

House Of Krazees, Return of the Madman

Bring ya down like Im a needle in a hay stack
Tricks or Treat
Return Im the funky ass
Stinks from dead bodies
Yo we party until our heads smash
My nuts still hurt
From Saggin and Draggin
Laggin in the race
Yo chase ended crashin
Trigger to my house
Go left
To my bedroom
Suddenly hear the screams
Singing from the cell
Dooms the day you pray
Because Im commin for yo throat
Im gonna hold ya like you trying to hold me
Yeah ya know
A Madman madbam madtime to see ya
Who peeked through the peep holes
I Kill ya
Blow up yo shit
And ya sucka bitch
Don't make a move
And get da fuk out of da House of Krazees grove
Cuz I be at like crack to you skull with my hand
Piss on the sheet its the return of da madman
Second shout of the madman so whatcha wanna do
I come correct and choke ya now victum
One of the three man crew
What to do
You saw my face and know my name
Its all the same
I got the wounds I feel no pain
Rules of the game
Ruthless motherfucker like John Gotty
I told ya about witching hour
And how I love'ta burn da bodies
Oh shit man
I think Im losing my mind
Im one of the looniest mothafukas of all man kind
I heard that killas don't talk
You know I ain't saying shit
Come take a motherfucking walk with me bitch
To my house bitch
Cuz you know it's just around the corner
Two shots to your dome mothafucker
And your a gonna
Never again dissay and the son of sand
Keep a watch over ya back
It's the return of the madman
Return of the madman
Back up in dat ass
Bitch you tought you could play the crew of lunatics
My blood too thick and thin
Will stain your thickest skin
This is another confession to one of my wickest sins
A graveyard check behind you loony
We comming
No time to stall them
My best bet is to keep you running
Your time is right for a grave digging
So lets get busy
My mind keeps screaming to run

Yeah and it makes me dizzy
Split my head in half
Come and examine my brain
See what my problem is
Tell me what keeps driving me insane
I wrote for Searching For Soul
And it's a fucking trip
To see me grab my throat
Slit and watch all the blood drip
My evil spittin comes to though cuz im the chosen
I keep them frozen
Listen cuz I dug some rows and
House of Krazees homies in the backstreets
I tell no lie
Just check up on da backstreets
You lost your breath
And Slowly you stop breathing
You start screaming as I unless my demon
In the lyrical jam sin of a madman
Im so fucking scary I huagh American Band Stand
This is a man of dirt rubber and greed
I got what you need
My shit is more potent then weed
My ribs will bleed
As I slowly bring you to your knees
No need to stand
Return of the madman