiztid

Through your eyes you think we're all the same  
Through your eyes we're all the same  
Through your eyes you think we're all the same  
Through your eyes we're all the same

(2x)

Through your eyes you think we're all the same  
(Tell me can you see me now?)  
Through your eyes we're all the same  
(t-t-t-t-t-t-t-tell me can you see me now?)

I'm an optical illusion  
Your expectations of me awaiting stone like Medusa  
Lashing at me ripping out my mortal being  
But your foundation is flimsy and slowly crumbling  
Everything has an end  
Now let's pretend that pipe dreams are made of medicine  
Make me feel better again  
Made me feel better than them  
Or true or false sitting together again  
I can't despise the way you capitalize  
On situations the way you always seem to  
It's been a surprise the way you speak those lies  
Reassuring and convincing me that I'm somebody, too  
But I'm not  
See, you wouldn't comprehend this  
Insignificant magic deep within, inside  
But you wouldn't realize  
That if I was looking through your eyes then I would wanna die

I need the bogs and jungles and planets that you ain't never heard of  
Sit with gorillas in the mist and blaze the herb up  
My thoughts are fixed with a 12 gauge  
My skin is all covered in paint from head to toe  
trying to hide me from the sun rays  
My wicked ways will be death of y'all  
My reflection is your curtain call  
Bless me father, hear us all  
My contemplations premeditated  
I'm heavily medicated  
Into the underground is what I'm dedicated  
I can't handle so I blaze the weed  
And I give a fuck less bitches if ya hating me  
Just wait and see in turn full circle on the bottom again  
Lookin up watching all the clouds  
Turn purple, like your back ass out  
I thought I told y'all motherfuckers, bitch we don't die

I ain't the one to blow your head off to the scapegoat  
The one you bitches blame cause you sinking in your boat  
Bitch I slit your god damn throat  
And leave ya twitching  
Twiztid ain't the reason why yo ass bullshitting  
(RADIO)  
Them scared of playing us  
Underground bitches, it ain't no love for the famous  
Get your ropes cut quick, low maintenance

Sitting in the dark and I ain't got to make the playlist

Effortless excuses (my bad)

For why they don't saturate situations for they nooses

And who are we to go and call you out?

We done heard all the stories and don't what the fuck they talking about

I'm not a puppet, so don't pull my strings

I don't need nobody trying to hold me, console me, control me, shit

You're the one trying to change me, make me into something that I'm not