

Project Wyze, Behind Closed Doors

Yas Yas
Say wha say wha
Hey ya'll
Yas and Bobby
Ha ha ha ha

Just listen
Is this what you really wanted?
Weclome to my wonderful world of pain and agony
Let me introduce myself my name is tragedy
The kind that sneaks into your bedroom late at night
The kind that makes and airplane crash while it's in flight
I'm the type of stress that will make your heart skip a beat
The type that left you hungry and homeless on the street
The kind that makes you spin like cd rom
I took the life from your body till your spirit was gone
I'm the type that turn your fantasies to bad dreams
I'm the type that turn ideas into deadly schemes
I'm the kind that caused you pain until you blacked out
I'm the last thing you saw before you passed out

(Chorus)
Bang Bang now
Tell me what you need
Tell me how you feel when i take away your dreams
Bang Bang now
What you looking for
I'm that one standing behind closed doors
Bang Bang now
Bang Bang now
Bang Bang now

I'm that monster that hides under your bed
I'm the type that causes voices inside your head
I'm the kind of storm that left your crew sea-sick
I'm the kind that made your girlfriend belemic
I'm the type that makes you cross enemy lines
The type that brings weapons in the kids in Isreal and Palastine
The kind that brought your Quija board to life
The kind of panic that happens during a bank heist
I'm the type of tragedy you can't hide from
I'm the type of pain and torture you can die from
The kind of stranger that peeks over your fence
Last thing you saw before I took your innocence

(Chorus)x2

Yeah
Ready
Go

(Chorus)x2