Blaze Ya Dead Homie, Hatchet Execution

I represent Southwest, Del-Ray Jefferson
Festival ridin', we deemed around the Mexican
Me and Violent J, we murder heroin addicts
With every different saws, screwdrivers, and automatics
I like killin' anybody, I'm like Anybody Killa
I'm stompin' thru yo' city like a little Godzilla
I'll cut ya dick and balls off and make ya eat em'
Then choke yo' ass to death so you won't even need em'
Punk bitch!

You ever felt like you a freak in the night?
Outcasted to the shadows 'cause you don't look right
Hypnotized by the eyes from the average muthaf**ka
Chrome to his dome, if he cries, he's a busta
There's certain rituals for bein' ghetto
Keep yo' ass underground, when it's dark, go balistic
I'm representin' all the crazy juggalos
With a hatchet in they hand, smokin' blunts after shows

Think about it, you gotta give it up to Blaze
I mean the guy is f**kin' dead in 47 different ways
Yet he's leavin' Heaven hangin'
And chillin' with his boys

At least until they get his room ready in the Nethervoid
For now he hits the joint until it ain't none left
Which ain't bad for a dead guy supposedly with no breath
Death ain't scary, look at Blaze, he's straight
Even with the maggots and all, he looks great

Because I take out my hatchet and I quickly start axin'
I go juggaloco like a crazy assassin
Twiztid and the Posse, we say nothing confusing
Why? Why? Why?
It's just a hatchet execution.....
A Psychopathic execution

Throw it up y'all, lemme see yo' set shinin'
Rhymin'
For this paper, ain't nothin', get back to grindin'
On the Eastside
We ride
And Drive-By
And i