

# Raise The Deadman

## Stuck Mojo

It's time for me to raise that dead man  
You must be going right out of your mind  
Surprise 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 design  
Lessons in respect could be easily achieved  
A blow to the head, down 1-2-3  
You could get up, stand up, fight for your life  
A left and a right, then out go your lights  
It's my life, my time and time for you to recognize  
That pay backs from  
way back can hurt you like a motherfucker  
Inside, outside, prepare for some retribution  
My path is set and hell's  
comin' with me  
It's time for me to raise the dead man  
You're just standing there got  
Piss runnin' down your  
leg  
You bleed real nice and you're too proud to beg  
Now your thoughts are turning toward  
Obtaining a  
weapon  
You didn't buy the last one so don't  
Hesitate for a second  
AR 15 and my Glock 40 cal  
Converted Tech 9, now who's your favorite pal  
I'd rather carve your heart out  
With a dull rusty knife  
And when it's all over, bigger fishes fry tonight

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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