

# Dead Men Tell No Tales

## Mad Sin

Pa pa ra ra  
Pa pa ra ra  
Pa pa ra ra  
Pa pa ra ra

Any die, if the beholder the soldier begins to bore  
Four score, seven bullets  
Yeah, hit the floor nigga  
Take you outdoor, darkness frightens you even more  
I'm here to enlighten you with the hardcore  
Bring it raw, like the red, dead meat, in your plate  
(Bring it raw, motherfucka)  
And I'll fill you up with the energy the hill create  
(Will the hill create?)  
I get sticky, like a green bag of the bomb diggy  
Now I'm fuckin' with your head, and you realize that it's tricky  
(Hey hey hey)  
Got you paranoid, feelin' the void, you can't take it  
The reward bein' destroyed, freakazoid toy  
With ya mind, all styles deployed, you find danger  
In the stranger's eye, the killin' comes second nature  
Your battle filled up the mind it's fallin' out, hear you callin' out  
For help, and all the fuckin' yellin' to is yourself  
(Ha ah ah motherfucka', motherfucka')  
Crawlin' and beggin' for mercy means nothing when you bluffin'  
I'm pushin the button and straight dumpin on fools frontin'  
Boo yah, come on  
Pa pa ra ra  
(Motherfucka', yea)  
Pa pa ra ra  
Pa pa ra ra  
Pa pa ra ra  
War pigs, you dig, see kickin' out Mr. Big  
Take a sip of wine, engage in a battle of the mind  
(Checkmate motherfucker)  
You feelin' the force, meant for remorse, right from the source  
Your head is, gettin' fucked and I'm skippin' the intercourse  
Behold, the Mic horse, you're takin' a loss nigga  
Got the Nina Ross, don't need no cross, my fuckin' paper  
Chaser green bag gladiator, terminator, weed germaniator

The greater the risk you fuckin' hater  
Hit you with the pyscho beta, clickin' the fader slow  
With the hi lo, servin' the blow, who got the glow  
Dead men tale no tales, you fail to see the reason  
I'm easin' to squeeze the trigger, go figure, it's killin' season  
Nighty night, mothafucka'  
Pa pa ra ra  
Pa pa ra ra  
Pa pa ra ra  
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