

# House Of Krazees, Kome 'N' Get Me

psychotic, motherfucka! skrapz, representing the house of krazees banging off the chamber painting the town red right here in your fuckin ass i'm clinically braindead mutha-mutha- muthafucka! take me away, i'm sick of hearin' birds chirp i'd rather 6 feet in the dirt or in a straight jacket talkin' to the voices in my head i already am, i guess i'd rather be dead seein' visions and flashbacks i'm covered in blood and when i close my eyes i feel drugged inhalin' monoxide like carbon or car fumes i guess i'm destined to spend my whole life in a padded tomb because i'm krazee my girlfriend hates me while it's a ton of other bitches who would die to date me or rape me, degrate me, and then i cry blood overflowin' contacts in my eyes it ain't no suprise that i travels on a stretcher chokin' on my own breath high blood pressure got me goin mad...how many souls have i took talkin' bout murderin' bitch i wrote the book!!! chorus: they're coming to take me away and i pray that my mind will relax and time will lapse before i collapse and grap a meter long blade dead bodies everywhere like a murder parade psychotic (x8) insane (x8) overdose of hard drugs foamin' at the mouth and i'm shakin' meltdown, the paramedics mistakin' diagnosin' the skrapz with paranoia but insanities demanded of me and i enjoy a... dose of morphine to knock me out no more nightmares the light scares the daylights outta me and i'm comin' down wishin' i was dead cause i'd rather perform as a ghost instead with my, partner in fear, the sol gave me a death wish locked in the house of krazees i twitch and i pound upon the door of my rancid cell hearin' screams echo echo like i'm livin' in hell but oh well, the chamber takes me to a recess i depress the serial killa in my mind where he rest and then i pulls the curtain i hear em', comin' to get me i'd put a razor up against my wrist if they'd let me!!! chorus: they're coming to take me away and i pray that my mind will relax and time will lapse before i collapse and grap a meter long blade dead bodies everywhere like a murder parade i'm going on a killing spree (x4) will somebody kill me? (x4) creepin' down the hallway slow like i'm a zombie they right behind me infrareds about to blind me i'm losin' my mind i'm goin' krazee with a capital 'k' i'm doin' 90 on woodward, but goin' the wrong way breakin' my shackles, i throws a, anotha tantrum the night that the killers kame home is my anthem holdin' sol for ransom, til unkle kreepys' dead then the house of krazees will paint detroit red blowin' up yo set like hudsons, i'm flatline gotta killer in my head composin' this mad rhyme i be's the skrapz and i'm hollerin' east side til i die i'm already dead but i arise just take a look into my eyes if your bad they'll bleed i pulls a sickle, cuttin' bitches off at they knees my introductions wicked in a hell of a way now i understand why the fuck they wanna put skrapz away!!! chorus: they're coming to take me away and i pray that my mind will relax and time will lapse before i collapse and grap a meter long blade dead bodies everywhere like a murder parade. parade take me away (x4) chorus: they're coming to take me away and i pray that my mind will relax and time will lapse before i collapse and grap a meter long blade dead bodies everywhere like a murder parade throw away the key just throw away the key just throw away the key and forget about me just forget about me just forget about me lock me down in the cell forever forever just forget about skrapz forever and ever (x14) forget about me