

O.k.s.

Vanilla Ice

Guess who's back.....

Chorus:

OKS original killa shit that'll leave yo wrists slit
OKS niggas with the biscuits mobbin through your district splifted on some sick shit
raisin' up from my tomb
time warp on a dime off the shrooms
zoom in let me take your mind on a journey
see what I see visions of bodies burnin'
like turnin a pistol and pointin it to your dome
cock it back squeeze the trigger blow and it's on
brains gone, thrown out the back of your cranium
trippin' on your shorts, left your ass a corpse on your Ma's front porch
about to torch down the house
caught your mama and her spouse fuckin on the couch like south
bout to make moves off your fam bam
madman lyrically from rap to seran next plan
let me expand on my artwork genius in my reality
pure insanity can it be the angel dust that turns your brains to dust
bust lyrics strangle us no one is insane as us

Chorus:

OKS original killa shit that'll leave yo wrists slit
OKS niggas with the biscuits mobbin through your district splifted on some sick shit
takin puffs on the smoke I call the Anti-Christ
got me seein red and purple lights
mixed with black dots
peep the backdrop of the crime scene
niggas seein' 19 I'm seein' widescreen
so much red Visine can't get it out
from the rage of the slugs as the iron spit it out
it is I Psycho palmin' the Desert Eagle
creepin' through your blocks in the crypt colored Reagal
pure evil bumpin brother Lynch season of the sick
how you gonna reason with the Psycho I'm the desolate
watch the devil spit, call the exorcist
satanic messages, got me wearin nigases for necklaces
yes it is the messenger of death watch yo step
I'm quite wicked
make a motherfucker leak his life liquid

so why risk it it's a suicide
when it comes to you and I
do or fly nigga you will die

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>