

House Of Krazees, The Mask

Off I go, to get a mask for my fuckin' face
The thirty first fills my heart with joy and pain
Walk to the custom store to get a mask that fits
Ain't this a bitch, it's closed, so I start to panic, shit

Look in the glass, That's the mask I had a dream about
A face of a man called the R.O.C. from the House Of Krazees
A rap group, he's a fucking loser
A psycho murderera
Myth has it that he's still alive

I break the glass an alarm sounds, I'm quick to pick
Up a fucking mask, I'm jettin' before they catch me with it
The stolen goods, I had to have it, understand
Walk around with a fucking mad man upon your face

A damn shame, he holds so much power
As you can see, I wanna be him
So I can really see what he sees
I ducked into an ally quick as I can
I shook the law with the long arm
Lucky that I'm fast enough

What the fuck, who can I trust
I can't go see the crew
So I go to my woman's house
It's a round two

All black hockey mask, so I can mash
Three crazies on the dash bustin' shotgun blast

With all black hockey mask, so I can mash
Three crazies on the dash bustin' shotgun blast
With the mask

I need a mask, I need a mask, quick
Fog's gettin' thick, ain't no time to bullshit
Here we go, on the day after hallow's eve
Memory lapses, fallin' to my knees

No chance to think a thought
About who I wanna be
Leavin' it to Bones or R.O.C.

Creep down the street, feedin' for a disguise
But still I know who I am in the devil's eyes
Rise all the souls from the chosen few
I spot a mask on the grave, what should I do

So what, I'm dead
Tricked by the man, why did he cheat me
What was his name, oh yeah, Unkle Kreepy

Hektic's the name of my mask, killin' reality
Blamein' the night that's upon, takin' my sanity
Six feet, a dirty hole, it's a restin' spot
Nobody gets the mask that I got

Takin' it off, it won't come off straight, wait
I think I got it, too late

All black hockey mask, so I can mash
Three crazies on the dash bustin' shotgun blast

With all black hockey mask, so I can mash
Three crazies on the dash bustin' shotgun blast
With the mask

Stepped inside the store to find the mask
On the night in question, carefully steppin'
Down the isle ways, pickin' up the pace
I need a new mask to cover my fuckin' face

Got the gloves on my hands, I don't leave no prints
Gettin' the fifth degree from this elderly bitch

Quickly pointed to the mask on the wall
It was a mysterious face of a skull
she said that it was the last of it's kind
And maybe I should try it on for size

Slipped it on over my head and closed my eyes
Started to bleed to my imense surprise
Something happened, it melted to my skin
As if I had commited some type of great sin

Screamin' in pain, I ran and hit the streets
On more night before we got out on trick or treat

Gimmie that all black hockey mask, so I can mash
Three crazies on the dash bustin' from a shotgun blast

With all black hockey mask, so we can mash
Three crazies on the dash bustin' shotgun blast
With the