## Blaze Ya Dead Homie, Shittalkaz

Yo this is serious shit right here

Me and my boys, we don't f\*\*k around

You know what I'm sayin'?

So if you diss me

My muthaf\*\*kin' people, or the niggas I roll with

You know what?

Y'all done f\*\*ked up

Here go the shittalkin'

You's a bitch ass hoe

What you really know about killas for real though?

Stainin' my freek show, gang of lunatics

We the rebels for the dead

F\*\*kin' with us you lose your muthaf\*\*kin' head

And ya talkin' to your bitch ass hoes even a little

Rather beat ya to shit, and pull the plug at the hospital

Callin' me this, callin' me that

Cause you's a bitch ass nigga from the jump I wanna slap

With the old school beat down, 10 on 1

I don't remember no fair fights where I'm from

Maniac and I'ma stand right where the bloodstain is at

Hopin' you come back, nigga f\*\*k that

I'm the poster child of death

I'ma keep swingin' my axe till nuthin's left

I ain't havin' that so f\*\*k you bitch

Tell your friends I'ma hater and I'm talkin' shit

Man'l don't give a f\*\*k how many records you sell

Stories you tell, nigga check yourself

And f\*\*k that bitch that you're with too

When the shit go down, where the f\*\*k your crew?

Probably at home bumpin' someone else

When the shit went down they told you f\*\*k yourself

Now you cryin' inside little thug still frontin'

Thinkin' to yourself why the f\*\*k you say something

Too many niggas wanna beat me up

Steal my shit, slap my bitch

I'm like f\*\*k this

Now you know what it's like

To deal with real killas that don't play, everyday

Knockin' suckas out the box, who wanna get some?

Seven video channels for my victims

I ain't havin' that f\*\*k you bitch

Tell your friends I'ma hater and I'm talkin' shit

We the things that go bump in the night

We ain't got no love for you, you need to get some shit right

Bitch who you think you're f\*\*kin' with?

We keep this shit like a track meet, we be runnin' it

With the hatchet on the back

While other bitches suckin' sour tits for air time and similac

We say f\*\*k that, matter of fact

You tainted our style bitch boy we want our shit back

Don't get your head cracked you ain't tough

And all them skills don't mean shit when you get f\*\*ked up

So f\*\*k your set, and f\*\*k your crew

And f\*\*k every muthaf\*\*ka around and down with you

And you ain't puttin' nothin on the map

Except for all this bullshit commercialized mainstream rap

And I ain't havin' that f\*\*k you bitch

Tell your friends I'ma hater and I'm talkin' shit

Hoe ass hoes, we stomp those hoes

How the f\*\*k you gonna step to Dark Carnival juggalos?

Creators of the wicked, night breeders

No little bitch faggots with blonde

So anytime you see me in public

You get a Faygo in your ass, and your jaws full of dick

You can keep your muthaf\*\*kin' TRL I stay with my army in the underground and stay real And burn down your little TV set String Carson up with razor wire wrapped around his neck Cause that's how we do all day Cross to the other side bitch you're gonna pay We stay on the dark side of the carnival grounds Twiztid, Blaze, and 2 wicked clowns Heads are finna get chopped off, and slit Bout to take it way beyond talkin' shit Hatchet don't count, hatchet ain't included Knowin' goddamn well we the champs undisputed We don't need your radios and MTV Sellin' million, sayin' what the f\*\*k we please \*\*\*\* who's coat you ridin' on? You gotta lick balls, and write him a song You got his dick buried so far up your ass It's hangin' out your mouth, but you like that And \*\*\*\* tried to warn ya And there you are receiving the dick in California While you gettin' f\*\*ked on the West coast I'm at home f\*\*kin' Kim \*\*\*\* F\*\*k all you faggot ass sell out hoes And f\*\*k anybody denying the juggalos Come to the underground and get bit Tell your boys I'ma hater and I'm talkin' helly shit!