

Blaze Ya Dead Homie, Dead Body Man

dead bodyz
dead homiez
all over the streetz
55 or 65 of us at least
i hang wit the dead till the brake of dawn
an fantisize of dead bitches when i'm hittin the bong
i'd grab em by they ass
& hump em till i'm cumming
dead homie loving that dead bitch f**kin
her neder tastes like chicken
deep fried
i pumped her 50 times
& then i busted in her eye
i just ate my 1st dead bitch last week
still got a pussy hair caught up in my teeth
before you start yelling
& cursing my name
remember somethings wrong wit my brain
insane
second i was born doctor held me in his hands
looked over too the nurse and notioned
for the garbage can
was cold & shaking like a bowl of jello
& my moms was like
"oh my god! hello?"
he said i was born
from a cemetary place
chillin wit a hatchet and a juggalo face
i know i'm not alive
i don't think you understand
i'm just a dead body man
break:
you can call me the
call me the
dead body man
body man
body man
i'm the dead body man!
blaze:
dead bodyz
dead homiez
in the back of the hurse
wit bumps so loud that ya ear drums burst
i ride through ya neighborhood
bumpin my shit
great milenko mostasteless & my 1st ep bitch
some line up on the corners of blocks
where they slang dime bags of heron & crack rocks
it's all good
everybody gotta eat
but a keep ya bitch ass outta my streetz
i mash through the eastside
knockin the bass
chillin wit my freeks and i'm pickin her face
maggotz and bugz like to crawl on her head
cause my bitch is dead i'd rather that instead
of a hoe you can't trust
wit a dick in they butt
a dead body bitch learn to keep her mouth shut
chillin in the back are my dead homiez too
which means they don't got nothing
on the trees & brew
if you think i'm sick take a look at yourself
ya got dead deer heads up on ya shelf

on ya key chain is a little baby rabbits hand
& i'm still the dead body man
break:
you can call me the
call me the
dead body man
body man
body man
i'm the dead body man!