

Hot Boys F/ Bullet Proof

"Casket"

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In the casket
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Do you wanna know about the box
A casket with padlocks
Broken off the hinge, bitch, eat a cock
Buried in the earth then forgotten about
Feelin' good like a mothafucka first day out
Took air in my lungs, been awhile since I did so
Smoked me a blunt, fucked a hood rat ho
Kill a couple niggas, smack a couple bitches
Runnin' mothafuckas for the rips and they riches
Ain't shit changed but the month and year
Broke mothafuckas scrounging for squares and beers
Pigs scatter on the street when the dead man arise
Real muthafuckin' killas never gon' die

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Sleepin' in the casket, awoke by a strange sound

Break the hinge and rise up from the cold ground
I could be deamin', what the fuck is with my head
6 feet deep and I'm surrounded by the dead
I hear a noise, someone's cryin' my name
How should I react, am I just goin' insane?
All my thug niggas hold it down on the streets
And watch these muthafuckas on they grave robbin'
spree
Froze in my box, hearin' people chatter up above
They sayin' can ya "kick the do' up?" I'm still stuck
I'm dead as shit, I know where I'm at now
Chillin' with the dead, one with the underground
So why these niggas out fuckin' with my grave?
I got a maggot face and my skin's decayed
Break thru the door to unlock the mystery
Got my grave plot holdin' on for my eternity

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Doors is open, pull on up by a force
Lay my body on the ground, slam the casket door
Crowded by both figures
And the grave diggers
And the shadow of the demon gettin' bigger
Comin' for my soul, surrounded me with candles
Came to release me to His handles
First sacrifice over to the demon
That's why I'm a killa any season
Watch me clueless when I was alive
Happy with a muthafucka till the day I died
Now they callin' me back to walk with the dead
Anyone disagree catch a slug to the head
A muthafucka come equipped with a shotgun
And naggots on my face, so run bitch run
Dead man hauntin', no time for escape
When you hear the gun cock, bitch, it's too late

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