

# Twiztid, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Bones

Perhaps we can make a deal....  
Who is it? Dr. Jekyll or Mr. Bones?  
Come quick cuz I'm still, I'm chillin' at they fuckin' door  
But wait a minute, could you unlock the door?  
You're in my jam  
'Cause I can do it man, I know I can  
But is it me or Mr. Bones rappin'?  
Tombstone tappin'  
Voices laughin'  
When we castin'  
Many spells or many hexes, you can't even tell  
So go and help 'fore your brain swells  
Part of being a sick man is tryin' to keep my sanity  
Label my tapes explicitly because of the profanity  
But wait a minute, I'm the fuckin' killa  
I'll hang yo' ass up like Michael Myers in the cellar  
A dweller  
I'm on the display, it's sad but true  
But, uh....fuck you  
'Cause I ain't got shit to prove  
All my friends say I'm a cool young man  
All my friends say I'm a cool young man  
Verse 2, I'm still psycho-trippin'  
I'm on the hunt for a bitch that I can stick my dick in  
But if she give me some shit  
Mr. Bones, or hell, anybody, it's a guaranteed wig split  
With an axe to the dome  
Fuck the chrome  
Because I'd rather get my bone on  
And get my bone on is what I must  
I'm leavin' niggas three-six degrees, turnin' suckas to dust  
But when I bust  
Never felt no tragedy  
The roads that I walk are filled with dirt so feel no panic  
Still broke  
I'm the funky brother named Bones  
And I'm always on the run, let the skin stone  
But the biotridy is comin' quickly  
And if you step in my path, I'm gettin' with thee  
So if you try to take me on  
Never come alone  
Or you'll feel the wrath of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Bones  
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