

House Of Krazees, Whatz ya Pleasure

Whatz Ya Pleasure (x9)

Niggas die everyday
So I give a fuck
Bad luck
Too bad your fucking homie got stuck
he was a mark
Punk ass nigga, what you wanna do
Try your luck and you'll sing a dead man's groove
So smooth that it makes you want to slit your wrists
From listenin to all that wacked ass bullshit
The groove is potent so you might wanna take a hit
Or kickity kick back and listen to the funky shit
That we kick 'cause the cult is on a roll
And when we stop it, we leavin' with yo' soul
killin' nigga's like a pro 'cause i ain't a hoe
on the raezel i packs the mad roll

Nigga's can't fuck wit tha real shit
hell naw, keep yo' fuckin ears open
listen for hell's call
E-X-P the motha fuckin' grave digga Wig splitta
Holla holla holla fuck ya figure
Whatz ya pleasure, I like pain
Pain's my game, I'm insane
Call me deranged, it's all the same
Watch ya body burn, from the flame
Smell the smoke
Runnin' from the madness
Nigga's ain't shit 'cause they all wish they had this
Nack for a insanity, still you wanna battle me
I'll bag your body up and leave you burried in an alley, g
Fuck this fantasy trip bullshit
I'm 'bout to get loose up in that ass, bitch
House of krazees, three deap for punk hoes the blood flows
Straight out ya bitch noose
Takin' no shorts, in nine tr
So check me, tossin' up threats see
So punk, respect me
Loungin' and maxin', chillin' with an accent
Nigga's really wonder where a nigga be relaxin'

Sixteen back, My last one was off by attack, son
It's the new hit, Whatz ya pleasure
Man, you want some
Take a taste, sample this quick If you will
Do it, this shit is so potent
I'll drive your brain through your noose
You knew it, know when to say when
Some say that they don't like my spit
From my lyrics are taggin' ears like a pussy, bitch
My pleasure's yo pleasure, pleasure pain or gain
Pleasure in my brain and so is the strange
Sucka slang, Bodies I creep, shh
I gotta get em, gotta get em
Sleep up under the bed so I can spin 'em, kill 'em
My black boots, strapped to my double one inch
I'll stomp yo' ass if you doubt this, trick
Fuck this bullshit, I know you want what I got
I know you want what I get
Well let me split my wig, so you can take it, bitch
Now ya dead 'cause the otha's want my spot
Ya' fightin' off fiends, screams
And Michael Myers on my jock

Well well, look at ya shakin, now ya face is now fearin' me
I get's too funky, just check the drum beat
I'll slash ya monkey, I smell the crazy
They're comin' to take me, and waste me E to the X P B to the I G dash the J,
know's of the game we play
Dirty lead tha way, never say ish can't play
There's no ish, one way, go by the tape, bitch
Alices and chains for beatin' tha predator
Soul is the asylum, house of krazees is scarin' ya
Brotha's livin' on death row life is really real like
How do ya cope with tha reality's of fright night
If thatz ya pleasure, if thatz ya pleasure
If thatz ya pleasure then deal wit it

Whatz Ya Pleasure (x6)