

Blaze Ya Dead Hommie

"Toe Tagz 'n Body Bagz (feat. Jamie Madrox)"

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Toe tagz body bagz [x3]

[Blaze:]

Toe tagz body bagz dead body cold slab embalm the
body after the autopsy
No blood just formaldehyde the outcome of homicide
or suicide pine box
Dressed in ya sunday best got a single white rose layin
off on ya chest
Close the open casket ain't no coming back like a ticket
paid be it coach or first class
Like a trip to the otherside soaked in all black time to
face facts layin flat on my dead back
I flip dat call it all a mishap then bag up ya body with
tagz so they don't mismatch

Toe tagz body bagz zip yo ass up in a bag toe tagz
body bagz put you on a cold slab
Toe tagz body bagz zip yo ass up in a bag toe tagz
body bagz put you on a cold slab

[Madrox:]

Tag'em and bag'em and drag'em in to the
underground
Collect preserve use discretion never make a sound
Floor boards squeak but the dead don't speak
They marinate in the fruit celler for up to 3 weeks
Till they're ripe for pickin and they get plucked and
tucked
Between the walls like insulation where they remain
stuck
Forced to listen to other victims getting the same cause
the artist is consistent
So it's performed the same way

[Blaze:]

Hefty cinch sak 50 gallon or more available in any
home improvement or grocery store
I buy'em by the pallette and fill my trunk with dead
bodies 3 fat 2 skinny old men and stacked hotties
I tag'em on the toe so only I will know how I killed'em
and what they came here for

Got so many got a library a thru z all buried beneath
the lights of my H-O-M-E

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[Madrox:]

Linda and Larry and Lori we got most of the L's
20 or 30 or more as we dig in to hell
Tunnels and caverns underneath the apolled
Deeper in the ground so the body remains cold
With copies of toe tagz man I treat' it like a receipt
There's a copy for you copy for me customer policy
I run a business and this hobbies not a game
Show passion for the art normal people would call
insane
Big silva duck tape toe tagz dead weight
2 on da porch 1 more in the crawl space with no face
Looking at me but I hear'em at night
Crawlin through the walls trying to rob me of my own
life

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