

Young Zee

"Electric Chair"

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Yeah yeah
Punishment

[Young Zee:]
I'm bring hell when I smoke Ls like Sensai
Then Kunta Kenta backbone won't need Ben Gay
The notes brings swarms like troops in Desert Storm
On Mcs (Out the trees) like the Vietnamese
And I drink straight Everclear mixed with beer
I'm weird, using punk ass hearts for souvenirs
It's Dark Crystal, or Clash of the Titans
I get hype and lightenin' start strikin' when I'm writin'
I'm sniffing black cocaine
Me and Slang hit the hunchback of Notre Dame
I wanna rule the land so I scanned and planned
Doing drivebys in Iran in a white Sedan
I write raps in the Moutains with half ounces
The Outz shit, on all the kids you hang around with
You lucky Zee ain't the mayor
Or I'd give your click the Electric Chair

[Outsidaz:]
You have no hair, the Electric chair (Your click...
hahahaha) [x3]

[Slang Ton:]
Look, all I needed was to be drunk and weeded
So I could freak with, three chicks on Sealy
Posturepedic

[Pacewon:]
This man pulls Damsales, I'm know to hang crews
And piss on they face as they dangle from the ankels
Pacewon is super even if I got no Buddah
Or loot-ah, I still +Maxwell+ like Grand Puba

[Slang Ton:]
I buy One Day At A Time

[Pacewon:]
I pack more tools then Snider

[Slang Ton:]

Pacewon, explain how these men become biters

[Pacewon:]

Well first they get thirsty

And since our style is +Milk+

They sip and get freaky with our style like silk

But it's no haps, cause we been rapping since grade 3

To be +Originators+ like Jaz and Jay-Z

These biters wack, one tried to tap my celly

And got buried like pigs in my pet cemetery

Priest sounding like this ain't a righteous way to be

Or achieve the "Glamorous Life" like Sheila E

Whoa, all your Vipers before you try to bite us

Beware or get the Electric Chair

[Outsidaz:]

You have no hair, THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!

[Young Zee:]

Zee needs to be inside a rap institution

Cause I start grouping and kill two men, EXECUTION

Stop from what they rapping about

We throw them in the chair and watch they eyes pop out

[Pacewon:]

Hear this, Electric Chair is property of

The Outsidaz Mafia, designed for rhyme copiers

And HeMen, hip hop fiends that be theivin'

And wannabiters like a baby when it's teethin'

(Outsidaz)

We kill kids that try to steal shit from us

And laugh at they ass while their skin turns colors

[Young Zee:]

The Outz strap biters down one at a time

Then turn the switch, and watch they ass fry (for they crimes)

Yeah yeah too many Owls and Zee gets buckwild

Then get bits two quarts of my style

If you bite me, I don't care

Kid I swear, you'll get the Electric Chair

[The Outsidaz ad-lib until the end]

