

## Styx

### "Apartment 223"

Visit "[Apartment 223](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Do not ring the bell, there is nobody home  
The spirits around will haunt you, do not ring the bell  
There is nobody home

Apartment 223,(Scratch: I'm very hungry) (3x)

Apartment 223 with body parts under my bed  
cut your abdomen out stab your fuckin leather coat  
I chant while candles burn with robes on  
You will learn  
Christian no Hebrew on the the balcony I see you  
The devils coffin with corpse of course  
In a mental state earthquake  
Schitzophrenic eatin' Campbells soup  
Takin a piss urinalysis test  
I hope you wear a fuckin bullet proof vest  
Just purchased the charter arms .38  
Then you entered the confetti hell gate  
On the pee(?) floor bloody towels on sculptures  
Machine gun suitcases, for all you niggaz with 2 faces  
Mass murder, should have been in San Quentin  
I'm doin'life to ten, when I come home you goddamn  
right I'm goin back again  
Fuck the drinks on the table  
While you sleep I take pictures of bullets in your navel  
Open your face and pour milk in your forehead  
Count the bodies, that's four dead  
Look behind your fuckin' back  
With the drill bit in your ass crack, EXTREME PRESSURE  
Teach you a lesson  
Fuck your confession of evil I march with black sheep  
on the Sunset streets  
With hoods like Dracula  
I walk in back of ya  
Draggin you stomach parts to McDonalds  
Drink Absolut bottles and bottles, while you tryin'  
to fuck with the most exotic models

[Chorus]

As you see the sign, beware of animals

A fuckin wild habitat  
My living room is the wilderness with spots on  
my carpet  
practicing my gun targets  
Virtual reality is a rough end to yor career  
set you on fire in a leather chair  
Using charcoal to broil  
Rap you jealous eyeballs in aluminum foil  
Wearin' Masses(masks) on the telephone talkin to  
your black asses, with stocking caps I reach  
I'm takin'your ass in a rented van to Venice Beach  
In a cardboard box  
Beatin' down your knees with a bag of Master locks  
Police can't hear you with a dead body tied near you  
It's hot, I 'm drinkin' soda with a tech-9 sprayin'  
your fan belt motor  
Stop the bullshit, blast you hands of the hood  
I pull quick  
Video tape you in a puddle of blood with razors in  
your dick  
With an extra clip I move your torso  
Spit on you hips  
With Mac-11 vice grips, surgery is major  
With my sneakers stompin' on your pager  
With my cup of Maxwell coffee, I like niggas whose  
bossy  
Fuck the critics I press your back  
Steam burn through your straight leg jeans  
Soakin your bones out in the washing machine, with  
tide soap in the laundromat you witness the killing  
Your man got scared called Riverdale with a baseball  
hat, took a cab to Hawthorne  
I know where he's goin'  
You can't hide in an empty apartment with a mattress  
and no protection, with a New York psycho  
Bombshells in the Hollywood section  
I'm pressin bells and bells and bells till you fuckin  
let me in

[Chorus]

Follow you on tour like a haunted nightmare  
Kickin' in your intestines like Rick Flair  
Standin' by the Mobil gas station with a flamethrower  
and a fuckin lawnmower, throwin big lighters at your  
fuel tank  
I smash your face in the elestric window, piss on  
your fenders  
With my ubbrella up like the Avengers  
Plead guilty in court bring glocks through security  
x-reays going for the worlds record

Shut the fuck up about music, I'm playin' checkers  
with blood Polo shirts  
Lookin' at the fireworks  
on the dirty ass terrace  
Bones in 'fridgerators spring water and lettuce  
Fuck it if your jealous  
Gather crackers with flowers around 'em  
Keep you eyes around 'em  
Buck dishes, dial your ambulance I'm on a mission  
Open up your shin guards in tinfoil  
Warmin' my bread and Saurkraut while your legs boil  
Ketchup and Mustard, Fuck voodoo  
Paint on my face lookin off my roof like Shaka Zulu  
Surroundin you area for the biggest mass hysteria  
Muhammed don't (he mad?)  
While you motherfuckers eat pork I tast real humans  
on my fork

[Chorus x4]

[Frankenstien's assistant type voice]  
You do not see anything on the table? (Chairs  
squeak against floor) Well wait until I get the box....

Visit [Styx](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.