

## Junior M.A.F.I.A. F/ Lil' Ceasar, Notorious B.I.G. "You're Dead"

Visit "[You're Dead](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Verse 1]

Ahhhhhh, necro!

Yo, the most morbid overdose off it

Like cindy crawford's baby comatose in the coffin

I'm awful, often unlawful

Crack you with a softball in your skull

Until you've lost all your memory, every morsel

Mutilate the beat, rejuvenate the street

While you duplicate, repeat

Leave you lookin like bloody lubricated meat

I've got a gun to pull

And I'm comfortable

Pumpin a full clip into the wonderful front of your skull

Your life is not refundable, stumble into the underworld

Where bigger hoes than you didn't come to your girl

Bustin off like I'm huntin for squirrels

A bullet hits you ripping your muscle like a hundred  
curls

And that's that, you bullshit artists

Can catch an ascap when you clap right through your  
knapsack backpack

Through an intruder's chest right through the flesh

Shove the knife in deep coz life is cheap

Like hookers from Budapest

Chorus:

You're dead dead, you're dead dead, you're dead  
dead

Dead

You're dead dead, you're dead dead, you're so dead

And that's what I said

You're dead dead, you're dead dead, you're dead  
dead

Dead

You're dead dead, you're dead dead, you're dead  
dead

(So dead) that's what I said

[Verse 2]

Ill Bill's seen demons in back of taxi cabs

My thoughts attack me like a bad acid tab

Or a crack drag or Black Flag  
Tales from the darkside, mandatory suicide  
You and I collide, member suit and ties arrive  
Driving medicated, then the thoughts within the dream  
accelerated  
Then some other motherfucker levitated  
Talkin bout some vampire shit like he's dedicated  
Decapitated that fuckin faggot then I celebrated  
Fuckin with me you fuckin with psychos  
Gunshots and knifeholes, walk on my tightrope, you  
know how life goes  
It's like a dice roll, I love the drama, my mind is set to  
kill you  
Spill your blood everywhere, like the broken glass of  
wine  
And under the path of disaster of a bastard by design  
the blast and I  
Fuck these bitches, love the cash and cry  
And we all sick, quick to torture you,  
Cut off your balls and stuff em down your throat  
Like you sniffed a pound of coke, you're startin to  
choke

Chorus

Visit [Junior M.A.F.I.A. F/ Lil' Ceasar, Notorious B.I.G.](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.