

Gamma Ray

"Die"

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[Gelo]

Talking

Sickos

Back for part, 666 baby

Lil One, Gelo

You know how we do, hehe

Welcome to the Terror Dome

[Mr. Lil One]

Well it's the spookiest comin through

Mothafucka, me and you

Gotta little rendezvous time to call the Misty Blue

To offically announce you

Now take a deep breath while you hear death
pronounce you

Far from this Earth since the first day of birth

I was chosen to leave a mothafucka dead frozen

And my hate full of passion remains

To every single one of you that ever put my name

All up in your mix still I gotta triple 6 you

Look up in your eyes, analyze then I pist you

Cause you're all full of bull shit fiendin for the new shit

Yappin out your mouth but never do shit

[Chorus: Gelo (Mr. Lil One)]

How many times must I

(Mothafuckas that be slippin get that ass whippin)

Now time for you to die

(Anybody wanna trip face the bottomless pit)

[2x]

[Gelo]

I'm that killer in your closet

That monster under your bed

That leaky kitchen fauset puttin nightmares in your
head

Bred amongst the felons that be dealin wit the (?)

Misguided maniacs, hypocritical herotex

Where it get's darker, your soul can see

Can hear but still you'll feel it's me

Can it be just suspions or preminations of death

On the back of your neck feel the heat of my breath
Laid to rest the business the shit deservin of your
snitchy lips
Indespose of extra clips like all the hoes and bitches
get
Fraudulance of any kind not tolerated, simply stated
Fakers gettin terminated give em time they'll learn to
hate it
Made it still intoxicated, faded off your agony
Caught up in a tradgedy fiendin for catostrophy
Hopin you kissed the family, naturally they mad at me
But they tried to test the man in me
So this is how it has to be

[Chorus]

[Mr. Lil One]

Now one for your life mothafuck you and your wife
It's the natural born killa, rollin wit my nigga
Gelo, you fin to go and get our little blast on
Put the hockey mask on, and buck em til ya pass on
And see ya burnin holy water wit the father
Now show how I don't give a fuck I man slaughter
Execute, put to death, slay and assasinate
Keep it all real for you mothafuckin fakes
And never could you test, take the S up off your chest
You fuck wit the Little, you're fuckin wit the very best
I suggest, you book before I catch you
I put this on the devil, like death I'm gonna snatch you

[Chorus]

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