

House Of Krazees, Season Of The Pumpkin Revisited

destroyin' yo existence it's the season to be persistent my nigga needed assistance i was there in an instant the plot thickens in every track that we lay down systematic i'm bringin' static with my thunderous sounds get down, while i be wreckin' with the highest of stunts and to the suckaz that hate us like hawaiian i punch ain't no replacement to the prior residence of my home i'm the skrapz and for years i been spittin' alone smashin' pumpkins on stage in a rage a machine devilish fiends, wreckin' the detroit scene kickin' ass leavin' stars on yo head from my converse chuck taylors size 10 and it hurts disperse the nonsense and fuck reminisce premeditatin' a murder while y'all is out dissin' supportin' all the anger contaminatin' my veins my heart pulse beats to the drum and it's strange! sol: no time to emphasize the reversal of rolls begins master pumpkin patcher back again identify yourself or be executed most disputed s.o.l. sol's still fuckin' foolin' grabbin' extensions i'm bored squeezed with cords lights and eyes shine bright pumpkins smashin' on the floor bitch, got you on the run double barrel shotgun call the riot squad street sweeper pull it back run pumpkins launch like rockets nothin' can stop it i told y'all h.o.k. for life i'm still rockin' soarin' through the sky like demons so close brain waves start speedin' murderous thoughts on this deadly season say i was washed up finished and gone and in yo tiny little brain you screamin' home sweet home and i'm gone, location pumpkin street, vines they meet and greet we strangle holds and don't beware of the beast sucka! 16 measure break... skrapz: comin' from the east side bangin' on wax like i'm a crip makin' y'all straight up trip but get off my dick i'm a rookie to a duo of a terrifying background and any mutha fucka step up, they betta back down i'm a neck strangler raised in the anger got a bitch and i'm bang her get pregnant, coat hanger i ain't bull shittin' try me the skrapz is aid's and you the common cold you'll never find me so blind me my eyes bleed from where the tears come welcome to the new house bitch face yo fears and run it's the season ain't no other reason but halloween and to a fiend that's trick 'r' treatin' and screams no what i mean i'm likin' pumpkins up whip em' at yo cut, devils night got you fucked up trick, and i'm a buck, buck, buck until you bleed and plant that ass in my yard like a seed sol: yeah! i'm scatterin' words like pumpkin seeds my mind speeds injectin' you sayin' please too late i had to freeze appearin' at times like gangrel you can't tell go through hell to rock the mic for the krazees well i'm back, seasons get wickee and all hockey masks outlasted past souls they fall and ball snap they head off wit my carvin' knife then commence to saw until i get jack-o-lantern with no life the night time eases with a little breath myth sets over the rest while the pumpkin man sees yo death no request some say it's in-humane, am i insane? or do i have the right to entertain is it a game or could the message be took house of krazees the name so look the judge the book put me under the hook all the bad souls let em' fry, s.o.p. part 2 strapped on they head before they die!!!