

## Horst Wessel Lied

### "Ghetto Gothic"

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[Verse 1 - Q Strange]

Comin' wit the hard shit  
Demented and the dark shit  
Wickedness regardless  
Hip-hop sounding Gothic  
Will I begin and I pick up the mic and deliver the batik, I  
billem, I kiddem  
I hittem, I killem and then I just give em the plea of their  
life I killem  
Its gonna be and hour or two  
Sayin' its true prayin' to god I can offer you  
This demon is beating, you bleed and scream  
And I got more for you  
I offer you a chance to run, Ima come and start the  
hunt  
Stalkin' you is half the fun, yo my prey has just begun  
Leavin' you stunned, paralyzed, leavin' you blind, stab  
your eyes  
Makin' you my sacrifice, drown you just like ?  
Shepard's? wife  
They don't wanna step, you ain't half as nice  
Stab you with a plastic knife  
Stab and slice, mad at life  
Sanity done passed me by  
How'd I get so powerless?  
Can stop, wont stop with the rottin flesh  
Cuttem up quick that's how it is  
I did that shit, I ain't proud of it  
No doubt wit it, I'm reppin' the hot shit  
Hip hop that's gothic  
What are you retarded?  
Gimme the mic lets get this started

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

Comin' wit that Ghetto Gothic  
Comin' out the darkness  
Wicked shit, you can't stop this  
Hot shit, and it ain't hard to tell  
Stayin' underground like the flames of hell

Murda Murda Murda

[Verse 2 - Majik Duce]

So sickly, you can't see me like Houdini  
Where the fuck up at your vision?  
Gothic flippin', rippin', rockin' put with precision  
What the fuck is up with your rhymin' ass  
Why the fuck you rhymin' with your hair shook  
And exercising your lead foot  
Runaway  
Better putt yo double four magnums away  
Path for the game  
Step on the main, happy to live for today  
Cuz if I wasn't, how could I possibly be travelin' on?  
Hittin' the valley but still I manage to be battelin' on

(\*Changes from 'Harmony' style to normal rap\*)

Mutha Fuck that harmony shit  
Where the fuck your artery bitch?  
Gotta car to start and four more let's start  
For more people to hit  
I'm coming but I guess I'm partly to blame  
But I'm just that modern day jokesta  
Why do you all try to be like Q Strange?  
But you ain't Shit like Q

[Verse 3 - Q Strange]

Fact is I'm commin' up outta the blackness  
Them enemies wanna attack this  
They keep comin' out wit whack shit, yo practice  
Before you throw stones from yo glass house  
Comin' at me wit the bullshit, betta believe I'll take that  
ass out  
You passed out, wait, from the wickedest shit that I get  
when I spit  
Shut yo lips, fuck you bitch, went and gotta shovel and I  
dug yo ditch?  
You don't wanna step, wanna step to me  
Even now so you can see  
That ya life's in jeopardy  
You bout to meet ya destiny

[Chorus]

[Verse 4 - Q Strange]

I been a killa, like Jack the Rippa  
Me runnin' wit that roughneck crew no ones illa  
We murder them with the stylee from the sewer  
You don't want the glock cuz I no sharpshooter  
Shady blade cuts smooth if you don't drilla  
See da blood clot now they call me blood spilla

We comin' to the place rude boy comin' no one realla  
Me got the red heart me gonna kill like Dracula  
Me rugged is my stylee no way not dire  
Busta now me comin' straight grimy  
Ragamuffin sound boy, betta watchya back now  
Comin' not gonna back down  
Wacky man come to lay the smack down

(\*Changes from Jamaican style rap back to normal\*)

Yo I'm back now, wit the Ghetto Gothic, cant stop it, I'm  
heartless  
Innocent souls is my target  
I rock shit, wit a style straight out the darkness  
Hip hop flows over beats is rap gothic  
When I see ya punk, Ima sleigh that whack garbage  
For starters, Ima killem all yo regardless  
I shock kids, when I kick a flow and it bothers  
Whack little bitches yo you cant take the hard shit  
You scarred bitch, mentally affected by the sickness  
When it kicks yo, can I get a witness?  
Rip ya insides out, and then splatter'em  
So many homicide records, my cases went platinum

[Chorus] - 1.5X

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