

House Of Krazees, Trick or Treat

Its about 7:30 and Mr. Bones is about to smoke
Fidda ride by peep the crib i got no coat
Legend has it that his shed is possessed marks on his chest
Tied up as a devil blessed
Unholy sanctuary
Killed him his wife and his daughter Mary
Leavin visions of a blood stain and more
Hope he doesnt have a flashback open the door
To the passage of the men of whom i spoke
Can you see the smoke thicken? I begin to choke
Day dreaming is a fucked up thing you see
Where the fuck is Bones? He's supposed to get me
8:00 on the dot out the door and in my ride
Butcher knife on the dashboard inside
Bloodstains on the backseat rollin
In a cracked up car probably stolin
But i don't know
Because i left my mind in el segundo
Rollin deep with a skeleton mask on my face
About a halfhour late
From pickin up Hektik
But my car stalled shit fuck it
8:36 niggas at my door ready to go
Here we go off trick or treatin bro
Do re mi fa so la ti da if i die
Then im dead bitch
Hop in the back seat rollin 3 deep
Gang signs up and down on G street
And we off to the man they call unclee creepy
And when i get there make sure that he can peep me
Cus im scared with my back in my hand
Whats the plan? Mother Fuckers whats the plan
Up the stairs knock knock on the door
Ring the bell trick or treat oh shit there that nigga go