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Blaze ya Dead Homie "Hatchet Execution"

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I represent Southwest, Del-Ray Jefferson Festival ridin', we deemed around the Mexican Me and Violent J, we murder heroin addicts With every different saws, screwdrivers, and automatics

I like killin' anybody, I'm like Anybody Killa I'm stompin' thru yo' city like a little Godzilla I'll cut ya dick and balls off and make ya eat em' Then choke yo' ass to death so you won't even need em'

Punk bitch!

You ever felt like you a freak in the night? Outcasted to the shadows cuz you don't look right Hypnotized by the eyes from the average muthafucka Chrome to his dome, if he cries, he's a busta There's certain rituals for bein' ghetto Keep yo' ass underground, when it's dark, go balistic I'm representin' all the crazy juggalos With a hatchet in they hand, smokin' blunts after shows

Think about it, you gotta give it up to Blaze I mean the guy is fuckin' dead in 47 different ways Yet he's leavin' Heaven hangin' And chillin' with his boys At least until they get his room ready in the Nethervoid For now he hits the joint until it ain't none left Which ain't bad for a dead guy supposedly with no breath Death ain't scary, look at Blaze, he's straight

Even with the maggots and all, he looks great

Because I take out my hatchet and I quickly start axin' I go juggaloco like a crazy assassin Twiztid and the Posse, we say nothing confusing Why? Why? Why? It's just a hatchet execution..... A Psychopathic execution

Throw it up y'all, lemme see yo' set shinin' Rhymin' For this paper, ain't nothin', get back to grindin' On the Eastside We ride And Drive-By And if you actin' live, kiss yo' mama and wave her byebye I try To get along and it don't work I love to hurt Whip out the pistol and do the dirt I lay em' all down, shootin' in crowds and head-bustin' Have yo' people cussin' He shot that muthafucka for nothin'

I'm that dead body walkin' retarded and crazy And I'm down to bust shots at cops on the daily Still claimin' Eastside but sides ain't shit Cuz we all got love for the muthafuckin' hatchet

I got a little problem with actin' a fool I get Violent like J and then I spray up the room Unfadable, real G's never goin' out So I died, now I'm back, and I blast, and I'm out!

Rock N Rye with Hennessy Dirty sex in alleyways Chillin' with the heads, drug dealers, and the runaways Killa, put yo' gun away Don't make me take yo' life Type of muthafucka bring an axe to a gunfight Represent the family with the utmost pride And we runnin' with a hatchet, muthafucka, do or die Die muthafucka is what I'm screamin' when they go And 187 on a muthafuckin' juggahoe!

Because I take out my hatchet and I quickly start axin' I go juggaloco like a crazy assassin Twiztid and the Posse, we say nothing confusing Why? Why? Why? It's just a hatchet execution.... A Psychopathic execution.... It's just a hatchet execution.... A Psychopathic execution....

Man, fuck that, that ain't the end of this shit. I been waitin' a long time for this muthafuckin' album to drop and I gotta send a couple shouts out to my muthafuckin' homies: Alex Abbiss, Billy Bill, muthafuckin' Stef, Dirk, my homie Jumpsteady...my muthafuckin' partner Rude Boy...my muthafuckin' homie

Tom Dub...Psychopathic Patrick...muthafuckin' Jelly Nuts...Pickles...N-Cubed in this muthafucka...Barry, Matt Nips, Steve, Jeremy, Matt, Eric, and muthafuckin' Adam....hey, hold up, what the fuck you doin' man? You better turn that muthafuckin' music back on, I ain't done yet....Nate The Mack, Violent J, Shaggy 2 Dope, Monoxide, Jamie Madrox, my homie Anybody Killa...that one crazy muthafucka Jeff....Tall Jess....Mike P....J Dirty, muthafuckin' Rah-Rah....my homie Synn....my homies in muthafuckin' Dark Lotus and Psychopathic Rydas....Big Baby Sweets, Sugar Beat, Stank and Poot, Moonglorious, Southern Crumpet, my homie Krayzie Bone from muthafuckin' Bone Thugs, and the Triple Six Mafia in this muthafucka! And that's Psychopathic till the day we die, BITCH!!!!....Oh yeah, and I gotta say wassup to my muthafuckin' homies, THE JUGGALOS, bumpin' this shit right now!! YEAH!!

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