

Heinz Schenk

"Judgement Day"

Visit "[Judgement Day](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Jet]

It's Judgement Day and like you mothafuckas can't stop me

Fuck being dropped, nigga, you gotta Glock me

I'm judging these fucking cowards, bitch

Only 18 and feeling that first power shit

Mad Family got a nigga on strong status

These outlanders can't fuck with factors

And fuck fools who think they bigga

Give me a chainsaw and I pluck another face, nigga

Put on my burners and straight do dirt, bro

Ya gotta loose to gain and the remain there is murder

I'ma start pumping mo' in ya

So it'll be a fucking bloody job for the coroner

No reasoning, nigga, I got a Baretta, hoe

I gotta show these bitches that Jet is federal

Point black showed me love and I might trust ya

Try to do me and I gotta bust ya, busta

Jet is standing strong with tin Techs

Put'em to your dome cause bullets know how to chin check

And if ya go outta bounce, we gotta serve ya

Pooh's help (Straight mothafucking murder)

A fucking enforcer causing straight bloodshed

And putting prices on punk mothafuckas heads

Peeling your cap quick, fast

See, I never had no love for your bitch ass

You can't move me and I don't blood sport

So have your vest on

When it's time to check the Judger...

"Judgement Day....."

"Judgement Day....."

"Judgement Day....."

[Pooh-Man]

It's time to peel some caps

Death is at your door, mothafuckas, and it's like that

I'm a Seminary soldier, I told ya

Slit ya fucking throat and rip ya head off ya shoulders

Seems ya ran in to a brick wall, sucker
Two sick niggas from the Eastside Gutters
Pooh and Jet hooked up, niggas' skanless
Now I gots to do some mothafucking damage
I'm leaving three corpses behind me:
Mhisani, Banks and that nigga named Randy
Now I'm calling on my nigga Blu
And we suppose to have chainsaw massacre too
See, they didn't understand me, they tripping
Chopper pissed bitching: (Fry me a chicken)
Saved me and Malachi from the Gutter
And now we about to go for them mothafuckas joggling
I'm hearing voices in my head from them, whispering:
Pooh-Man (you ain't got no fucking friends, hah haaaa)
I should've listen and massacred the Dangerous Crew
But ya gonna pay for fucking over Pooh
I never thought you would fuck me that bad
But now I'm thinking about dismembering your black
ass
Chop ya ass up and get a little wilder
And beat your skanless ass to my rock walkers
Damn, murder set you on a fly way
Malachi, tell these mothafuckas...

"It's Judgement Day, hah hah haaaa..."

"Yeah, you mothafuckas thought it was over with,
huh?"

"It all begins here..."

"See you mothafuckas at the crossroads..."

Visit [Heinz Schenk](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.