

T-bone

"Demon Executor"

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Comin' out the dirty bay area, northern Cali, it's the
demon throw slasher,
lyrical y-dasher, the bible passer, quick to blasher, with
my load of tech-
rhyme sprayin' bullets from the top of the mime cause
I'm the lyrical,
miracal, spiritual teacher, Nicaragua street preacher,
who's out to reach you.
Group of thugs who some call the X-Generation,
through penetration of lyrical
bullets of salvation, so bring the roughest and toughest
demons be screamin'
wanna start dumpin' and jumpin' demons like a gang
initiation. Huh, who wanna
mess with the craziest of em' all demons bringin' all
and bang your head like
a teatherball, ain't none a y'all finned to stop me, watch
me gospel hip-hop
till' the day the casket drop, wa-la. That's right, 1997,
the Demon Executor
up in this peace, I'm gonna kill all y'all demons!
Chorus-
Throw yo' hands way up in the air, that's the sound of
the electric chair,
that's the sound of demons screamin' fo their life and
I'm the demon executor
hittin' the switch tonight.

I told you once I be the demon head choppa, the casket
droppa, the glak-cocka,
the Mr. Ready to hit em' up like 2-Paca. The demon
body bag zipper-upper, the
demon buckler, the one who got demons and beans on
his plate for supper. I be
the nuttiest one in the whole clan with Mac Town,
switchblades and bibles held
in both hands. Yes, I am- deciphorus, ludious, craziest,
demon killer within'
the California mile radius. Chick, Chick, glak-cock,
ready to drop, drop
demons anywhere I don't care pistols in the air, ready
to flare. I ain't in

to set trippin, blood cripin, instead I'm in to
mormanistic-satanic bible
rippin' lyrically flippin' lyrics like a quarter in the air call
it heads or
tails, from the hood up to no good. It's the demon body
chocka, the mike-
stocka, the Mr. Put you in cement to throw you off a
bridge droppa. I be the
man never puffin' on the booda, I'm the Texas
chainsaw havin' demon executor.
Hey, bone, these bustas told me you couldn't rap. Man,
let me show em' what's
up dawg!

Like Boyz 2 Men, I got demons on bended knee, beg n'
plea. 'Cause I kill more
demons than Carmen got a whole bunch of them
dumb- dodell peas. I'm the demon
executor comin' straight out of Frisco with Giants and
Niner Gear head to toe,
oh, you didn't know? I be the demon neck choker, the
devil smoker, the Mr.
Demon Columbian Neck Tie get provoka.
Repepermmeniti I'm ready to jack these
demons, they ain't got no hope, gettin' up out my
sythoscope. So blam, blam,
comin on, blam to dem 4, me comin' up out the West
like Mr. 2-Pac Shikur. Who
wanna be sweatin' it, wettin it' cause O.R.C. comin' out
with the lyrical
mafeeoso style you can't believe. Till the day I die, I'm
throwin' up Jesus
Christ, demon executor fo life! That right! No, for real
though, how you
gonna stuff the bone? I got your back partner!
then dialogue
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