

Every three years an ancient ritual takes place here  
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I communicate with the dead through 7 LCD screens  
All programmed to channel 13  
They conversatin', have a laugh and tell a joke or two  
You probably think I'm out of my skull but that shit is all true  
Me and my brother got a hundred fifty reasons or more  
Why they live inside the walls and hide under the floor  
They haven't walked into the light or the dark  
And even though there's no life in their body  
There's a pulse where their heart used to be  
That's called kinetic energy  
Where there's a will to survive  
There is a will to be  
An angry entity lives here now  
And he's more pissed on how things turned out  
He's got a deep rooted anger  
That lingers like a foul stench  
An eternal thirst that'll never be quenched  
So pack your bags if you just moved in  
Cause there's no telling the things that he's capable of doing

There's a dark spirit living in your house with you  
So here's a quick list of things you gone need to do  
Get the fuck out  
Don't grab shit just hit the door  
Get the fuck out  
Don't even mind the blood that's on the floor  
There's a dark spirit living in your house with you  
So here's a quick list of things you gone need to do  
Get the fuck out  
Now he's gonna try to trick you to stay  
Get the fuck out  
Don't look back just run the fuck away

I'm sitting watching TV and the lights go out  
So now I'm sitting in the dark like what the fuck's this all about  
And I swear I hear somebody walking in my hallway  
So I turn and look and I see something just fade away  
I run and grab a radio push record and play  
And I just kept quiet and parlayed  
If you got something to say  
You gotta say it now here's your chance  
It started as a whisper and slowly became enhanced  
To a blood curdling scream  
He said if I don't go he'll come and get me  
And he'll never let me leave  
I'm not a skeptic the message was intercepted  
By my radio telling me to leave or I'll regret it  
I got the fuck out quicker than jailbirds  
Who got an early release of credit  
For having some time served  
There's a real estate for sale sign on my lawn  
And no one even knows that I'm gone

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See Madrox tunes into channel thirteen  
But I prefer number seventeen  
Know what I mean? Probably not  
But I can see some poltergeist shit  
They're here  
I can't get enough of it  
See this house is plagued with demons and so forth  
They even got statues on the front porch  
But I'll fuck around  
And just sit there and pet them boys  
People seem hokey but I see them real McCoy's  
Oh boy when you see a ball rolling down the stairs  
Get ready to change the fuck up out them underwear's  
Cause these spirits, they don't play  
These demons and spirits  
Spirits and demons are homies  
And if you ain't passed or connected to the afterworld  
You'll be running out of this house like a little girl  
So when you hear  
Get the fuck out  
They'll be a for sale sign without a doubt

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Get off me! Let me go!",  
Fuck!! ...You Bitch!".