

Blaze Ya Dead Hommie "The Crypt Keeper"

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"You should not have come here. your not welcome here. this place is for the dead."

They call me the crypt keeper in charge of the
netherworlds
Death valley is made up of skeletons and spoken words
Vultures fly by like ghetto birds and pick flesh from
bones
While they melt in the sun like ice cream cones the
dead zone
Absorb'em until it rains brimstone and hot lava melt
away puppet strings
Got a thousand of 'em waiting to jump if I give the word
And drag you down in the crypt without a care or
concern
I hold the hour glass which means my word is my bond
And if your name appear on my list it' you I will be
creepin on
Of should I say encryptin no I'm not trippin I pause for a
second
To reload my weapon and blast

[Chorus x2]

You fucking with the crypt keeper you fucked up now
bitch cause I here to see ya
You fucking with the crypt keeper you fucked up now
bitch cause I here to see ya
(the sun is falling and it's raining blood the deadman
has returned to your neighborhood)
And you know I'm bout to blast break backs, cut
throats, bullet holes, gun smoke
Don't you know bitch motherfucker I'm a lay you down
And you know I'm bout to blast break backs, cut
throats, bullet holes, gun smoke
Don't you know bitch motherfucker I'm a lay you down
You fucking with the crypt keeper you fucked up now
bitch cause I here to see ya
You fucking with the crypt keeper you fucked up now
bitch cause I here to see ya
(the sun is falling and it's raining blood the deadman
has returned to your neighborhood)

Pour out some liquor and bow your head and show
respect to the motherfuckin dead

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