

Give rise to the villain
Give rise to the head of
Deprived of the protector
And shield from the weather

My sister, she used goat's blood
To conceal her ravaged body
But, I was gifted with my uncle Freddy's baby
Froze in time
I could hide
Bloated belly, baby inside

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What happened to my life
All this ain't right
I should have taken it myself
With uncle Freddy's knife
Cause the grave is very suiting
For a bloodless daughter bride

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