

Heinous

Dark Lotus

[Shaggy 2 Dope:] I step 1, (ahh) 2, (ahh) across the creaky floor
Spill some fuckin' blood then I'm out the back door
Takin' little trinkets, fingernails and pieces of skin
It's all for my rituals of cold milk mixed with gin
Stir it together gulp it down my eyes roll back
I'm chasin' that dragon but it's more like a hatchet attack
I'm peekin' through windows pickin' out the next clueless one
My fingers dig into her throat what have I done

[Jamie Madrox:] I sleep on a bed of sharpened knives and toss and turn until I bleed
I eat from the bread of chosen life a thousand ghosts alive in me
Wickedly I'm heinous everything I do is odious
I'm tired of the normalcy total terror's my focus
I notice that the knife wounds are spellin out a name
To the average mother fucker I can be a little extreme
So I take the bloody corset and then light it for the emphasis
Try to call me sick but I'm seein' a horror specialist

[Chorus:] So you wanna murder this ya'll

That's right

And you wanna murder them

That's right

You should take a hit of this ya'll

Why? Once they're dead they're not comin' back

[Blaze Ya Dead Homie:] Death is imminent when you on the other end

With ya skull beaten by the wrong side of the ball ping (hammer)

Blood pours out from the split up to my ankles in it

All over hammer and grip and so it slips

Discarded for the use of a rusty crowbar

To the horror of the courier who is forever scarred

The terror I inflict is often described as heinous

My history about it spreads out to leave them nameless

[Monoxide Child:] Now ya shell shocked from all the blood that ya saw

Stainin' the walls and does surround you and it spreads to the halls

It's even drippin' from the ceiling inside

You get this feeling that the criminal's still creepin'

That's because I'm right behind you

Groin to gullet from your stomach to your mullet

Split ya clean like cantaloupe and let ya neighbors know what done it

America's most wanted for crimes against humanity

Heinous and the evil is form in the insanity

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That's right

Oooo ooo ooo

Why? Once they're dead they're not comin' back

[Violent J:] The shit you callin' wicked is for kids and cheerleaders

This heinous shit right here is for demonous flesh eaters

It's rainin' blood in my bedroom a wet and bloody red

Snakes slither through my earholes in and out of my head

Got dent in this back a violent panick attack

Skitsofrantic and demonacally I'm manic depressed

I'll stick an axe in yo chest

I'll kick some cracks in yo neck

I'll beat you into chunks like you was in a plane wreck heinously

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Why?

Oooo ooo ooo

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Oooo ooo ooo

Why?

Oooo ooo ooo

Once they're dead they're not comin' back

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