

Mac Davis**"O.K.S"**

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[Chorus]

O.K.S., Original Killa Shit that'll leave yo wig split with
your wrists slit

O.K.S., Niggaz with the biscuits mobbin through your
district splifted on some sick shit

[Verse 1: Vanilla Ice]

Raisin up from my tomb

Time warp on a dime up off the Shrooms

Zoom in let me take your mind on a journey

See what I see visions of bodies burnin

Like turnin a pistol and pointin it to your dome

Cock it back squeeze the trigger Blow and it's on

Brains gone, thrown out the back of your cranium

Trippin on your shorts, left your ass a corpse on your

Ma's front porch

About to the torch down the house

Caught your mama and her spouse fuckin on the couch
like south

Bout to make moves off your fam bam

Madman lyrically from rap to seran next plan

Let me expand on my artwork genius in my reality

Pure insanity can it be the angel dust that turns your
brains to dust

Bust lyrics strangle us no one is insane as us

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Uncredited Rapper]

Takin puffs on the smoke I call the anti-Christ

Got me seein red and purple lights

Mixed with black dots

Peep the backdrop of the crime scene

Niggaz seein 19" I'm seein widescreen

So much red Visine can't get it out

From the rage of the slugs as the iron spit it out

It is I Psycho palmin the Desert Eagle

Creepin through your blocks in the crypt colored Regal

Pure evil bumpin brother Lynch season of the sick

How you gonna reason with the psycho I'm the desolate

Watch the devil spit, call the exorcist

Satanic messages, got me wearin niggas for
necklaces
Yes it is the messenger of death watch yo step
I'm quite wicked
Make a motherfucker leak his life liquid
So why risk it it's a suicide
When it comes to you and I
Do or fly Nigga you will die

[Chorus] - repeat

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