

Blaze Ya Dead Homie, Str8 Outta Detroit

Bitch, you can straight up eat a mothaf**kin' dick! I'm lookin' at the
mothaf**kin' frontline. I see Violent J....Anybody Killa...and that
mothaf**kin' dead homie, BLAZE!! See, we represent a mothaf**kin' hatchet on
the daily. WORLD WIDE BABY!! But for this moment in time, we wanna give up
props to D-Town (DETROIT!!!)

Straight outta Detroit, crazy mothaf**ka named Blaze

Back from the dead, tell my story on the front page

When I'm jackin'

I got a Mack-10

Squeeze the trigger off for criminals and axes

Which wanna y'all's wanna f**k with me?

The police are gonna have to come and get me
We stompin' yo ass, bitch I ain't goin' out

All you suckas, ain't nobody showin' out

Niggas wanna set trip

Try and talk shit
Cold cock yo' ass and leave you with yo' wigsplit

Goin' off on any bitch like that

With a gat

That's pointed at yo' dome!

So give it up sucka

I'm down with Anybody, "Drive-By, muthaf**ka!!"

He's a murderer, best keep yo' distance

Down with the Family, like Charles Manson

Crook throwaway is a mothaf**kin' tool

Don't make me act a mothaf**kin' fool

Me and you can go, toe to toe, maybe
On the corner, strapped, slangin' rocks daily

And turned weekly, monthly, and yearly

All the thugs in the hood represent me

'cause I'm down with a capital D-E-T

Bitch, you can't f**k with me!
When I'm in yo' neighborhood, you better duck

Ya Dead Homie, still crazy as f**k

Mashin' on you bitches, I think you get the point

Eastside, mothaf**ka, comin' straight outta Detroit

"Yo, Anybody, tell em' where you from!"
Straight outta Detroit, the name is Anybody Killa

Every bitch I choke, yo, my rep gets bigga

I'm a thug muthaf**ka, and you know this
But you playa hatin' bitches better never ever show this

I don't give a f**k, I make my cheese
Middle finger in the air screamin' "F**k the police!"

Straight servin', we call a cop car, jack it

Run your donuts, your guns, and your badges

Shoot a muthaf**ka in a minute

For some hood rat pussy and go up in it

So if you at a show

In the front row
I'ma call you a bitch if yo' ass ain't a juggalo

Bitches gettin' mad, bitches ain't shit

Bitches and hoes can eat a muthaf**kin' dick

I'm a crazy muthaf**ka from the streets

With them thug ass lyrics and them thug ass beats
Anybody controls the automatic

So any punk muthaf**ka that start static

With my dead homie, or by myself

Everytime, I pull the AK off the shelf

Security is maximum and that's a law

K-I-double-L-A, I'm raw

Bitch, I'm a muthaf**kin' villan

Stand in my way and you're witnessin' the killin'

Creepin' up without a clue

And once you in the scope, yo' ass is through

So bitch, you better get a grip

'cause Anybody Killa's on a gangsta tip

Straight outta Detroit!

"J is his name and the boy's comin'..."

Straight outta Detroit!

Is it nut that I'm cut
Like whut?
And make your sister eat butt
Dangerous
A thug claimin' Southwest
I'll leave an axe hangin' outta yo' chest
See I don't give a f**k, that's the problem
I see a muthaf**kin' cop, I'ma stop him
Play it smart and ask for directions
And then shank him in the f**kin' midsection
To me, it's kinda funny, this Prozac
I don't know where the f**k I'm goin' or where the f**k I'm at
I'm just rollin', lookin' for some ecstasy
So I can get high and f**k this bitch next to me
Ruthless...is the label that's floppin'
But the hatchetman be choppin'
'cause it really don't matter bout me
It's all Anybody Killa and Blaze Ya Dead Homie
Feel a little gust of wind and you're dead
'cause an axe just severed yo' head
And what about the bitch that got shot?
She gave me herpes so I shot her in the back
This be an autobiography
Of Blaze, he's dead and gone, but ain't lonely
Dark Lotus will slaughter your mother
And slap your brother
Straight outta Detroit!
"Oh my God!"
"Oh my...Oh my God!"
"Oh my...Oh my God!"
"Oh my God!"