Twiztid, Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Bones

Perhaps we can make a deal....

Who is it? Dr. Jekyl 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 explicitely 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

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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. Jekyl and Mr. Bones

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