

Dark Lotus "Taste Of Blood"

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"Things that I wouldn't do to taste your blood"
"Your blood...Things that I wouldn't do to taste your
blood" (2X)

(Marz)

Straight for the juggular, raw dog suckular
Blood killa', I'm the creep in the hearse wit' a thirst
For the the worst type of shit you aint heard
Psychopathic, and I kissed it
Masochistic, fuck religion
A vampire, setting churches on fire
Bringin' down the evil motherfuckin' empire
Cut a throat, to the bone
To the beat, of my song

(Monoxide Child)

Contracept, let it bleed, pulsate
My heartbeat bumpin' like an 808
A shadow casta', fantasma
And I wanna take a drink of your plasma
I'm hangin' upside down in an all black room
Stickin' myself, drinkin' the blood from the wound
Gotta consume, enough blood to keep me alive
'Cause if I don't I'm gonna wither & die (bye bye)

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

"Things that I wouldn't do to taste your blood"
Gimme that blood!! Gimme that blood!!

(Shaggy 2Dope)

Now blood might drip, blood might clot
Blood might flow, but fuck all that
Sit down and listen close to your uncle Shaggz
I take blood in any form, even scabs
Tiny needles filled with junky blood
Just let me find this vein (oohh)
I hang at the murder some'ore to lick wounds
Gimme that blood for the ritual of the loons

(Violent J)

I need blood, like a misquito
I'll suck the blood outta heroine needle

I don't care how I get it, just come wit' it
I'll lick the blood off your lip if you bit it
I'll slit my wrists and neck and do the windmill
An be a blood fountain for real
I'll swim under water sniffin' for blood like a shark
But I aint a shark, I'm a blood suckin' retard!
(ahh)(retard)

[Chorus]

(Blaze Ya Dead Homie)
I been over blood sippin'
Pull the trigga', everybody trippin'
All on the carpet, splattered on the wall
Shotgun blast, couple people fall
I even took a slug, I'm already dead
Cock the gauge and made a river of his forehead
Why get blood on the front of my shirt?
Would you die for the Lotus? I came from the dirt

(Jamie Madrox)
Blood (blood) the sight of it excites me
I'm "suck"-such a mess, slippery, excuse me
I spent all day writting "DIE" on the wall
And my hands are all bloody and my fingertips raw
To the bone (bone) now I'm all alone
& Malaconts speakin, hear me talkin' on the crow
Mixed with blood, on the 3rd night
Will allow the dead to walk again in the sunlight

[Chorus] - 2X

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