

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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