

Hill Cypress

"Dead Men Tell No Tales"

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In the eye of the beholder,
the soldier begins the war.
Fore score and seven bullets
you hit the floor.
Hit the outdoor,
the darkness frightens you even more,
I'm here to enlighten you with the hard-core.
Bring it raw,
like the red dead meat up in your plate,
and I'll fill you up with the energy
the Hill creates.
I get sticky
like the green bag of the bom diggy,
now I'm fuckin with your head
and you're realizing its tricky.
Got you paranoid fellin the void,
you can't take it,
or avoid being destroyed freakazoid.
Toyed with your mind all styles deployed
you find danger,
in the stranger eye's the killin comes second nature.

Your battlefield of the mind is falling
now who you callin out for help,
and all your fuckin yellin is to your self.
Crawlin and beggin for mercy means nothing
when your bluffin I'm pushin the button
and straight dumpin on fools frontin.

(HOOK)

Warpigs you dig,
SIG kickin up Mr. Big
take a sip of wine
engage in a battle of the mind.

You're feelin the force
right from the source,
ain't no remorse,
your head is getting fucked
and I'm skippin the intercourse.

Behold the white horse
your taking a loss neighbor,
got the nina ross,
don't lean across my fuckin paper.

Chase a green back gladiator
terminator, seed germinator
the greater the risk you fuckin hater.

Hit you the psychobeta
clickin the fader slow, with the high low

servin a blow who got the glow.

Dead men tell no tales

you fail to see the reason,

I'm easin to squeeze the grigger

go figure its killin season

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