

G. Gina

"The Crazies"

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The Crazies, live in the subways
Completely control the underground
They're Night Raiders

[Mr. Hyde]

Yo

Don't be concerned about what you heard about me
word of mouth
Facts I'll take the burner out and blow your fucking
sternum out
I'll keep the fragments, little pieces of your clavicle
In my cabinets to prove you 'aint shatter proof
Put the four fifth to you, let all four clips in you
Pain experience is like a Pitch George grip to you
Now you scarecrow dead, watch me tear whole heads
Off at their shoulders I cough as you smolder
Fresh ash particles contaminate the sky
From your flesh barbeque, inhale it to get high
Or pull the tool in your bless, leave you laying on the
deck
fuck your bullet proof vest son, I'm aiming for your
neck
Now your beautiful jugular is soaking up my rug
'Aint no crews rugged'er, I'll prove it with a slug
See, we psycho+logical your team's methodical
We back slap fag rappers like bitch prostitutes
Scream, and pray its only a nightmare
And hope your gaping throats really only a slight tear
In truth you slice right with the nice nine inch knife
Every trife rhyme I write ignite twenty-five alike

[Goretex]

Barn of the naked dead
Garnish your flesh, carving your head
Me and the Covent starve women till there orange and
red
Take creep pictures, renounced, I'm the young Keith
Richards
I'll turn a MILF evil, feed her some speed with killer
mixtures
Riding Bibles like a man tongue

We slime buckets, where sluts get gutted, fucked and
punched
With there tampons, a blood fetish
A monstrous grimace like Al Fish
A moment of silence the count is about to affix
Playing God is such a thrill for me
My young ministry with six women become un-inhibited
they kill for me
The God of love, I leave scars and misery
See letting these women go don't make sense, it's a sin
to me
The night surgeon, I flip it like a Christ diversion
Welcome to Hell, selling souls right in person
The gore merchant, murder for pigs is always worth it
Expressed male, set my panties and bloody curtains

[III Bill]

Call me the sad wings of destiny
Spread across the planet like leprosy
Destroying your entire life's legacy
Nuclear priest, fire storm, human defeat
My goons are elite, murdering you with the tools of the
street
The morbid sorcerer, forty four magnum officer
slaughterer
Calling your coroner, crash street at the corner of
Lauberman
Jumping the L, between cars puffing the L
Robbing you on the way to Carnarsie for something to
sell
And I will strike down upon the with great vengeance
and furious anger
Burying you with illirious bangers
A total nightmare, chrome nines appear
Walking with no sign of fear
Designed to tear you with this piece of these vagina
scare
Pussy clot, ill guerilla pimp make the pussy pop
Another rookie cop got shot another pussy drop
Either we mad men or mysterious villains
Or billionaires, sociopaths, or serial killers

[Necro]

Murder rappers with a shooting titanium microphone
Bullets in your brain rip threw cranium like Styrofoam
Four thugs who step to me who catch belly slugs
Now your four faggits dead laid out in a row covered in
smelly rugs
Dieing to meet ya, slice up each feature
Your grill's a bloody mess, your face looks like a piet
pizza

Like bleeding pimples, we hold katanas
The scientist analyst, I'm breeding pit bulls and
piranhas
The messiah, I 'aint nothing but a creep in a trench
They found Jesus downtown Brooklyn sleeping on a
bench
Lobotomy class, we experiment cut and stitch
Open your brain up and analyze it to find out why your
such a bitch
Put gats to you
Throw you in a lake naked with a block of cement
attached to you
I don't sweat to shoot you (uhn uh)
Rather cut your spleen on screen like a Tom Savini
scene
Execute you

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