

# Project Deadman, No Rest For The Wicked

PDM Project Deadman Prozak King Gordy MEC

(Prozak)

I sit alone and try to remember why it's obituaries  
Diggin up 5 dead bodies so I can play twister and pictionary  
Kindy scary how I stay stationary in this monestary  
You think it's depressing in the cemetary but it's quite the contrary  
Kind of morbid livin in this f\*\*ked up world that we call hell  
But will somebody please just tell me what the f\*\*k is that smell  
Oh it's our own souls decaying the result of our wicked ways  
Like eatin a bowl of thumbtacs with a side of razorblades  
Oh no my hands are bleeding a side effect of stigmata  
Terrorists crash into buildings and they claimin it's for Allah  
But I holler at your religion Muslim Hebrew or Christian  
Havin visions and preminitions of mankind's crucifixions  
The body of christ compells you 'cause you do what the devil tells you  
Drugs and alcohol excell you like a dirty pimp that sells you  
But I'm not here to condemn you criticize or offend  
These are the prophecies of Project Deadman here to tell you

No rest for the angels no rest for the demons  
No rest for the murder victims that are always screamin  
No rest for the guilty no rest for the dead  
No rest from the insane voices that are screamin in my head(2x)

(King Gordy)

I hold there for shock obsorbance when I rock the orbit  
For what it's worth I am not normal I am dark and morbid  
Escape from hell the devil's trackin me down  
He wears all black with a crown with shocks and horns he gotta be found  
Slip through the cracks in the ground  
Died but I'm back as a baby from Iraq  
Who learned first to live Allah decide what truth is  
I'm a soldier pack through deserts walkin through deserts  
You're down with the presence of a ghost lost in the present  
Cursed to lurk the earth desolate hurts but then again  
Many havn't experienced the pleasure of pain  
I pity you you're pitiful perish in flames  
The rap version of Kurt Cobain  
It's an honor when Manson let's me watch him snort cocaine  
Life of a rockstar of fortune and fame  
Until we blow out our brains hahahahahaha

No rest for the angels no rest for the demons  
No rest for the murder victims that are always screamin  
No rest for the guilty no rest for the dead  
No rest from the insane voices that are screamin in my head(6x)

NO REST FOR THE WICKED(2x)