

House Of Krazees, Portrait

Portrait Of A Killer

The 1st suspect

The mind of Jeffrey Dalmer

entered the scene and caused drama

Born in Milwaukee in 1960

As a child, studied much chemistry

later on joined the army in '79

there at the base was 3 unsolved crimes

Known to all as mass mutilation murders

but to blame one of the soldiers was unheard of

Left the base in 1981

Headed home to Milwaukee for a little fun

5 years past, things are going pretty good

Killed about seven kids in his neighborhood

Not suspected of any type of crime

Who woulda thought young Jeffrey was out of his mind?

Four more men and boys were killed before

One of the victims escaped out the back door

Told the cops all the things that he'd seen

That night, mister Dalmer was in custody

Facing charges of murder, simple and plain

Told his lawyer that he was gonna plead insane

He knew everybody was out to get him

So he said "fuck it" and confessed to all counts of cannibalism

He was convicted and received the life sentence

A real motherfuckin menace

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The 2nd Suspect Born in '34

He was the unwanted child of a fuckin whore

Lived in Kentucky, the place he was born and raised

On the streets, Charles Manson was his name

Went to jail, released in '67

Moved to San Francisco and found his Heaven

He was the leader of the cult group known as the family

Charlie was always in the circles

Surrounded by the thoughts in his fuckin head

Cause the family would do anything that he said

So he let them all in on the master plan

To kill off and make waste of the white man

So the black folks could have control and well,

Fucked it up beneath little Charlie's hell

Helter Skelter, got folded day by day

So they said fuck it and went and killed Sharon Tate

The next day they were arrested for the crime

Charles Manson ended up doing life of time

That's rite, he received the life sentence

A real motherfuckin menace

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The 3rd suspect is Mr. Bones

Locked down in the sick world of my own

Here's a clue when the demon came alive

It was in Detroit, 1975

Took my first life back to the age of 16

The quiet (?) is kept, you know what the fuck I mean

Back and forth to every shrink in town

Analizing my fucking needle sound

One more year past now I'm no good again

Dropped some acid and try to kill my girlfriend

Broke her arm and almost killed the hoe

Don't ask why cause I really don't fuckin know

But now I'm 18 and kicking my wicked rhymes

With drug abuse and fatal thoughts of suicide

Preminitions of death lie in a bloody path
Up some sort of 3rd world aftermath
But they try to say that I'm insane
And pass the blame on my distorted brain
They get scared when I try to kick the truth
Cause they know that Im the demonic youth
But Im nothing but the crazed one Mr. Bones
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