

Shabazz The Disciple, Little Shop Of Horrors

(Intro)

At 3:47, more than 150 rounds of ammunition were fired into your apartment, which is about 200 yards away, a few moments later, another 50 to 75 were fired on that street, in a direct sideline to your newstand, two policemen were killed, a car down the street past damn near less than 10 feet from where you were, turned to the right and went directly in front of you, and you're gonna stand there and tell me you didn't see a god damn thing?!

(Shabazz The Disciple)

Enter.. enter the projects on the ferry
Scary, greet you at the gate with Bloody Mary's
Blood... blood... my ground full of blood
Back to the cemetery.. get more blood
Standing on the graves drinking blood and smoking bones
We seen a crew of goons, running by with stolen tombstones
With Hell's Angels on the chase
He must've bust a black skull, who'll approach you, embrace
And tie you up in chains and they stomp on your face
They called it perpetory and they beat the fucking case
I look around, mad bodies being buried in the ground
The devil's busy snatching massive souls by the pound
Another piece of meat lays dead in the streets
Famillies in agony cuz niggaz met their defeat
So, welcome to the Brooklyn house of pain
Where you gangbang, a blame slang without a sane
The slaughter house on the Hill
with Cypress and of the snipers, over-populated with vipers
This is the Hell where the mad God dwells
And the people are intoxicated by evil spells
You can't trust the future, so don't make plans
Cuz the everybody's trigger happy in this haunted house land

(Chorus x4: Kool G Rap sample)

You're... you're not promised tomorrow
in this little shop of horrors

(Shabazz The Disciple)

This Ruffhouse ain't in Columbia
But in a tough city where the area is scarier and bumpier
Where niggaz are quick to pull a glock in your mouth
A hot rock in your mouth, bust a shot in your mouth
And little shorty's living life on their own
Survive by the gun until they die by the gun
The atmosphere out here is full of curses
The verses, sending them to churches in hurses
The blow of death is always snuffing niggaz lives
They swallowed too many 22's and coke 45's
You never know when it's your day to get dropped by a stray
bullet that ricochets off the wall in broad day
So many shots they fire inspire evil desire
Don't get caught up in Hell or on a cross in fire
Too many innocent blood stains on streets, the shit is too
The good are dying young but the evil's dead too
And what's to blame, we're all guilty of sin
But then again, there are a few good men
In the projects on the Hill, better known as Murderville
Where the chills turn to thrills, sudden urges to kill
And everybogy gets the murder-mentality
Out here your worst nightmare is someone's reality
The land's infested with evil creatures

Scary, witness cemetery-like features
Buildings like tombstones, the air is filled with dread
The living are possessed by spirits of evil dead
Bring them around, chasing, death breathing for the grave
In every building all these people understand is death slaves
Fighting to escape a conscious mindstate
can't face reality cuz their mentality can't hold the weight
Them people performing indecent proposals
And dumping newborns in garbage disposals
You'd better find a righteous path you can follow
Cuz you're not promised tomorrow in this little shop of horrors

(Chorus x4)

(Shabazz The Disciple)

Today's forecast is a death storm, a fatal flood
Out sitting over the projects, raining blood
Mad souls drift away in a tornado
Baby's being held by the hand that rocks the cradle
And all the dead start to rise, death in their eyes
Suddenly hunt the one that took their lives
The walls of Hell are closing in on all sides
You're trapped in a death square with 30 foot ties
Souls drift a stray in the whirlpool spin
Ashes of a dead man blowing in the wind
Running for our lives, we've seen Alice in Chains
Sitting on a chair holding their own brain
A man layed slain in the rain
Rats nibbled on his brain until the morgue trucks came
Evil spirits deliver their souls to the soul fire
Flesh decaying while laying in the meyer
Trapped in the land of the lost, possessed by the cross
The holy force, headed for holocaust
Your religion's insanity, Christianity kills
The place's possessed by horror in Amityville
That's why I'm trying to get up cuz you're not promised tomorrow
I'm spearing straight out of the little shop of horrors

Yeah, yeah, no doubt

(Chorus x2)

Yeah, yeah, spraying us out
Human beings