

## John Farnham

### "Scary Movies"

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What's your favourite scary movie?

Live from the dungeon, we coming  
Y'all besta be running, we coming  
Y'all don't want none of this gun an'  
I don't know why y'all keep frontin'

Yo

I'ma scare the socks off you  
For sure the shock stops all you  
Knock ya lox off and chop your watch off you  
Lurking in the back like a crook in the black of the  
bushes  
With the rats, with a axe, and the stacks of wood is  
By the garage, the Mirage tracks the shadow  
My weapon is large with bodies, I'm strapped for battle  
My soul is in the crossroads, it hides the feeling  
Somewhere deep inside the spirit to rise the killer  
I'm too distant to talk  
My vicious assault  
Is inflicted in parts to slit you and stick in your heart  
I got nothing to lose and nothing to gain  
Only way I'm dying is up in flames  
I'm stuck in the game  
Look at you busting ya thang  
Shots only get stuck in my frame  
I got you not trusting ya aim  
I never speak but you can hear me breathe at night  
With a hunger and greed for life 'til this eve was right  
I'm a true killer  
A troop risen to do business  
Live on a booth on a river drooped with news clippings  
I only come out when it's time to run out and find  
An innocent victim inside one house with blinds  
I'm Freddie Kruger, Jason, and Scream chasing a  
dream  
Looking for a scene to take to the extreme for the  
mean  
You better carry your Uzis is rare to do me  
Everybody's scared to view me, I'm Scary Movies

[Chorus] x2

Y'all want drama?

Wanna make a scary movie?

Rappers coming in with their team and carry toolies

You can jump right out of the screen and barely move  
me

We hard hitting, directing, and starring in it

Yo niggas from the Wall don't bleed

Dirty Dozen niggas don't bleed

Royce 5-9 don't bleed

Rock City niggas don't bleed

Live from the dungeon, we coming

Y'all best be running, we coming

Y'all don't want none of this gun an'

I don't know why y'all keep frontin'

Yo

All this room in this big house you chose the attic

You running slower and slower so you froze in panic

I'm wearing a white mask, black cloak and dagger

You scatter hoping for life, grabbing ropes and ladders

Under this robe, I'm tatted up

Automatic'd up

I'm mad as fuck, I'ma kill no matter what

You - live in the wrong house, at the wrong time

You've - answered the call so you all mine

You can't put fear in the heart of the heartless

Got a list of names just don't know which one to start  
with

At your house, staking it out, posing as carpenters

Looking for closets and house guns with cartridges

I'm low down and stressed

I go around the rest of the house looking for Granny to  
throw down the steps

And when it's your turn - oh you know it's tragic

And the music in the background is so dramatic

I'm trying to lift you off your feet - hope you know  
gymnastics

Try to - soak the mattress with rope molasses

You try to - cover your head like a prophylactic

Next time somebody calling your phone, don't answer  
it

[Ring x2]

Hello? Hello?

[Hang up tone]

Yo

[Chorus] x2

Yo niggas from the Wall, don't bleed  
Dirty Dozen niggas don't bleed  
Royce 5-9 don't bleed  
Rock City niggas don't bleed

We making names for each other like the Wayans  
Brothers  
Rock City niggas always name each other.  
Niggas got crews, don't even claim each other.  
2000

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