

Vanilla Ice, O.K.S

Guess who's back.....

Chorus:

OKS original killa shit that'll leave yo wrists slit

OKS niggas with the biscuits mobbin through your district splifted on some sick shit
raisin' up from my tomb

time warp on a dime off the shrooms

zoom in let me take your mind on a journey

see what I see visions of bodies burnin'

like turnin a pistol and pointin it to your dome

cock it back squeeze the trigger blow and it's on

brains gone, thrown out the back of your cranium

trippin' on your shorts, left your ass a corpse on your Ma's front porch

about to torch down the house

caught your mama and her spouse fuckin on the couch like south

bout to make moves off your fam bam

madman lyrically from rap to seran next plan

let me expand on my artwork genius in my reality

pure insanity can it be the angel dust that turns your brains to dust

bust lyrics strangle us no one is insane as us

Chorus:

OKS original killa shit that'll leave yo wrists slit

OKS niggas with the biscuits mobbin through your district splifted on some sick shit

takin puffs on the smoke I call the Anti-Christ

got me seein red and purple lights

mixed with black dots

peep the backdrop of the crime scene

niggas seein' '19' I'm seein' widescreen

so much red Visine can't get it out

from the rage of the slugs as the iron spit it out

it is I Psycho palmin' the Desert Eagle

creepin' through your blocks in the crypt colored Reagal

pure evil bumpin brother Lynch season of the sick

how you gonna reason with the Psycho I'm the desolate

watch the devil spit, call the exorcist

satanic messages, got me wearin nigases for necklaces

yes it is the messenger of death watch yo step

I'm quite wicked

make a motherfucker leak his life liquid

so why risk it it's a suicide

when it comes to you and I

do or fly nigga you will die