

# House Of Krazees, Season of the Pumpkin

You Dont Really Know Much About Halloween (x3) Happy Halloween... (Hektik) Hallow's eve Just another phrase for Devil's nite Mass murdering bitches by the street light Everybody thinks that candy's to be recieved Little do they know it's the nite of the witch's eve Open his book, turning the pages of his bloody script Hang me, strangle me, but don't bullshit The time has come for the House to now prepare To give this whole motherfucker a bloody scare Swinging the bloody battle axe, wake the dead Let em all know the eve is coming, all is said I've misread the tombstones my transfer Searching for life's questions fuck the answers No escape, no chance to leave Letting hell break loose on Hallow's eve Happy Halloween You Dont Really Know Much About Halloween Happy Halloween... (R.O.C.) Somebody tell em, I've lost my fuckin mind There's nowhere to go A different style, a different place, a different niggero Ill take the double barrel pumpkin gun Step back and pump one right into your muthafuckin clear BOOM! On Hallow's eve, in the trees, let me tear loose Maximum overdrive, the day before the noose It's Halloween, hear the screams in the dreams Of my fuckin head, check disease up in my arm's spread Walk the streets I'm the freak you fools read about The 29th and the 30th, I'm coming out You never know how much I can let it go Just when, cut off my head, another day, bro On Hallow's eve, cutting cheese, cutting throats I can't cope, and mothefucker's feel the night smoke As it creeps, I can't sleep, I slept, no I got rest Because I breath on the breeze of Hallow's eve You dont really know what... Happy halloween You don't really know much about Halloween Happy Halloween... (Mr. Bones) What the fuck? On Hallow's eve, I hear the dead souls calling my name Telling me to play the game Hide and seek with my mind If I hang, running thru the fields, im trying to find In the pumpkin searching for my brain Fuck my mind, so I guess now Im insane But am I insane? No Never been sane, so, I got to kill what I can't win I see the Great Pumpkin floating thru the fuckin streets On the outskirts, hear the screams and cries Devils are laughing, now it's time to die Hold my hand and hope that it's all a joke I found my mind in the mist of the gastly smoke (Caughs)