Dead Body Man

Blaze Ya Dead Homie

Dead bodyz Dead homiez All over the streetz 55 or 65 of us at least I hang wit the dead till the brake of dawn An fantisize of dead bitchs when i'm hittin the bong I'd grab em by they ass & hump em till i'm cumming Dead homie loving that dead bitch fuckin Her neden tastes like chicken Deep fried I pumped her 50 times & then i busted in her eye I just ate my 1st dead bitch last week Still got a pussy hair caught up in my teeth Before you start yelling & cursing my name Remember somethings wrong wit my brain Second i was born doctor held me in his hands Looked over too the nurse and notioned For the garbage can Was cold & shaking like a bowl of jello & my moms was like "oh my god! hello?" He said i was born From a cemetary place Chillin wit a hatchet and a juggalo face I know i'm not alive I don't think you understand I'm just a dead body man Break: You can call me the Call me the Dead body man Body man Body man I'm the dead body man! Blaze: Dead bodyz Dead homiez In the back of the hurse Wit bumps so loud that ya ear drums burst I ride through ya neighborhood Bumpin my shit Great milenko mostasteless & my 1st ep bitch Some line up on the corners of blocks Where they slang dime bags of heron & crack rocks It's all good Everybody gotta eat But a keep ya bitch ass outta my streetz I mash through the eastside Knockin the bass Chillin wit my freeks and i'm pickin her face Maggotz and bugz like to crawl on her head Cause my bitch is dead i'd rather that instead

Of a hoe you can't trust

Wit a dick in they butt A dead body bitch learn to keep her mouth shut Chillin in the back are my dead homiez too Which means they don't got nothing On the trees & brew If you think i'm sick take a look at yourself Ya got dead deer heads up on ya shelf On ya key chain is a little baby rabbits hand & i'm still the dead body man Break: You can call me the Call me the Dead body man Body man Body man I'm the dead body man!