

House Of Krazees, R.I.P.

Lord
Make me stronger than all my enemies
Because the R.O.C. is now

My mind is in melt down
As I puff upon the black mouth smoke
Observing my enemies as they coast
In an un-presidential fashion

But the (?) surrounds
Contains masses of mind waves
I pray that they souls may rest in piece
Because they're dead
And they don't even know it yet

But I see, I see
Organizations corrupt
The bad man stands direct
Infront of God's chapel

He snaps the very fabrics
Of his existance is now kill
And now his mind I must steal and kneal
May you rest in peace

I'm away in the night
I'm asleep in the day
Got to keep my skin from
All of them sun rays

Got a plushed out coffin
With the velvet interior
The house sleeps in style, bitches
'Cause we inferior

Tinted sun moves
So I can see the moon rise
See my body come alive
And darkness fill my eyes

Oh my goodness
It's on, as my coffin opens
I grab your f**king neck
'Cause it was made for choking

I'm provoking the horror field
Strap a gat (?)
I like my bitches bloody red
Like steaks after (?)
Rest in peace

Black streets and alley ways
I'm heading you off at the crossroads
My dying days shades my face
Keeping me safe through all this mess

It's going to be a challange
But I'm like f**k it to releave stress
Don't need to heata'
Instead I eat a bag of cheapa

Feelin' your mind's weaker
Rotatin' through your bumpin' speaker
I sent your deepest thoughts straight to the back

Like lay down motherf**ker it's a jack

Drunk and I'm crying thinking about major memories
From old school to new school
Rest in peace
Pour on some hennessy and I'm out