

Project Deadman f/ King Gordy

"No Rest for the Wicked"

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[Intro: Prozak]

PDM... Project Deadman... Prozak... King Gordy... NBC

[Verse 1: Prozak]

I sit alone tryna memorize habituaries

Diggin' up five dead bodies so I can play Twister and Pictionary

It's kinda scary how I say stationary and it's and this mind is scary

You think it's depressing in a cemetery, but it's frankly kind of scary

Kind of lonely. Livin in this fucked up world that we call hell

But will someone just tell me, what the fuck is that smell?

Oh, it's your own soul decaying. The result of our wicked ways

Like eating a bowl of thumbtacks with a side of razor blades

Although my hands are bleedin, a side effect of this moda

Terrorists crashin in building and the claimin it's for Allah

But I holla at your religion, Muslim, Hebrew, or Christian

Having visions of premonitions of mankind's crucifixion

The body of Christ compels you, cuz you do what the devil tells you

Drugs and alcohol excel you like a dirty pimps that sells you

But I'm not here to condemn you, criticize or offend you

These are prophecies of Project Deadman here to tell you..

[Chorus]

No rest for the angels, no rest for the demons

No rest for the murder victims, no rest for the screaming

(No rest for the wicked)

No rest for the guilty, no rest for the dead

No rest for the insane voice runnin through my head

(No rest for the wicked)
No rest for the angels, no rest for the demons
No rest for the murder victims, no rest for the
screaming
(No rest for the wicked)
No rest for the guilty, no rest for the dead
No rest for the insane voice runnin through my head
(No rest for the wicked)

[Verse 2: King Gordy]

I hope the Earth is shock absorbent when I rocks the
orbit
For what it's worth I am not normal, I am narc in orbit
Escape from hell, the devil's track me down
He wears all black with a crown
With his two horns, he gotta be found
He slips though through the cracks in the ground
Died, but I'm back as a baby from Iraq!
You learn first to love Allah be shined with true
blessings
I'm a soldier, back two deserts walkin through deserts
You are now in the presence of a ghost trapped in the
present
forced to lurk the Earth desolate, hurts, but then again
many haven't experienced the please of pain
I pity you, your pitiful, perish in flame
The rap version of Kurt Cobain
He's a crazy man watch and listen as he snorts cocaine
Life of a rock star, fortune and fame, until we blow out
our brains
(Hahahahaha)

[Chorus]

No rest for the angels, no rest for the demons
No rest for the murder victims, no rest for the
screaming
(No rest for the wicked)
No rest for the guilty, no rest for the dead
No rest for the insane voice runnin through my head
(No rest for the wicked)
No rest for the angels, no rest for the demons
No rest for the murder victims, no rest for the
screaming
(No rest for the wicked)
No rest for the guilty, no rest for the dead
No rest for the insane voice runnin through my head
(No rest for the wicked)
No rest for the angels, no rest for the demons
No rest for the murder victims, no rest for the
screaming
(No rest for the wicked)

No rest for the guilty, no rest for the dead
No rest for the insane voice runnin through my head
(No rest for the wicked)
No rest for the angels, no rest for the demons
No rest for the murder victims, no rest for the
screaming
(No rest for the wicked)
No rest for the guilty, no rest for the dead
No rest for the insane voice runnin through my head
(No rest for the wicked)
No rest for the wicked!

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