Horns

Kaleb

[Verse 1: ~Tech N9ne~]I'm a nice guy
My lifes a light sky
So Much love I might cry
Not! Nice Try
I'm an evil seed and the day I sleep and the night fly
G.A.Z.E. in my E.Y.E'Z and you might die
I'm a horn dog, gotta lotta of the porn yall
Warned yall, I was straight born raw like Ornthall
But I'm way worse because he was cornball
I remember keeping him in my dungeon with a leather suit
And a orange ball in his mouth
I had some foreign bra's in his house
How did they get twisted and torn claws when in bout
Nine inches then I stuffed dorn draws in his couch
For now I let em suffer in the morn. all then its ouch
I have a devils haircut in my mind
That's why I be sucking blood and busting nuts in my rhymes,
I'm horny so don't ignore me if your semi-fine
Me and Gordy, Prozak love orgies and we in our prime and we
[Chorus:]Can't hide the (horns)
And I must hide the (horns)
I live with the (horns)
So I die with the (horns)
If you fuck with the (horns)
Then you get the (horns)
So if you want the (horns)
Then I'll give you the (horns)
(Repeat)
[Verse 2: ~Prozak~]Schizophrenic thoughts spin around my mind sorta like rotisserie
Spittin this wicked ministry to the beat of this rebeck's symphony, with a sin for me
Separated by 6 degrees of greed for centuries
And hatred engulfs my sensories like hallow screams from penitentiaries
This perpetuus cycle of depression intention remains bottomless
Even my psychologist said suicide may be the only option out of this

And while the name prozak and insane seem to sustain synonyms
One half of me wants to engage in the fame while the other half subsides monogamously
A vigilantly that sends deadly packages through the mail
Confusing law enforcement agencies cause I write death threats in brail

With somewhat of a God complex sending the Arabs to the depths of hell
I warned you, you were for warned, now witness like horns unveiled
I'm taking you on a hell ride so grab those safety belts and fasten 'em
Through the screams of tortured souls and eternal flames crackling
Refusing to reap what you sow and wanna stop this all from happening
This madness will continue until all of strange' goes platinum
[Repeat Chorus:][Verse 3: ~King Gordy~]I'm in the Desert sands of Bethlehem
Trying to get Jesus to get Mary in the manger,
And molest a lamb!
Don't jerk yourself off Jesus, use someone elses hands,
So where's those damn disciples,
He'd like to have some sex again!
I guess Young Peter's receiving,
Cuz Jesus fucked his ass.
Christ is an effin' fag,
He likes to dress in drag.
But hey I guess his Dad is just as mad,
God woulda never had a sissy for a son,
Bet he's regrettin' that!
But yet we still ain't accept the fact,
That he's fuckin' his mother,
And at the Last Supper, he confesses that.
He's an undercover, Male-Lover,
And oh yeah, Heaven's wack!
He don't want the Light,
Now I got Christ wearin' black!
See, I'm the Devil on his shoulder,
Yeah I'm that scary fat demon,
That'll turn all you hethens into scaredy cats.
King Gordy, the ANTI-Christ, God Killer (no you)
Before and AFTER Christ, I'm called a Sinner,
Muthafucker!

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