

## Obituary "Bullituary [Remix]"

Visit "[Bullituary \[Remix\]](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Ha Ha. Only true, only true Obituary and  
Diablo D., Skinner T, wants some pleasure.  
Bastard cycle.  
Profession of a make of myself.  
...well with a spell...clocked in.  
Evil men, evil deeds, evil time to grieve.  
...to kills fell.  
With a deal, with the bloods all stale.  
...fell.  
A 1000 caps of hell.  
On the wheel of the women Apocalypse.  
I'll split this shit or I'll take your life.  
Either way you shoot it you know it's all child's play.  
Hey, I'll make you say.  
Leave that guy alone,  
bring him along and bring him to a new home  
in the darkest depths of hell.  
I call your bluff, so you'll bounce like breasts.  
I got a back like a tree and arms are like a fucken  
chests.  
So who the fuck would have guessed.  
I call the bug. I'm a Johnny Quest.  
I'm obsessed with a bitch in your nest.  
So gamble the rent.  
I figure show the bitch the bastard, when you go  
packin'.  
Go packin' with a hole proof vest in which.  
We're gutless and heartless. My homestead is  
heartless.  
...any nigga from the... ...assumption... think we're trolls.  
And I think we take control..  
Either way I'm taken a shit.  
We can at least shut the door. In case it sounds like a  
hit.  
I digress, here I go again, with the tall breath.  
Sickle cell the proud all your lyrics for your death.  
So keep your self open. I come and puke.  
So looking like you're smoken, rocks, while I'm broken.  
You're broken and choken. Ha, you're soaken.  
Stuck my hand out like a vulcan.  
Spock did he box. ...the voicebox... you're funny.  
The other day I ain't no heartbreaker, but I won't be by.

Once more fry. ...to for... box.  
So my body could be disintegrated and it hurts to hold  
my madness.

Destiny, feel disgrace.  
I'm the one that's fallen.  
I'm the one in pain.  
I'm the one that's going.  
Forces decay in pain, by the light.  
Bullituary, Obituboy.  
Bullituary, Obituboy.  
Suffer is cold.  
Bullituary, Obituboy.  
Bullituary, Obituboy.  
There's colors.  
See it in his face.

Drifting through the sorrow.  
The visions yet display.  
It strips the soul completely empty.  
Sirens rage in vain.

Drifting through the sadness.  
Violence fills the sky.  
Torturing, the voice rang out  
My servants they are blind.

...check out his head blow. Cock like a reload...  
I'm the man with hands. Suffer is cold  
...my bloods flowing... ...slice you...an amateur ...breath  
it...  
Searing his face.

...madman. I'm the bitch, fuck a dumptruck.  
...soapbox... a flesh eating virus, Osiris,  
a tiller, the champion blood spiller, Godzilla.  
Fortified breakfast miller, a killer.  
...an animal, I hand them all an animal.  
I manhandled... Drowning...other's records.  
So check it... ...these days, hell I excele, I'm cataclysm.  
Ha, I best it, I cross it. The acid I drop it.  
I ...it, stop it. While you bob it.  
I make a... with this shit and then I sharp it, yeah.

Bullituary, Obituboy.  
Bullituary, Obituboy.  
Yeah.

Visit [Obituary](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.

