

# Blaze Ya Dead Homie, Casket

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Do you wanna know about the box  
A casket with padlocks  
Broken off the hinge, bitch, eat a cock  
Buried in the earth then forgotten about  
Feelin' good like a mothaf\*\*ka first day out  
Took air in my lungs, been awhile since I did so  
Smoked me a blunt, f\*\*ked a hood rat ho  
Kill a couple niggas, smack a couple bitches  
Runnin' mothaf\*\*kas for the rips and they riches  
Ain't shit changed but the month and year  
Broke mothaf\*\*kas scrounging for squares and beers  
Pigs scatter on the street when the dead man arise  
Real muthaf\*\*kin' killas never gon' die

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Sleepin' in the casket, awoke by a strange sound  
Break the hinge and rise up from the cold ground  
I could be deamin', what the f\*\*k is with my head  
6 feet deep and I'm surrounded by the dead  
I hear a noise, someone's cryin' my name  
How should I react, am I just goin' insane?  
All my thug niggas hold it down on the streets  
And watch these muthaf\*\*kas on they grave robbin' spree  
Froze in my box, hearin' people chatter up above  
They sayin' can ya 'kick the do' up?' I'm still stuck  
I'm dead as shit, I know where I'm at now  
Chillin' with the dead, one with the underground

So why these niggas out f\*\*kin' with my grave?  
I got a maggot face and my skin's decayed  
Break thru t