

X-Raided "Mask On"

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[Intro]

Yes, Muthafuckaz
Yes, You have entered the Psycho Ward
Where the X-Raided lays his head, niggaz
So let that nigga tell you his story, bitch

[X-Raided]

I'll be stalkin like Jason
Nigga, I aint sayin shit
Mask on with a machete in my right mitt
Aint gon' be no ch-ch-ch (ch-ch-ch)
Cause all your gonna be hearin is rat-a-tat and pop-pop
And it aint gotta be on Friday the 13th
I don't give a fuck if it's Sunday the 15th
Any day is good for me to go and kill a hoe
So fuck the month (mo murda, mo murda, mo)
Aint it's a nightmare on your mommas street
But Freddy's bitch ass is dead
So now you gotta deal with me
Aint no need to make no Part 2, 3 or 4
Cause I'm gon' kill'em all in that first episode
Slit 'em open with a straight razor
Killin 'em quicker than that muthafucka Pinhead on
Hellraiser
I'm hell bound so the X-Raided Locc aint no joke
When I creep I use that 9 millimeter to split your face
wide open
Cause nigga you know I got no brain
Momma said when I was young I didn't play, I liked to
gang bang
My psychiatrist told me I was totally insane
I packin a millimeter, nine, a nina, it's same thang,
Yeah
I got that loco active sickness makin a nigga lunatic
I'm 51-50 merciless, So I'm blastin on them bitches
Killin 'em up, Fillin 'em up with lead
I'm full of that liquor
I'm swingin my trigga, Unloadin, The shit's sick
I'm psycho active. nigga
I'm bangin the Deuce-Four S-T-R to the double E-T
Don't tell my nina you seems to be bing bing your way
And I ain't trippin on all that payback shit

You whipped in jail
Cause soon,
I'll have that 9 to make that brain thang hang out, nigga
You fuckin with the G'sta
When you runnin up on the X
You better bring your favorite preacher with ya
Cause you gon' need him to be a witness when I smoke
ya
Look you in your eyes and say, "You should've been a
locsta"

[Hook] [2X]

Creepin through the dark with that muthafuckin mask
on
Packin that 9 millimeter
Niggaz be ready to get their blast on
Creepin through the dark (Murderin muthafuckaz)
Aimin for the heart (Slaughterin muthafuckaz)

[Da Misses]

Pick up your god damn remote, Turn on your TV
Yo, Hit the channel to 187 Faculty
Look in the light you'll see that sister named L.S.G
Oh with that Stogie-ogie-ogie
Now follow me into to your death
Yeah, Bitch you shouldn't have fucked with a G
Cause I got that S-A-C or my muthafuckin family Uzi
Shit it gets crazier, Dissect your fuckin heart
And bury your ass in the muthafuckin park
Pop, Chop-Chop goes your head
Cause it's the bloody murdy with the ammo gat that ya
felt
My dear, Catch the needle in your eye
Time to get wicked, Oh shit! Time to die
Cause the voices be sayin,
"Misses, Start sprayin on these punk-ass niggaz talkin
shit"
"And nuts ain't even hangin"
So slippedy slip, slip, slip, slide
Got the fuckin glock and on your soul, Imma ride
Because it's the muthafuckin bone, I aint goin to get
gone
And it's Da-muthafuckin-Miss with the mask on

[Hook]

Creepin through the dark
With that muthafuckin mask on
Packin that 9 millimeter
Niggaz be ready to get their blast on

[Chopah]

Bitch, Grip yo gat because I'm on that mission
I slit first like O.J.
So don't let me start rippin shit up like a wind storm
The hollow ones make your body warm
But niggaz are runnin for their life
I have no pity because I love harm
So I want to bust caps like a G
Hey G, Pass me the H.K after that nine-milli
Goin through a fools whole memory
You crazy nigga, Not crazy, I'm psycho
When I start bustin shots
I make them niggaz moonwalk just like Michael
I flip, How you flip?
I'm flippin it back and forth
I'm havin to bust on those bitches
Runnin they mouth and playin poor sport
Oh shit, Mista nigga, Where's your vest? I'm 'bouts to
pop ya
How many times I gotta tell you?
You cannot, Like, Fuck with the Chopsta
I rip shit the fuck up
That's the perfect sign to slit your throat
And bury your ass where no one cannot find you
With my mask on, My paths leave no evidence
Black gloves, Black skullcap
I creep nice, I'm heaven sent
You punk-ass bustas, I heard you couldn't trust us
Your set should be able to move swift
Because your whole block is bustas
Vamp like that, Back in school, I see no sunshine
Locker full of AK's and a backpack full of Tek-9's
Biatch!

[Hook]

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on
Packin that 9 millimeter
Niggaz be ready to get their blast on
Creepin through the dark (Murderin muthafuckaz)
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[Lunasicc]

When you seen my nina, You should've ducked
Just knowin a nigga like Lunasicc don't be givin a fuck
So uh, I lit it up, Now I'm gettin up out of that bitch
Tearin my bucket down, Skid marks from my four
Vogue's
Burned up on the fuckin ground
I left him dead, His bloody head left on the concrete
There he lay when the AK spray, Brains lookin like
hamburger meat

I'm gettin ghost like Casper but I'm not that friendly
nigga
I'm that Lunasicc bastard, I'm hazardous to my own
health
Just any minute, I just might grab that 9 millimeter
And blast my own self
So we can take it to the next level
I'll go to hell and give the grim reaper a 100 more
people
Yellin, "Fuck the devil!"
So we can take it to the crossroads muthafucka
Even then my 9's stay loaded, Killin all you bustas
Fill it up with hollow tips, Clip pop, Nigga drop me one
Fillin all you devils up with them hot ones
Kickin down doors with X
Shoot my gat and fuck a discussion
All I want is the cash
If there aint none, Imma blast
Killin your doctor, Your ambulance driver and your
nurse
You walkin to your funeral
Cause X-Loc blew up your hearse
You's a victim of the Lunasicc
Hella quick to blast
Ash to ash, Dust to dust
Run up on your muthafuckin ass with the quicker
The ripper, The nigga takin the gat when I blast straight
to the dome
Lunasicc for the '95, bitch
Creepin with my mask on

[Hook] [2X]

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