

K-Maró

"Wages of Sin"

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[Bushwick Bill]

Yo! Bushwick Bill in the mothafucking house...
69 Vill straight mobbing...
Tru Black got my back...Lil J...5th Ward Texas...
Wait till they get a load of me...

Ooh shit, I woke up on the wrong side of bed today
Looking for some homo sapiens to slay
Lost in panic thoughts, frantic killings now I'm sought
But I give a fuck, fool, I'm the hunter not the hunted
Bushwick's the name, Geto Boy executioner
Terminator, murder revolutioner
Street stalker cause of a metamorphosis
Late night rapes, bodies found in the forest
No clues left behind, a fool from the dark side
Continious killings, many unsolved homicides
No ordinary kid got a top of no ?????
Kidnapped his kid like permanently dispossessed
The controversy falls around Bushwick the Hacksaw
Command planned slayings with no flaws...
When death knocks on your door
And wants to come in, time to pay up, motherfuckers
These are the wages of sin...

Yo, Vell, tell these niggas
what the wages of sin is out here in Oaktown...
69 Vill in the house...

[Vell]

I've been stairing to death ever since I was a youth
The wages of sin never said I was bullet proof
Cause I'm a killer, no doubt, so don't front
I get visions of niggas being shipped to a morgue truck
I get specific when I go on a mission
I get straight to the point like the head of Coalition,
decisions...
Always make me for a blast a motherfucker
Boom, boom, boom, anotha...
Brother put to sleep real quick cause I don't play
I do this shit for many hours a day, so hey!
So visualize the fact: I'm too swift

I'm down with young Seag, Bushwick and Ganksta Nip
So in this battle, bitch, you won't never win
These are the wages of sin...

Think about it, motherfucker
and listen up to my partner from South Park...
Ganksta Nip, kick some of that psychotic shit for their
asses...

[Ganksta Nip]

Psychotic thoughts, vision dead in my head
Blooooood from a bulldog's left leg
Terribly crazy, take none from a bitch
Satanic switch left 2 dead in the ditch
Mental illusions, spirit blood better be it
If I see a dead head my first mind is to eat it
A killing in hotel makes the Devil shout
A human checks in but a corpse checks out
A Lyrical wizard, rhyme skills like a mad witch
Arms, legs, hmmm, a society sandwich
Man from Atlantis doing South Park crimes
Every other day Triple-6 dies 50 times
1 plus 1 equals two legs and a hat
2 plus 2 equals 4 heads on a black cat
Savage beast with no meat in my chin
Death is the wages of sin, bitch...

Now we comes to the mothafucking pay off...
My nigga Seag is the Devil so Devil speak...

[Seagram]

Deranged thoughts fill my head as I lay in bed
Satanic killings brings misery and dread
Pentagram symbol printed in my right palm
Silence is wisdom and sane but I remain calm
Mental ????? ????? ????? ????? ?????
Chained down in my basement for a pathophysical
torture
Caucasians and asians are joining my concentration
Satan persuaded outstanding termination...
For moding path, sacraficing souls, swinging bold with
an axe
I attempt to apprehend but she was cautious
Late walks and stalks leaves the murders often
Killed the person, stabbed from my hellbound pitchfork
Walked on the path of Satan, come on and come forth
What's ya began? You are my sin but to comprehend...
You are counted for your actions, the wages of sin...

[Bushwick Bill]

Listen up my brothas and sistas...Look, listen,

observe...

We are all out here working hard under the sun...

Trying to make it the best way we know how

but all we working is towards death...

And these are the wages of sin...

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