Boondox, Seven (Remix)

(children vioce)
A tisket, A tasket
The Skarecrows out his casket
Turn off the lights and lock the door
Prayin' that he passes

(Boondox)

A vision of the dead in the inbred backwoods Muthaf**ker born inside a toolshead Momma never loved me never gave me no attention Daddy was a rapist 30 years up state Fulton County Prison And i was raised by my own will Surviving off of scraps of bones, bear traps, and road kill Spending my days and my nights all alone And my mind is gone, there's something wrong with my dome Should have put me in a tomb i didnt ask for this life When they cut me out the womb with a dull pocket knife Now i walk with a sight and a murderous ability A cornfed mutherf**Ker filled with hostility Cracked out and im gone off that moon shine 100 dated of proof why im made from a muskadine Out in these cornfields Learning all these wicked skills Swingin, slicing, choppin, dicing Country boy born to kill

(Chorus 2x)
A demon spawn
The child of a bastard son
Seven born of seven and the
Seventh child fathered one
A soul black full of pain
Bodies in the field
Blood pourin' like rain

(Verse 2:)
Dont get lost in the woods

In yo black expidition On the dark dirt roads So suspecious Just though some ditches Hedlights flicker and its got u turning switches Now u so damn scarred u bout to shit in yo brentches You cant think straight all u hear is heavy breathing All your eyes just deceving what it is that u seeing When i pull up on the ankle Pristol in ther floorboard Blast out ya back glass Got u screamin"No No" You fixing to know the reason and u about to find out What it is to suffer with a rusty blade in your mouth No where to run No where to hide Being stalked by the Skarecrow The bloodline of Malaki I hear these voices talkin they wont leave me along Tell me snatch this bitch up by her hair and drag her home Over my shoulder in the back of a pick up truck Cant wait to get her home and hold her, bleed her, then chop her up

(Chorus)

(Boondox)
A tisket, A tasket
The Skarecrows out his casket
Turn off the lights and lock the door
Prayin' that he passes

(Children again - repeat until song over) A tisket, A tasket The Skarecrows out his casket Turn off the lights and lock the door Prayin' that he passes