

## Mr. Hyde

### "Married to Pain"

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\*sample\*

Pain...how dare you use that word? What youth it shows  
to me. It's only a shadow  
Pain has a face. Allow me to show it to you. I am pain..

[Necro]

We are gathered here today to join these two in holy  
matrimony  
Are you willing to accept pain as your lawfully wedded  
wife? (I Do)  
And are you willing to accept this piece of a shit as your  
lawfully wedded victim? (I Do!!!)  
I know pronounce you married to pain!

[Mr. Hyde]

It's Mr. Hyde you fuckin whore best be lockin up your  
door  
Contaminators filled with gore stitch you up to cut you  
more  
Blood is what you lost, you're a very lucky corpse  
Slicin you like Vietnam people cuttin puppy dogs  
You know my glock is live so be cautious not to die  
Fuck with Hyde and shots will fire cross the T's and dot  
the I's  
Crews are losin lots of lives if they battlin my zombies  
We bustin bullet holes all up in your Abercrombies  
Blood is gushin out when my knuckles touch your  
mouth  
Don't give a fuck about teeth in my fist I'll pluck 'em out  
Reachin for my shank leavin 2 ducks with scars  
Right through guts I carve I'm cooped up and starved  
Nestled in my basement my testament's enslavement  
If you speakin hostile you be wrestlin with crazed men  
Cave men with appetites that all attack at nights  
Salt will make your wounds sting like a yellow jacket  
bite  
Don't believe I burst techs you ain't seen the worst yet  
I'll kill your fuckin seed before he takes his first step

[Chorus]

Accept your vows you're married to pain

Don't take it personal but kid you had to be slain  
I'll hack through your skull and spit on your corpse  
And if the pulse stops consider it a divorce  
Before I fill the torch up you best to sign the pre-nup  
Or you'll need surgery like a porno star with B cups  
Married to pain I be disparagin frames  
Fuck a scene I'll let my foes scars carry my name

[Mr. Hyde]

I'm different from normal dudes cause I got a shorter  
fuse

And I'm in the sorta mood to slaughter you with  
fortitude

My hatchet presents a very violent offense  
Blood leakin out of your vest til your apparel is  
drenched

You got beef I'll let my ice slit your mug  
The concrete connects with triplets of blood  
Divide you in fourths just like you sign a divorce  
Then I'll drop in a plot sprinkle all on your corpse  
The stench starts to fade but you are trenched in a  
grave

If your flesh can't be saved bums eventually rape  
They'll feast like the holidays at least til you rot away  
So much meat it's like they hit the lottery  
No seeds to debauchery it runs in my veins  
I'm always lookin for an object to bludgeon your brains  
The intent is tainted when I commit a blatant sin  
Like stickin razors in your flesh to irritate your skin  
I'm lettin satan in he's takin over the wheel  
I get to break your limbs he gets my soul in the deal

[Chorus]

[Mr. Hyde]

Yeah that's right mother fuckers it's Mr. Hyde up in  
here. Heavily hackin you up  
Give a big mother fuckin shot to Ming the Merciless,  
Eriz Hustler, Scotty Wax, NGP  
and all my fucked up flesh eating zombies out there.  
Keep catchin bodies!

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