

Team Sleep

"Hypnotize Minds/profit Posse"

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{DJ Paul: talking }

Ah yeah, the scariest motherfucking Klan
In the motherfucking land. Who run us?
The good, the bad, the motherfucking ugly.
It's Prophet Posse nigga, who up in this motherfucker?

{Lord Infamous: talking }

You got Lord Infamous Da Scarecrow Kaiser Sosate

{MC Mack: talking }

Yeah yeah nigga MC motherfucking Mack for life Killa
Klan fear no man bitch.

{Scan Man: talking }

Scan fucking Man bitch.

{Crunchy Black: talking }

Crunchy motherfucking Black up in this bitch right here.

{Juicy J: talking }

Juice man up in this motherfucker.
Take you all to the motherfucking floorhoe.

{DJ Paul: talking }

Project Pat, Koopsta Knicca,
The motherfucking Tear da Club up Thugs,
GangstaBoo, Indo G, it's on.
You motherfucking hooooooooooooooooooooe!!!!

{Koopsta Knicca }

Get down shut the fuck up
Bitches don't make a sound
Body found on the ground
Don't fuck with mentally rounds
I'm taking the pussy from these trizicks
So you mess with any of these
Cause I can afford
To go back an order take the four door
To help me kick this shit
Trizick don't forget
Foe I spit in your face

Putting this in they credit
Man fuck them goddamn bitches
Yeah and that's not all
Your bound to fall
Put my hand on the wall
Break it down y'all motherfucking law dealers
And you know the Mafi face in the Posse y'all

{Crunchy Black}
Got my mug on my face
Ready to quickly erase
One of y'all haters done lost your taste
One of y'all niggas done lost your faith
Yes I hate when you hate
Yes I love when you love
But I'll put a hole in you
Leave you laying in a puddle of blood

{MC Mack of Killa Klan Kaze}
Nigga look at all the shit that I done done
Look at all the shit that we been thru
Reminiscence on hoes that I have broke
And thinking of them loose things I would do
I be the MC Mack for life matter fact
Im standing on my own to stack
Them G's and making loot
Gotta flip them dollars
Sometimes we clone
Going on up come in our place y'all
We southern
Knowing that always brings you down
No matter how much I rap about haters
Need to just like me turns the frowns
I'm bound to break it on down
Like a quarter pound nigga
Take heed to the shit I speak
Killa Klan Kaze, Tear da Club up Thugs
We on the frequent trick to sleep Killa Klan

{Scan Man of Killa Klan Kaze}
Come out that nigga
Kamikaze dwelling in my soul
Crazy is the Scan Man
But you niggas just don't hear me though
Devil shit is what I do
Man I just don't give a fuck
Trick us with that shitty mic
You hoes can catch a fucking slug
Kicking it's the Scan Man
Now I'm kicking like a motherfucking murder man
Dropping bitches in my stance

We heard that fucking nine blast
Evil be this Posse crew
Cause we have no L-O-V
So we watch you burn in our pits

{Lord Infamous}
They always ask me
Do you worship the devil
And some of the times
I think they see the horns on my head
Why must you even question what I believe in silly
mortal
You test the third most powerful force in the galaxy
Shake ya dreads
Your very essence burnt your soul
And you ask me do I worship that
Bitch im Kaiser Sosate
I believe I hate you worse than that
Wish I could let every nuclear missile
Take an unknown course
Let the man with trumpets and the horns
Feel my evil force

{DJ Paul}
Look into the eyes of a mad man
Shoot him in the head man
Loco off that coco plant
Saw them all and called the Killa Man
Shoot æ...¹m now it's us
When I'm full of drugs
And I dare the bitch
Cock æ...¹m up
Load your Cutlass up
With your fucking click
Busting on you hoes sipping gatorade Hennessy
My entourage be straight from hypnotized Tennessee
Fuck with me, double casualty
Turn to catastrophes, your lacking these
Killers backing me up in my faculty

{Project Pat of Killa Klan Kaze}
Its gangsta it's gangsta
Weak niggas perpetrating
Thug roles broke
Willy punk hoes
Staring at the snug nose
Barrel I say motherfuck those
Lames get you slugged hoes
When you slip bitch
Should have been on your tip toes
Watching out for the enemy

Violator don't say shit to me
Eyes tighter than a Chinese
From this Hennessy murder me
If you get the first ups on your trigger nigga

{Juicy J}
I stand by myself
When it come to handling business
Them thangs on the shelf
And I'm drunk to keep me spinning
And when a nigga start
Best believe the Juice gon finish
I feel like Jeffery Dahmer
Chopping bodies in the kitchen
I walk around
I'm in a fucking daze like a killer
With a .357 to my head
(squeeze the trigger nigga)
Not saying that I wanna kill myself
On the for realer
Had eighty-two weeks
And I'm looking like the thriller

{Prophet Posse}
Hypnotize C-A-M-P Posse
Hypnotize C-A-M-P Posse
Hypnotize C-A-M-P Posse
Hypnotize C-A-M-P Posse
{talking, screaming, yelling, and howling till fade}

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