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Freakhouse

[Intro] {x8}

Live...evil We get so live (evil), live (evil) {x4}

It's the dark side, we came to get live {x3}

Make some noise and represent the Flatline [Verse One: Kool Tee]

It's Mr. Kool Tee deep down in the Earth

Demons is lurking and evil's at work

Trapped in dimension with the Flatline henchmen

Sometimes I get hyperactive to kill the tension

Killer grills, spine chills, tingling

I'll backspin with the souls of chains jingling

Twisted at the core but the trouble death tells

At times I wanna get live but evil prevails

I can't stop, my vision blurred, mind slurred

Spitting out phrases of words you never heard

So invest in a Bible, a nice selection

A creepy collection but there is no protection

Meddling with forces that you can't comprehend

Infernal powers devour sin to sin's underneath

You'll feel the forces of the beast

Cranium cracks as I chill with the deceased [Hook]

We get so live (evil), live (evil) {x4}

This bloods for you from the Flatliner crew [Verse Two]

Dr. Jekkyl and Mr. Pain

Regain Hunchback of Notre Dame

[?] will dig a grave

I kick no regular rhymes while leaving enough to flow

Give me a sip of the potion, flip the motion then I grow

And then burst out like a volcano the erupt

I run amok

Evilest thought I'm struck with luck

When you turn up the bird sound complete from out the ground

Flatline but that's the people up ground

Tazmanian transform to the hyper, lyrical typer

Abominable sniper viper

Cat walker creeper, born I warn

For countdown, now it's to the break of dawn

This Is Scary Us, to Take 'Em Underground

In the Rivaz Of Red, Run, cause It's A Nightmare

Sacrifice your hope I'm filling a pitchfork with pork

This is the little baby Damien by the stork
Pop the cork
Bust down, ask for forgiveness
Live Evil business, I can't win this so I end this[Hook][Verse Three: Red Rum]
Red Rum is...
Red Rum is...
Red Rum is...
The most cold blooded son of a bitch
666, I'm sick so sick, your body's on the crucifix
Or chopped up and buried inside of a grave
When I have this craving for making you all afraid
Slash you with these claws that are on my paws
I have, formed my soul to horrorcore
I'ma burn in Hell for that which I be saying
No praying, dead's decaying when I am slaying
And it will rain with red when brain's bled
Return of the evil dread, quad six stay in your bed
We do act because of the plaque I have with Satan
You don't wanna keep Satan awaiting cause he's impatient
Hell is hot, you can see the sinister plot
When you rot
When the bones is thrown in the lot
The devil he says these lies to give me life
I'm alive
We represent the grave we survive[Hook][Outro] {x8}
Live...evil

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