

## Two Kind

### "Little Shop of Horrors"

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\* EP on Red Hook Records.

[Intro]

At 3:47, more than 150 rounds of ammunition were fired into your apartment, which is about 200 yards away, a few moments later, another 50 to 75 were fired on that street, in a direct sideline to your newstand, two policemen were killed, a car down the street past damn near less than 10 feet from where you were, turned to the right and went directly in front of you, and you're gonna stand there and tell me you didn't see a god damn thing?!

[Shabazz The Disciple]

Enter.. enter the projects on the ferry  
Scary, greet you at the gate with Bloody Mary's  
Blood... blood... my ground full of blood  
Back to the cemetery.. get more blood  
Standing on the graves drinking blood and smoking bones  
We seen a crew of goons, running by with stolen tombstones  
With Hell's Angels on the chase  
He must've bust a black skull, who'll approach you, embrace  
And tie you up in chains and they stomp on your face  
They called it perpetory and they beat the fucking case  
I look around, mad bodies being buried in the ground  
The devil's busy snatching massive souls by the pound  
Another piece of meat lays dead in the streets  
Famillies in agony cuz niggaz met their defeat  
So, welcome to the Brooklyn house of pain  
Where you gangbang, a blame slang without a sane  
The slaughter house on the Hill  
with Cypress and of the snipers, over-populated with vipers  
This is the Hell where the mad God dwells  
And the people are intoxicated by evil spells  
You can't trust the future, so don't make plans  
Cuz the everybody's trigger happy in this haunted

house land

[Chorus x4: Kool G Rap sample]

You're... you're not promised tomorrow  
in this little shop of horrors

[Shabazz The Disciple]

This Ruffhouse ain't in Columbia  
But in a tough city where the area is scarier and  
bumpier  
Where niggaz are quick to pull a glock in your mouth  
A hot rock in your mouth, bust a shot in your mouth  
And little shorty's living life on their own  
Survive by the gun until they die by the gun  
The atmosphere out here is full of curses  
The verses, sending them to churches in hurses  
The blow of death is always snuffing niggaz lives  
They swallowed too many 22's and coke 45's  
You never know when it's your day to get dropped by a  
stray  
bullet that ricochets off the wall in broad day  
So many shots they fire inspire evil desire  
Don't get caught up in Hell or on a cross in fire  
Too many innocent blood stains on streets, the shit is  
too  
The good are dying young but the evil's dead too  
And what's to blame, we're all guilty of sin  
But then again, there are a few good men  
In the projects on the Hill, better known as Murderville  
Where the chills turn to thrills, sudden urges to kill  
And everybogy got the murder-mentality  
Out here your worst nightmare is someone's reality  
The land's infested with evil creatures  
Scary, witness cemetary-like features  
Buildings like tombstones, the air is filled with dread  
The living are possessed by spirits of evil dead  
Bring them around, chasing, death breathing for the  
grave  
In every building all these people understand is death  
slaves  
Fiending to escape a conscious mindstate  
can't face reality cuz their mentality can't hold the  
weight  
Them people performing indescend preposals  
And dumping newborns in garbage disposals  
You'd better find a righteous path you can follow  
Cuz you're not promised tomorrow in this little shop of  
horrors

[Chorus x4]

[Shabazz The Disciple]

Today's forecast is a death storm, a fatal flood  
Out sitting over the projects, raining blood  
Mad souls drift away in a tornado  
Baby's being held by the hand that rocks the cradle  
And all the dead start to rise, death in their eyes  
Suddenly hunt the one that took their lives  
The walls of Hell are closing in on all sides  
You're trapped in a death square with 30 foot ties  
Souls drift a stray in the whirlpool spin  
Ashes of a dead man blowing in the wind  
Running for our lives, we've seen alicia in chains  
Sitting on a chair holding her own brain  
A man layed slain in the rain  
Rats knibbled on his brain until the morgue trucks came  
Evil spirits deliver them souls to the soul fire  
Flesh decaying while laying in the meyer  
Trapped in the land of the lost, possessed by the cross  
The holy force, headed for holocaust  
Your religion's insanity, Christianity kills  
The place's possessed by horror in Amittyville  
That's why I'm trying to get up cuz you're not promised  
tomorrow  
I'm spearing straight out of the little shop of horrors

Yeah, yeah, no doubt

[Chorus x2]

Yeah, yeah, spraying us out  
Human beings

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