

# What I'm Feelin

Twiztid

The drugs keepin me high  
I just wanna eliminate everyone thats in sight  
The wicked shits alive in me and it will never die  
I just wanna let you know inside what I'm feelin  
Feelin' dead but I'm still alive\*  
Killers who cut throats the only ones that survive  
The wicked shits alive in me and it will never die  
I just wanna let you know inside what I'm feelin

I'm sick like hotel beds  
And gettin head  
In a motel where  
My girls in the corner dead  
The coroner said it was an overdose  
So I cut his throat and left him for dead  
Inside a moble home\*  
I'm a stoner with his motor blown  
And I get high over leavin wack mcee's comatose  
You ain't shit you suck  
So what you got your vowels mixed up\*  
J hand me the bitch so I can pump this shit up like training day  
I'm holdin the real killers who walk and never run away  
Put your fuckin gun away  
'for I get pissed off then piss on ya like a rainy day  
I ain't happy I'm the other way  
Stayin mad as fuck and always lookin to retaliate  
So if you wondering why I magigate  
Just refer to the real definition of assassinate

Here we go and were takin it back to basics  
We make a mark in any marks trying to erase it  
We take the number and usually we embrace it  
We were born in chaos with carnival faces  
Hows that for odds  
Sent here to eliminate false profits and DemiGods of statistics  
Media\* moguls and spreaders of the falseness  
With they heads lopped off and bodies tied to crosses

Followers have been exposed  
With overactive temperal lobes  
Up in they dome  
No indiviuality more clones on the production line  
Manufacture and faximilated rhymes for the twelfth time  
Thirteen's synonomous with the oddity's  
Stay hungry for flesh like the piranha be  
Killer tryin to dishonor me  
Nothin is sacred in a dead economy  
So bury me deep\* where the haters will never bother me

They got a problem with us and the way we tellin it  
Not a statistic refuse to be irrelevant  
Disorted in sick shit  
Ooze from every element  
You can blame it on my soul but the music be compelling it  
To do the type to make you feel it when you hear it  
Musical ducktape  
To patch the holes in your spirt

No jump on fate  
We tomahawk with the lyrics  
And stay buzz wordy while your shits on clearance

You phonier than cinamax porn and bein torn  
Between bein a label whore  
And wishin you were never born  
I'm not hear to scorn  
I'm just sayin that your nothin more than a porn on a board in a fake war  
And now you fuck with ya militia\*  
Whirl with that government issue  
Wont miss ya  
I ain't gotta spit a line to diss ya  
I got a line around the block of folks commin to get ya

[Chorus]