

**zeds dead****"Crank"**

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I Feel like King Kong, Snortin Cocaine  
You can't fuck with me this is foreplay  
This is everything I told em I would portray  
They callin me a killa I guess murder is my forte.  
Never short change gotta get my money up  
Stacks in the duffel till I can't get the zipper shut  
If they tryin go to war I should wish em luck  
Cause all I fear is god so I could give a fuck  
And you of all fall victim to my plan  
If you lookin for answers get in the line fan  
Oh it gets hot in the kitchen hot as a cayenne  
But I can handle the heat hotter than higher and

I am the man handin out toll tags  
Cause your life in my hands a throw bag  
I been in it since the minute didn't you know that?  
Plus I been waitin to go why should I hold back  
And no chance so the haters better bite down  
Get yourself in the zone for tonights sound  
If you wanna get the song cut the lights out  
We could do this right now, we should do this right now  
To all my people that belong in a padded room  
Would a caution to the wind type your attitude?  
All my dumb heads all they see is blood there  
They ask about the old me I tell em that he's fuckin  
dead

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