

# A Little Fucked Up

## Twiztid

I know you hate it  
Butcher knife is serrated  
Ever since I could mate  
I've been murder infatuated, morbidly fascinated  
So keeping me medicated is probably the only way  
That I'm ever safe to come play with  
Hard to understand like I'm speaking another language  
To people who never wrapped up a body inside a blanket  
And heave it into a river with heavy shit  
That'll take ya to the bottom  
I'm telling y'all  
Hang with the down trodding  
From causing your town problems  
I'm feeding your broke condoms  
Full of my cum squadrons  
Come from along, got 'em all wrong  
So please don't be surprised when you sleep with my chainsaw  
Addicted to getting brain from dumb broads with smut mouths  
To keep away from them bum thoats that go all out  
And I'm rap's equivalent to a chemical fallout  
And I'm only here to let them demon dogs out  
I'm a little bit fucked up in the head Who wanna see their skulls outside of they face?  
Tuck their tongue inwards just to see how they soul tastes  
Fingers through their temples, touching brains as they meditate  
In a cannibalistic, pessimistic, zombie-like state  
Overcome and I ain't infected by the sickness  
My mind's lights out, total darkness and bring the wicked  
Like a soul weaver, weaving in and out of consciousness  
Like the nightmare you can't contain in your sleep, so bitches  
Here to move for the thought, a headless body on the wall  
Is it your body? Where's your head?  
It must be down the hall, is it tangled in intestines?  
Screaming and trying to reconnect  
In hopes of reanimating a head to a severed neck  
I'm a mad man, ate blocks with light malice in hammock  
A couple buckles short of our straightjacket  
I'm manic depressant - in an essence, I'm fucked up  
Can't blast images that appear, and the voices never stop  
Even when I cover my ears  
I'm a little bit fucked up in the head I never said that I was sane  
Something inside my brain got me crazy  
Fuck, call me deranged

Fuck, label me weird and strange  
There's a thousand voices that say  
I should take my broken mind and maybe just do away with it  
Fuck it, give me another minute  
I'll be laughing, making a casket, laying my ass in it  
Fuck it, forget it, I've already made it and laid in it  
And nothing's different, my head keeps spinning and I keep grinningCause I'm a lunatic  
laughing  
Right from the beginning all the way to the nuthouse  
I'll be the opposite of winning but right now  
I'm only here to kidnap women and children, and turn the lights out  
I've given a hundred degrees of insanity, please  
Go get your kids and your wife out  
It's only seconds until I go get the knives out  
And I told you I'm a couple bulbs short up in my lighthouseI'm a little bit fucked up in the head

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>