

T-Bone, Demon Executor

[T-Bone]

Comin out the dirty bay area, Northern Cali
It's the demon throat slasher, lyrical wild gasher
The Bible passer, quick ta blast ya
Wit my loaded tech rhymes, spray bullets from the top of the mind
Cause I'm the lyrical miracle, spiritual teacher
Nicaraqua street preacha, whos out to ta reach ya
Group of thugs who some call the X Generation
Through penetration of lyrical bullets of salvation
So bring the roughest, toughest, demon be screamin
When I start dumpin and jumpin demons like a gang initiation
Who wants to mess wit the crazies of them all
Demons bring it on, I'll bang your heads like a tetherball
And none of yall fin to stop me watch me
Gospel Hip Hop until the day the casket drop, wha la

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

Throw your hands way up in the air
Thats the sound of the electric chair
Thats the sound of demons screamin for their lives
And I'm the demon executioner hittin switches tonight

[T-Bone]

I told you once I be the demon head choppa, the casket droppa
The glock cocka, the mister ready to hit em up like Tupaca
The demon body bag zipper uppa, the demon bucka
The one who got's demons and beans on his plate for suppa
I be the nuttest one in the who clan
Wit mack 10s, switch blades and bibles held in both hands
Yes I am the pyschoest, lunist craziest
Demon killer within the California mile radius
Chick Chick, glock cock ready to drop drop
Demons any where, I dont care
Pistols in the air ready to flare
I aint into set trippin, blood and crippin
Instead I'm into Mormon and Satanic bible rippin
Lyricly flippin lyrics like quaters in the air
Call it heads or tail from the hood up to no good
It's the demon body chalka, the mic stocka
The mister put your feet in cement to throw you of the bridge droppa
I be the man never puffin on the budda
I'm the Texas Chainsaw half demon executor

[Chorus]

[T-Bone]

Like Boys 2 Men I got demons on bended kness, beggin please
I kill more demons then Carmen gots a whole bunch of those dope Lps
I'm the demon executer comin straight out of Frisco
With Niner and Raider gear from head to toe, oh you didnt know
The demon neck choka, the devil smoka
The mister demon, Columbian neck tie provoka
We be perminent in it, give me a glock one time I'm ready to jack
These demons they aint got no hope get em up on my snipers scope
So blam blam, blam to the 4
Me comin out of the west like Mister Tupac Shakur
Who wants to be sweatin, wettin this O R C
Wit that lyrical mafioso style that you cant believe
To the day I die I'm throwin up Jesus Christ
Demon executor for Life, thats right

[Chorus]