

Q-Strange

"Ghetto Gothic"

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F/ Majik Duce

* send corrections to the typist

[Verse 1 -Q Strange]

Comin' wit the hard shit

Demented and the dark shit

Wickedness regardless

Hip-hop sounding Gothic

Will I begin and I pick up the mic and deliver the batik, I
billem, I kiddem

I hittem, I killem and then I just give em the plea of their
life I killem

Its gonna be and hour or two

Sayin' it's true prayin' to god I can offer you

This demon is beating, you bleed and scream

And I got more for you

I offer you a chance to run, Ima come and start the
hunt

Stalkin' you is half the fun, yo my prey has just begun
Leavin' you stunned, paralyzed, leavin' you blind, stab
your eyes

Makin' you my sacrifice, drown you just like ?

Shepard's? wife

They don't wanna step, you ain't half as nice

Stab you with a plastic knife

Stab and slice, mad at life

Sanity done passed me by

How'd I get so powerless?

Can stop, wont stop with the rottin flesh

Cuttem up quick that's how it is

I did that shit, I ain't proud of it

No doubt wit it, I'm reppin' the hot shit

Hip hop that's gothic

What are you retarded?

Gimme the mic lets get this started

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

Comin' wit that Ghetto Gothic

Comin' out the darkness

Wicked shit, you can't stop this

Hot shit, and it ain't hard to tell
Stayin' underground like the flames of hell

Murda Murda Murda

[Verse 2 - Majik Duce]

So sickly, you can't see me like Houdini
Where the fuck up at your vision?
Gothic flippin', rippin', rockin' put with precision
What the fuck is up with your rhymin' ass
Why the fuck you rhymin' with your hair shook
And exercising your lead foot
Runaway
Better putt yo double four magnums away
Path for the game
Step on the main, happy to live for today
Cuz if I wasn't, how could I possibly be travelin' on?
Hittin' the valley but still I manage to be battelin' on

(*Changes from 'Harmony' style to normal rap*)

Mutha Fuck that harmony shit
Where the fuck your artery bitch?
Gotta car to start and four more let's start
For more people to hit
I'm coming but I guess I'm partly to blame
But I'm just that modern day jokesta
Why do you all try to be like Q Strange?
But you ain't Shit like Q

[Verse 3 -Q Strange]

Fact is I'm commin' up outta the blackness
Them enemies wanna attack this
They keep comin' out wit whack shit, yo practice
Before you throw stones from yo glass house
Comin' at me wit the bullshit, betta believe I'll take that
ass out
You passed out, wait, from the wickedest shit that I get
when I spit
Shut yo lips, fuck you bitch, went and gotta shovel and I
dug yo ditch?
You don't wanna step, wanna step to me
Even now so you can see
That ya life's in jeopardy
You bout to meet ya destiny

[Chorus]

[Verse 4 -Q Strange]

I been a killa, like Jack the Rippa
Me runnin' wit that roughneck crew no ones illa

We murder them with the stylee from the sewer
You don't want the glock cuz I no sharpshooter
Shady blade cuts smooth if you don't drilla
See da blood clot now they call me blood spilla
We comin' to the place rude boy comin' no one realla
Me got the red heart me gonna kill like Dracula
Me rugged is my stylee no way not dire
Busta now me comin' straight grimy
Ragamuffin sound boy, betta watchya back now
Comin' not gonna back down
Wacky man come to lay the smack down

(*Changes from Jamaican style rap back to normal*)

Yo I'm back now, wit the Ghetto Gothic, can't stop it, I'm
heartless
Innocent souls is my target
I rock shit, wit a style straight out the darkness
Hip hop flows over beats is rap gothic
When I see ya punk, Ima sleigh that whack garbage
For starters, Ima killem all yo regardless
I shock kids, when I kick a flow and it bothers
Whack little bitches yo you can't take the hard shit
You scarred bitch, mentally affected by the sickness
When it kicks yo, can I get a witness?
Rip ya insides out, and then splatter'em
So many homicide records, my cases went platinum

[Chorus] - 1.5X

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