

House Of Krazees "Season Of The Pumpkin Revisited"

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destroyin' yo existence it's the season to be persistant
my nigga needed
assistance i was there in an instant the plot thickens in
every track that we
lay down systematic i'm bringin' static with my
thunderous sounds get down,
while i be wreckin' with the highest of stunts and to the
suckaz that hate us
like hawaiian i punch ain't no replacement to the prior
residence of my home i'm
the skrapz and for years i been spittin' alone smashin'
pumpkins on stage in a
rage a machine devilish fiends, wreckin' the detroit
scene kickin' ass leavin
stars on yo head from my converse chuck taylors size
10 and it hurts disperse the
nonsense and fuck reminis' premeditatin' a murder
while y'all is out dissin'
supportin' all the anger contaminatin' my veins my
heart pulse beats to the drum
and it's strange! sol: no time to emphathize the
reversal of rolls begins master
pumpkin patcher back again identify yourself or be
executed most disputed s.o.l.
sol's still fuckin' foolin grabbin' extensions i'm bored
squeezed with cords
lights and eyes shine bright pumpkins smashin' on the
floor bitch, got you on the
run double barrel shotgun call the riot squad street
sweeper pull it back run
pumpkins launch like rockets nothin' can stop it i told
y'all h.o.k. for life i'm
still rockin' soarin through the sky like demons so close
brain waves start
speedin muredrous thoughts on this deadly season
say i was washed up finished and
gone and in yo tiny little brain you screamin home
sweet home and i'm gone,
location pumpkin street, vines they meet and greet we
strangle holds and don't
beware of the beast sucka! 16 measure break... skrapz:
comin' from the east side

bangin' on wax like i'm a crip makin' y'all straight up
trip but get off my dick
i'm a rookie to a duo of a terrifying background and
any mutha fucka step up, they
betta back down i'm a neck strangla raised in the anger
got a bitch and i'ma bang

her get pregneant, coat hanger i ain't bull shittin' try
me the skrapz is aid's
and you the common cold you'll never find me so blind
me my eyes bleed from where
the tears come welcome to the new house bitch face yo
fears and run it's the
season ain't no other reason but halloween and to a
fiend thats trick 'r' treatin'
and screams no what i mean i'm likin' pumpkins up
whip em' at yo cut, devils night
got you fucked up trick, and i'm a buck, buck, buck until
you bleed and plant that
ass in my yard like a seed sol: yeah! i'm scatterin'
words like pumpkin seeds my
mind speeds injectin' you sayin' please too late i had to
freeze appearin' at times
like gangrel you can't tell go through hell to rock the
mic for the krazees well
i'm back, seasons get wickeed and all hockey masks
outlasted past souls they fall
and ball snap they head off wit my carvin' knife then
commence to saw until i get
jack-o-lantern with no life the night time eases with a
little breath myth sets
over the rest while the pumpkin man sees yo death no
request some say it's
in-humane, am i insane? or do i have the right to
entertain is it a game or could
the message be took house of krazees the name so
look the judge the book put me
under the hook all the bad souls let em' fry, s.o.p. part
2 strapped on they head
before they die!!!

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