Raise the Deadman

Stuck Mojo

It's time for me to raise that dead manYou must be going right out of your mindSurprise me, you picked a hell of a time
You must despise me, the words I can't find
It's just me, hate machine by designLessons in respect could be easily achieved
A blow to the head, down 1-2-3You could get up, stand up, fight for your life
A left and a right, then out go your lightsIt's my life, my time and time for you to recognizeThat pay backs from way back canHurt you like a motherfuckerInside, outside, prepare for some retributionMy path is set and hell's comin' with meIt's time for me to raise the dead manYou're just standing there gotPiss runnin' down your legYou bleed real nice and you're too proud to begNow your thoughts are turning towardObtaining a weaponYou didn't buy the last one so don'tHesitate for a secondAR 15 and my Glock 40 cal
Converted Tech 9, now who's your favorite pal
I'd rather carve your heart outWith a dull rusty knifeAnd when it's all over, bigger fishes fry tonight

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