

## Mr. Hyde

### "On the Prowl"

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[Mr. Hyde]

I'm dressed to kill with the glock and 38 on my waist  
line

And merkin you to me will translate to a great time  
The guns that I hold oh man the money I mold  
If I don't get it then you better bet the gun'll explode  
The gun is aimin it your face you beater tear that shit  
up

Forget blastin your gut make sure your casket is shut  
The black sheep of the bunch turning the weak into  
lunch

Yo I'm hungry for your flesh like I aint eaten in months  
Out to get with my axe and let it drag on your tan line  
Put hands in the box and stab the handle with cat signs  
I'll be in disguise ready to stick you with knives  
And leave your arms gross like Forrest Whitekers eyes  
Are you ready to die by this machette of mine?  
It takes just one strive for your head to divide  
Fuckin bludgeoned all night by my games of death  
The cops'll struggle to find where your remains are left  
They're underneath the weeds rotting in a gentle  
breeze  
Chillin with the flies beetles and the centipedes  
A distant memory your existence is gone  
You're on your way to the gates where you'll be visiting  
God

[Chorus]

I'm on the prowl huntin for your head or your chest  
Leavin you dead like the rest I got a fetish for death  
I'm on the prowl son so you can run and evade  
It's all the same in the end you got a date with my  
blade(2x)

[Mr. Hyde]

It be the Children of Corn style the killa with sword I'll  
Unleash a plague of bees apon a billion a sworn pile  
Desolate drug supply the strength of my hug  
But when I catch you you're strung up by the flesh of  
their tongues  
Start avengin the script you'll be eventually ripped

Tossed in pendulum pits until you stench of the crip  
You'll be hunted for days by thug with guns and  
grenades  
Fuckin punchin your face until you're sunk in the grave  
Blades are stuck in your brain laced and stuck in the  
lake  
You should've ducked when I sprayed son you're a  
fuckin disgrace  
Dirty legions on your grill plus excretions will be spilled  
Gory missions will be filled must relieve before you're  
killed  
My sinister inside drugged with hundreds of pills  
It's a minister midnight better run to the hills  
I'm leavin you diseased burning bullets get released  
Earth is sure to hear you screech like guitars of Judas  
Priest  
Next step you're check mated your vest is invaded  
The hollow tip shells your chest is seperated  
Your caught up in a mess of tortured long death  
From the depth more or less a corpse with torn flesh

[Chorus]

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