

Blaze Ya Dead Homie, Grave Ain't No Place

A motherf**ker recognize a thug mashin' hard
Straight out the plot of my cemetery yard
Buried so long, nobody gave a shit
Blood and tears, embedded in my casket
Been surrounded, old folks everywhere
Smell of dry piss covered the air
When I heard the voices say arise from the grave
I quickly dug myself out and went to find the 12-gauge
Shotgun, double barrelled sawed off pump
Safety runs thru the target if you test me
Psycho thug, mashin' outta control
Spent too many f**kin' years deep in a hole
But still I'm a killa, feindin' for the streets
Slangin' rocks on a 9 to 5 beat
All that change, now got maggots on my face
I'm back from the dead to give yo ass a taste

The grave ain't no place for a psycho thug killa!
Hustla on the street, neighborhood drug deala!
The grave ain't no place, I should be out mashin!
Never goin' back to my muthaf**kin' casket!
The grave ain't no place for a psycho thug killa!

Hustla on the street, neighborhood drug deala!
The grave ain't no place, I should be out mashin!
Never goin' back to my muthaf**kin' casket!

The grave ain't no place to be
Too much like the penitentiary
Locked away in concrete
I'm buried 6 feet
Guess so, so when you roam
You can find your way home
Cuffs tight around the wrist cause I was bustin' my chrome
Dark visions in the smog when I walk with the dead
Bad dreams in the night keep you shakin' in bed
Is it all in your head cause you're locked in a cage?
And clear your mind and get shanked and live the cemetery way

I'm sittin' in the cemetery
I got a plan to kill a pig so I placed a phony call about a
bitch I buried
F**k a cell, I won't eve