

Graveblankets

"Outro"

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Let's get it on ock, and watch the spot get blown
I be the sick lunatic with the devilish poem
From the mists of the darkness I come with this
Hittin straight, to the chest, like a Primatene mist
Ryzarector, YAH, the fanatical type
I'm like a bat, in the night, when it's time to take flight
Here I am, in the flesh, and yes I love sess
I'm obsessed, by the sounds, the track posess
Intellectual, killer, special majestic
Ropin up the devils have em hangin from my testicles

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