

## Seagram

### "Wages Of Sin"

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featuring Bushwick Bill Vell Ganksta Nip

[Bushwick Bill]

Yo! Bushwick Bill in the mothafucking house...69 Vill  
straight

mobbing...

Tru Black got my back...Lil J...5th Ward Texas...Wait till  
they get a

load of me...

Ooh shit I woke up on the wrong side of bed today

Looking for some homo sapiens to slay

Lost in panic thoughts frantic killings constantly now  
I'm sort wanted

But I give a fuck fool I'm the hunter not the hunted

Bushwick's the name, Geto Boy executioner

Terminator, murder revolutioner

Street stalker cause of a metamorphosis

Late night rapes, bodies found in the forest

No clues left behind, a fool from the dark side

Continious killings, many unsolved homicides

No ordinary kid got a top of no ?????

Kidnapped his kid like permanently dispossessed

The controversy falls around Bushwick the axer

Command plan slayings with no floss...

When death knocks on your door

And wants to come in, time to pay up, mothafuckas

These are the wages of sin...

Yo, Vell, tell these niggas what the wages of sin is out here in

Oaktown...

69 Vill in the house...

[Vell]

I've been staring to death ever since I was a youth

The wages of sin never said I was bullet proof

Cause I'm a killer, no doubt, so don't front

I get visions of niggas being shipped to a morgue truck

I get specific when I go on a mission

I get straight to the point like the head of Coalition, decisions...

Always make me for a blast a mothafucka

Boom ,boom, boom, anotha...

Brotha put to sleep real quick cause I don't play

I do this shit for many hours a day, so hey!

So visualize the fact: I'm too swift

I'm down with young Seag, Bushwick and Ganksta Nip

So in this battle, bitch, you won't never win

These are the wages of sin...

Think about it, mothafucka, and listen up to my partner from South

Park...

Ganksta Nip, kick some of that psychotic shit for their asses...

[Ganksta Nip]

Psychotic thoughts, vision dead in my head

Blooooood from a bulldog's left leg

Terribly crazy, take none from a bitch

Satanic switch left 2 dead in the ditch

Mental illusions, spirit blood better be it

If I see a dead head my first mind is to eat it

A killing in hotel makes the Devil shout

A human checks in but a corpse checks out

A Lyrical wizard, rhyme skills like a mad witch

Arms, legs, hmmm, a society sandwich

Man from Atlantis doing South Park crimes

Every other day Triple-6 dies 50 times

1 plus 1 equals two legs and a hat

2 plus 2 equals 4 heads on a black cat

Savage beast with no meat in my chin

Death is the wages of sin, bitch...

Now we comes to the mothafucking pay off...

My nigga Seag is the Devil so Devil speak...

[Seagram]

Deranged thoughts fill my head as I lay in bed

Satanic killings brings misery and dread

Pentagram symbol printed in my right palm

Silence is wisdom and sane but I remain calm

Mental ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ??????

Chained down in my basement for a pathophysical  
torture

Caucasians and asians are joining my concentration

Satan persuaded outstanding termination...

For moding path, sacraficing souls, swinging bold with  
an axe

I attempt to apprehend but she was cautious

Late walks and stalks leaves the murders often

Killed the person, stabbed from my hellbound pitchfork

Walked on the path of Satan, come on and come forth

What's ya began? You are my sin but to comprehend...

You are counted for your actions, the wages of sin...

[Bushwick Bill]

Listen up my brothas and sistas...Look, listen, observ...

We are all out here working hard under the sun...

Trying to make it the best way we know how but all we  
working is towards

death...

And these are the wages of sin

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