

Hilltop Hoods, I Believe

These lyrics are totally wrong... definately not Hilltop Hoods!

(feat. DJ Reflux)

Let me see your thought thing there buddy, I'ma Chop it, see the idea is to make you die -(Stop it)- I dont know why but your heart beat offends me, I need to cut you off at the wind pipe desperately -(Like, how about cuttin' your own neck)- I did, seventeen times, why you think i talk like this? Before i cut myself / This Was My Voice/ now gimme your neck pipe, you dont have no fuckin' choice -(Im not ready to die)- neither was Easy -E, whut makes you so fuckin' special you can escape the wrath -(You mean the Wraith) - I said Wraith, now shut the fuck up, and wind pipe so I can cut that mother fucker -(Pick somebody else) - Im pickin' anybody i can find, and you happen to be the next mother fucker in line -(Ok let's do it) - Keep still right there and about 1, 2, 3 of those mother fuckers i'm outta here

Let me make the pain be gone / I wanna / STAB, STAB, STAB
Its like / Murdering be giving me a calm / I need ta / YEAH, YEAH, YEAH. Let me make the pain be gone / I wanna / STAB, STAB, STAB / Its like / Murdering be giving me a calm / I need ta (Ah ha... Whut kind of circus is this)

How you gonna give me a straight jacket when Im crooked? Took it and shook it, ripped it and unzipped it and waited for the nurse guy to bring me my tray, jumped him from behind and turned his head backwards my way, took all his keys and a crate of Methadone, masturbated on myself and leaped out the window, Then i turned around and went back inside, once i realized i could of grabbed a gang of Formaldehyde. Suddenly another fuckin' gaurd shot me, I played the whole movie shit off like You got me . Laid there playin' dead and when he checked my pockets I jabbed my fuckin' thumb knuckle in his eye socket. By now there was guards everywhere, Im steady cuttin' off heads, surfin' on a wheel chair, and too many bullets finally put me away... But was it the real Violent J?

Let me make the pain be gone / I wanna / STAB, STAB, STAB
Its like / Murdering be giving me a calm / I need ta / YEAH, YEAH, YEAH. Let me make the pain be gone / I wanna / STAB, STAB, STAB / It kills the pain, ahe its the only thing that kills the pain im sorry!
Im so sorry that Im so stale... Im so sorry Im stale. But still I gotta murder your face... man Im sorry Im stale. Im so sorry that Im so stale... Im so sorry Im stale. But still I gotta murder your face... man Im sorry Im stale.