

Flashback

Project: Deadman

Deadman PDM Project PDM The satellite systems attractin the voices barcode
GPS and the radiation from your cellphone
Demon clones chromosomes and yet we all condone
Mass production equals depletion of the ozone we read your fake ass like a book PDM tell me what does it mean
Terrifying shit that'll make a mother fucker scream
A raising of the wicked and self inflicted Self inflicted this life is self inflicted self inflicted All your troubles and
all you do Wicked is how I'm depicted arrested but never convicted
Prozak, King Gordy, Tecca Ninna Self Inflicted
ACCESS DENIED Get a body bag don't cross us or die slow
I'll put those niggas from your hood in a body bag You better believe that shit is wicked and self inflicted dead
Cocaine drains from my nose my t-shirt stained with red The walking dead coinsides with the devil
You see my face penetrating through your mind
My body walks the earth in vein until the end of time Torture's like the rain through the tunnel
The ground crunches with bones as blood drips in puddles
It's kind of subtle how death embalms you
And cardiac arrest will calm you as the cemetary calls for you Cock the hammer back let it go get my dick
sucked at the show
Enemies all engulfed in flames shotgun cocks when I blow your brains
Now I'm one will inflict the pain when I diss I say no names Bitches aint shit the scripts been flipped tonight
No rest for the angels no rest for the demons
No rest for the murder victims that are always screamin
No rest for the guilty no rest for the dead
No rest from the insane voices that are screamin in my head We're Project Deadman and we're bringin that
sound
We're from the murder glove bitch we got issues
We got the wicked shit we'll never let it down
Project Deadman more underground the hell Ashes to ashes and dust to dust
Rest in Peace mother fucker confession will make your soul crush Nuthin to fear but fear itself on the day of the
dead All my fuckin life I been insane
And every fuckin day I feel the blood rain
And everything is saved oh it brings pain
All the wicked brains salvation some taint It's time to go this mother fucker's lookin shady
I saw the look in the face as they tried to play me
Get up got the nerve man it's time to go
Your off the tape man lookin like a little hoe
How much shit can a mother fucker take?
Fuck a damn hater I'm lookin for another break
Gimme reason why you think I gotta stay here
Don't worry man I'm out I got no fear

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

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