

Boondox, Seven

(A tiskit a taskit
The scarecrows out his casket
Turn out the lites and lock the doors
Prayin that he passes)

A vision of the dead and the inbread of the backwoods
Muthafucka born inside a tool shed
Momma never loved me never paid me no attention
Daddy was a rapist 30 years upstate in Fulton County Prison
And I was raised by my own will
Survivin offa scraps and bones
Bear traps and road kill
Spandin my days and my nites all alone
N my mind is gone there sumthin wrong wit my dome
They shoulda put me in that tomb
I didnt ask for this life
When they cut me out the womb with a dull pocket knife
Now i walk with a scythe
And a murderous ability
A corn-fed muthafucka filled with hostility
Cracked out and im gone off the moonshine
A hundred eighty proof wine made from that muska dyin
Out in these corn fields learnin all these wicked skills
Swingin slicin choppin dicin
Country boy born to kill

(Chorus x2)
A demon spawn, the child of a bastard son
seven born to seven and the seventh child fathered one
A soul black, full of pain
Bodies in the field, blood pourin like rain

Dont get lost in the woods in your black expedition
On a dark dirt road so suspicious just trees and ditches
Headlights flicker and it's got you turnin switches
Now you so damn scared you bout to shit in your britches
You cant think straight all you hear is heavy breathin
Are your eyes just deceivin wut it is that you seein
When i pull up the eight four pistol in the floorboard
Blast out your back glass got you screamin oh no
You finna know the reason adn you bout to find out
Wut it is to suffer with a rusted blade in your mouth
Nowhere to run nowhere to hide
Bein stalked by the scarecrow the blood line of Malakai
I hear these voices talkin they wont leave me alone
Tell me snatch up this bitch by her hair and drag her home
Over my shoulder in the back of a pickup truck
Cant wait to get her home and hold her bleed her then chop her up

(Chorus x2)

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