

Mr. Hyde

"Spill Your Blood"

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sample

It's not good any more. It's a cash bar. 25 dollars
You fucking ugly bitch I'm gonna stab you to death then
play around with your blood

[Necro]

Yo word up get the fucking mop
Ain't bout to leave all your fuckin blood on the floor.
Bitch we will..

[Chorus]

Spill your blood on the concrete
Split your mug and let you leak
Holding guns and rolling deep
Psycho thugs you don't want beef

[Mr. Hyde]

When Mr. Hyde enters the room you reside inside a
tomb
When I off you with the blade in a coffin's where you
stay
There ain't a fucker rough enough or tough enough to
step it
God forbid you knuckle up you'll probably get snuffed
to death
Hook a right and a left my jooks is spikin your flesh
But you received it like a man and took it right in your
chest
Ya'll are thinkin that you're thugs I'ma split open your
jugs
Grab and spit it you from all the kickin get blood on my
lugs
Get to act it fuckin nice like to act to cut and slice
If you front it's logical that I attack you with a knife
I stay strapped and shady cause I'm packin a 380
After life decision makers wanna banish me to Hades
But I'm still grippin the heat sprayin off a pound of
shells
Gonna need a thicker leash to restrain the hounds of
hell
See my bloody fists'll drip then I'll add like 50 kicks

To your cranium I'm bangin 'em with the biscuit itch
My whole crew is sick known to start some stupid shit
And if you disrespect you'll probably see a trooper kid
They'll be marchin to your door strappin hard to start a
war
They'll wait for my demand the command to spark the
door

[Chorus]

[Mr. Hyde]

My sick thoughts'll provoke a pitchfork in your throat
You'll get tossed in a moat your torn corpse doesn't
float
There's too many holes in it your flesh and your clothes
are ripped
From head to toes are bit food for the chosen fish
Shut up and slice it's time to cut up and dice
I'll drink every last gulp raising blood isn't nice
When I'm going to the shortage I am hoping for a
slaughter
Shit's got no fuckin fluid and reduced to rigormortis
The postmortem cease as I open up my shotty
Wait for the police to come and catch a bonus body
It's a bad afternoon when you're stabbed with the
spoon
Jab til the wounds laughter ensues
I'm trudging through blood with guts stuck in my Timbs
After my bludgeoning blood saws and cut off your
limbs
You can beg me but earnestly your life ain't concerned
to me
The crimson and burgundy you drip for eternity

[Chorus]

[Mr. Hyde]

Yo that's right you little fuckin bitches it's Mr. Hyde in
your grill
I'll spill your fuckin blood. MCC will spill your fuckin
blood
Psycho+logical spills your fuckin blood
Junkyard dog will spill your fuckin blood
Fat motherfuckin Pat will spill your fuckin blood
Stick an AIDS needle in your arm full
of cats blood mother fuckers is not playing. 2004

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