

King Gordy f/ Bizarre

"Time to Die"

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[Chorus - King Gordy]

I'm all alone in my basement with a gun. (I'm so high)
I'm all alone in my basement with a gun. (Time to die)

[Verse 1 - King Gordy]

All the stories I'm livin. Paintin portraits of me being
hanged
and tortured by midgets. Am I worth the minion?
Life of a skitzo
that's playin a normal person. Hides it so good though
He's prayin with you at church and he's takin your kids
to football
games, your favorite neighbor
Who really just wants to cook your brains, and taste
'em later
I'm that guy at that McDonald's that be serving your
food
You heard the news. Local worker done murdered to
morning crew
God told me to do it. I'm deaths angel
Calm only when doing that Mary Jane girl
The nicest person that you never want to meet
Has to restrain himself from killing everyone he sees
Blastin your brain with shells, hittin seven of your peeps
A bastard that made hell, I'm who the devil wants to be
Black magic, I'm sayin spells hoping the dead will
come to me
I'm all alone in my basement with a gun

[Chorus - King Gordy]

I'm all alone in my basement with a gun. (Pull the
trigger, pull the trigger) (I'm so high)
I'm all alone in my basement with a gun. (Pull the
trigger, pull the trigger) (Time to die)
I'm all alone in my basement with a gun. (Pull the
trigger, pull the trigger) (I'm so high)
I'm all alone in my basement with a gun. (Pull the
trigger, pull the trigger) (Time to die)

[Verse 2 - King Gordy]

Ongoing investigations

I've been compared to Jason
Though he's for choppin up fourteens by the lake
For God sakes
their only fourteen
Eyes open like they wide awake been dead for four
weeks
Smokin weed takin threonine
Death is certain. Help me please, thinkin morbid things
Self murder was corsin through my veins
Horrible, hurts the brain
Listen to Jimi Hendrix. Worshippin Kurt Cobain
The ghetto Edgar Allan Poe
Sever your head with a staff to the throat
You're better off dead. Roll his ashes to smoke
A sorry orphan kid that lived in foster homes
Starved and torn man. Wish he had some parents of
his own
Now he walks the streets. Everyday thirsty for blood
He been stalkin me, everyday running for us
Give me some more lithium, I have the urge to bury shit
I need some help for this, I got to stop killing my
therapist

[Chorus - King Gordy]

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[Verse 3 - Bizarre]

I'm supposed to be playing professional hockey
Short and stocky. With a hook like Rocky
I'm deadly than full blown AIDs
Matta fact, I got full blown AIDs from fuckin John Bennet
My little girl got a heat exhaustion
I thought that she would be alive after two weeks in
Boston
Sexy women... I fucking hate
Tie me up with a rope and feed me corn flakes
My grandmother... She just turned 75
For a gift I'm giving her a black eye
Sex offender who calls himself Ronald
Jacking my dick, watching the excersise channel
My mother... she's a known slut
My job is ear her pussy and make sure the grass is cut
(Like this mommy?)
On Van Dyke and Harper eatin a big baby

It's not a hamburger... It's a fucking old lady

[Chorus - King Gordy]

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