

Conejo

"Dead Men's Blanket"

Visit "[Dead Men's Blanket](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Artist: Conejo
Album: City of Angels
Title: Dead Men's Blanket

Alrato
Similar to death in the cradle
Fifteen year old girl killed in a car accident
Two Hispanic boys shot in a drive-by shooting
Three people killed after hostage situation turns fatal
Organized crime families, the cycle never dies
Deadly power struggle, crime, drogas and time
Story about a once beautiful lady
Strunk out on coca as she begins to act shady
This is also a story about a homie that liked to rob
Eventually motivated to go and join the mob
The secrets don't stop there, it all becomes a
nightmare
Cuz little did they expect to be laying under the dead
man's blanket
Get the picture, the dead man's blanket
Watcha, come into my realm

Baby had a psychic reading about the life she was
leading
There were questions, homie serious suggestions
Running with the big boys all over town
Collecting all the taxes, recieving all the faxes
Relaying messages, more than a runner
Fell in love with the captain in charge of the drogas
Every single night when he was out on business
She was snorting coca instead of doing dishes
Baptised to the mob, youngster wants the logic
Watcha little homie, I got this little project
You and my lady pick up this dope
Drop my lady and the dope, don't forget to test the
coke
Up in the attic she began to snort
No sympathy in pain if the shipment was short
The boss came home with sex on his mind

And a diamond set to make her his wife

Indulgence on behalf of his bitch
Powder on her nose, her eyes began to twitch
The captain ain't no fool, he smelled the sloppy rat
He grabbed her by the throat, 'where's my fucking
dope at?'
Mija starts to stutter, she blames in on the youngster
The man that she loved had turned into a monster
He didn't give a damn, all he cares about is dope
Importancy of currency, the power that it shows
Torture cuz no one wants to tell the truth
To the chamber of pain till someone goes insane
What else is to be done in a matter like this
How am I to know that they won't turn a snitch
He can't have that, that's the game of death
He proceeds to liquidate her with the bullet proof vest
All three would die, destiny brings sadness
Ambulance rolls up, let me get three dead man's
blankets

Just like I imagined, everyone's fortress collapsed
No one could escape, everyone's time was maxed out
What's it really all about
Weed and deception or sinful intentions
The Armageddon agent, chapter one in the book of life
The dead man's blanket
In a love dispute husband poisons wife
Police kill innocent man reaching for his glasses
Child kills mom playing with father's gun
When will it all come to an end
Very soon so they say
Alrato

Visit [Conejo](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.