

Diary of a Madman

Gravediggaz

They killed my baby, oh, God, they killed my baby
(Order in the court, order in the court)
I will make you pay for this you murderers
(Order in the court, order in the court)
(I said order in the court now)Now, before this court passes judgement
Will the four defendant please, rise and approach the bench
Trust me guys, it's all under control
The judge is my uncle, he'll take the insanity plea
Oh, yeah, don't forget my retained balanceOkay, I understand you guys are pleading insanity
Claiming demonic spirits possessed you to do these hideous murders
Can you please explain to this court
How these so called spirits made you into these raving madmen?Be a witness, as I excersize my exorcism
The evil that lurks within the sin, the terrorism
Possessed by evil spirits, voices from the dead
I come forth with Gravediggaz, in a head full of dreadI've been examined ever since I was semen
They took a sonogram and seen the image of a demon
At birth the nurses surrounded my with needles
And drugged me all up with the diseases of evilGrew up in Hell, now I dwell, in an Islamic Temple
I'm fighting a holy war in the mental
Look deep into my eyes, you'll see visions of death
Possessed by homicide is what I'm obsessedGiving niggaz brain dimples
Dragging they asses on a hook by they temples
The cause of death is unknown to the cops
'Cause when I kill them, I'm not leavin' one element to autopsyFirst I'll assassinate 'em
And them I'll cremate them
And take all of his fucking ashes and evaporate 'emOr creep through the graveyard and hunt down your
tombstone
Dig up your skeleton and stomp all your fucking bones
You try to haunt me nigga, I ain't trying to hear it
Buck, Buck, Buck, I'll give your ass a Holy SpiritStressed full, try to avoid all impure thoughts, I am loosing
my mind
Can you please explain to this court when these problems first began?The year 84, November, day 10
Overwhelmed by the wicked inspirations of an evil gen
I realize my ideas has spawned for 400 years
Of blood sweat and tearsI saw the torture brutal murder of my father
So my brain became stained with the horror
I'm having reoccurring nightmares
Of being soaking wet, strapped down to the electric chairI got tackled with handcuffs
And shackled in restraint

At the bottom of a Holy Tabernacle
They gave me nothing to eat for two weeks
And sewed my eye lids open, so I couldn't sleep
About to die from thirst, that's when the minister
Quenched my jaws with a cold glass of vinegar
Upon my wounds they seasoned me with salt
And nailed my hands, feet to the form of the cross, ah, I cry
As the blood drips inside of my eye, refusing to die
Visions of Hell tormented my face
So I chewed my fucking arm off and made an escape
Oh no, me mataron mi amigo, hijo de la gran puta
Esos cogines me mataron mi amigo que voy a cerca, carajo, cono
Calm down people, please, calm down
Let us please, proceed with the defendants explanation
Enta the realms of understanding
And take good heed and you could bleed
While I'm standing, three stages of pure hell
Justifications of red cells, rain drops hits the pelv
Path is dull and narrow
You're stalked by a shadow
I pierced your skull with a fucking arrow
So narrow, only one could enter at a time
Stuck in the center, read the signs
A thousand doors to choose
You better hurry
Don't stop, shit is getting hot as a pot of curry
On your right side there's fire
On you left, deep waters
Watch your step, it's deep waters
What's that coming through the floor?
It's a claw, took his fucking ass to the fucking core
Stroll through the dark conditions
I stone you till I see sparks of friction
I chop ya like a coal miner
Then combine the drug and mix it with your blood
Some more, I give you some more
And watch you crawl
Guts hit the floor
Worms that dig your pores
I trick ya, ha, then I'm quick to syringe
Deep into my thoughts and bust out your skin
You scream, portraits of inflictible pain
You can't stand, you're up to your hands in quick sand
You're sinking and sinking deep into the earth
Thoughts was possessed since the first day of birth
My mental says it's my turn to possess the matta
Stab you with a dagga of Jacob's Ladder
Thoughts become shattered, confused, and tragic
Fiery thoughts of Gravediggaz
Guilty, next case

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