

Humperdinck Engelbert

"Death Notes"

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[Intro]

(Death) To die, the state of being lifeless
It's the psychic that's on the creep
Bringing heat to all the projects, sets, boundaries
Now when you see these, here they're coming over sea
with no key
Bringing death notes to all images in the rap industry
(Death)
We gladly present to you, the scientist

[Verse 1]

There's no time left, eject the tape, niggas evacuate
the set
Jet, I'm leaving notes laced with death on your
doorsteps
Make your last request, eternal rest your destination
Premeditation murder, a result of aggravation
These sticky situations got me in a zone, polish the
chrome
Prone to demolish these niggas like Sly Stallone
If loving the game is wrong, I don't wanna be correct
Those who ride in my set get outlined like silhouettes
So death's a blackout, don't ask about my riches
I cast a spell on the snitches, my cliental are the
strictest
I'm predicted, niggas get twisted with my scientifics
Witness this I increase my salary by six digits
Wiping out all existence, get diminished instantly
Tonight's the night, and we mobbing through your city
making history
I'm mentally abusive, undisputed
No need to interview me, my lyrics debut, they
exclusive

[Hook]

We believe in death notes, for those that approach
Lay comatose, it's gun smoke on every coast
We believe in death notes, for those that approach
Lay comatose, it's gun smoke on every coast
We believe in death notes, for those that approach
Lay comatose, it's gun smoke on every coast

[Verse 2]

My mood swings like a noose, fuck ya juice
Strictly gun play put down your dukes
I produce evil and seduce
Diabolical thoughts for onslaught
Causing casualties, many ones afford inside your
mental
Visitation from hitmen with mack tens, stacking when
we sin
Bitch your block bodies drop, when we bend the corner
So killers are now up on ya,
We plot paper with homies from Chi-Town to the hills of
California
The aroma of gunsmoke, choke niggas
Worldwide, suicide you will confront, Suave House until
the day I die
I get cocked like warlocks, the sinister doctor Bombay
Casting spells with this fully loaded AK
Bodies lay in ruin, dirty like urine in a drug test
Don't stress, I'm just a lyrical murder vest
I project and see caskets for the words that I graph
Gats hold my signature nigga, here's my autograph

[Hook]

[Extending Hook]

(Death) This is your last notice, (Notes) ha ha ha ha ha
(Death) So tell me are you afraid, (Notes)
How does it feel looking down (Death) the eyes of
death (Notes)
Ha ha ha ha (Death) ha ha ha ha ha (Notes) ah ha ha ha
ha

[Verse 3]

Time to get the G's, must get the dough and
Increase before I release the flows and expose it
straight smoking
Shit like sticks, increasing grips, we taking trips to hit
the streets
So niggas flip and dip to the scientist's arranged lyrics,
like chemists
(No gimmicks) I'm in to diminish ya like the wizard, who
is it
It's ol' Ste (and the L-O-K-E-Y) you can't see we

[Verse 4]

It's a lyrical drive-by, the scientist on the creep
I tweak now watch me take this level to the highest
peak
To each his own, my songs is full of killers and cap-

peelers

The mats and gats zippers you can ask the Sinister
About me, I slip though the night like hockey skis
To see Professor Lo-Key, cause mister clocking G's
For fulfilling his prophecies, it's the narrator
And it's the black Noreaga slash international playa

[Hook]

[Extending Hook]

(Death) Ha ha ha ha, now there you have it (Notes)

(Death) The scientist on a creep to kill (Notes)

(Death) This shit don't get no realer than this (Notes)

So (Death) sinist-sinister, my nigga (Notes) the L-O-K-E-

Y

(DIE!)

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