

Dr. Dog

"Apartment 223"

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Do not ring the bell, there is nobody home
The spirits around will haunt you, do not ring the bell
There is nobody home

Apartment 223,(scratch: I'm very hungry) (3x)

Apartment 223 with body parts under my bed
Cut your abdomen out stab your fuckin leather coat
I chant while candles burn with robes on
You will learn
Christian no hebrew on the the balcony I see you
The devils coffin with corpse of course
In a mental state earthquake
Schitzophrenic eatin' campbells soup
Takin a piss urinalysis test
I hope you wear a fuckin bullet proof vest
Just purchased the charter arms .38
Then you entered the confetti hell gate
On the pee(?) floor bloody towels on sculptures
Machine gun suitcases, for all you niggaz with 2 faces
Mass murder, should have been in san quentin
I'm doin'life to ten, when I come home you goddamn
Right I'm goin back again
Fuck the drinks on the table
While you sleep I take pictures of bullets in your navel
Open your face and pour milk in your forehead
Count the bodies, that's four dead
Look behind your fuckin' back
With the drill bit in your ass crack, extreme pressure
Teach you a lesson
Fuck your confession of evil I march with black sheep
on the sunset streets
With hoods like dracula
I walk in back of ya
Draggin you stomach parts to mcdonalds
Drink absolut bottles and bottles, while you tryin'
To fuck with the most exotic models

[chorus]

As you see the sign, beware of animals

A fuckin wild habitat
My living room is the wilderness with spots on
My carpet
Practicing my gun targets
Virtual reality is a rough end to yor career
Set you on fire in a leather chair
Using charcoal to broil
Rap you jealous eyeballs in aluminum foil
Wearin' masses(masks) on the telephone talkin to
Your black asses, with stocking caps I reach
I'm takin'your ass in a rented van to venice beach
In a cardboard box
Beatin' down your knees with a bag of master locks
Police can't hear you with a dead body tied near you
It's hot, I 'm drinkin' soda with a tech-9 sprayin'
Your fan belt motor
Stop the bullshit, blast you hands of the hood
I pull quick
Video tape you in a puddle of blood with razors in
Your dick
With an extra clip I move your torso
Spit on you hips
With mac-11 vice grips, surgery is major
With my sneakers stompin' on your pager
With my cup of maxwell coffee, I like niggas whose
Bossy
Fuck the critics I press your back
Steam burn through your straight leg jeans
Soakin your bones out in the washing machine, with
Tide soap in the laundromat you witness the killing
Your man got scared called riverdale with a baseball
Hat, took a cab to hawthorne
I know where he's goin'
You can't hide in an empty apartment with a mattress
And no protection, with a new york psycho
Bombshells in the hollywood section
I'm pressin bells and bells and bells till you fuckin
Let me in

[chorus]

Follow you on tour like a haunted nightmare
Kickin' in your intestines like rick flair
Standin' by the mobil gas station with a flamethrower
And a fuckin lawnmower, throwin big lighters at your
fuel tank
I smash your face in the elestric window, piss on
Your fenders
With my ubbrella up like the avengers
Plead guilty in court bring glocks through security
X-reays going for the worlds record

Shut the fuck up about music, I'm playin' checkers
With blood polo shirts
Lookin' at the fireworks
On the dirty ass terrace
Bones in 'fridgerators spring water and lettuce
Fuck it if your jealous
Gather crackers with flowers around 'em
Keep you eyes around 'em
Buck dishes, dial your ambulance I'm on a mission
Open up your shin guards in tinfoil
Warmin' my bread and saurkraut while your legs boil
Ketchup and mustard, fuck voodoo
Paint on my face lookin off my roof like shaka zulu
Surroundin you area for the biggest mass hysteria
Muhammed don't (he mad?)
While you motherfuckers eat pork I tast real humans
On my fork

[chorus x4]

[frankenstien's assistant type voice]

You do not see anything on the table? (chairs
Squeak against floor) well wait until I get the box....

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