

## Marc De Ville

### "Consider Me Dead"

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[X-Raided]

I had a heart full of pride and had to set it aside  
As I was nailed to the crucifix and stabbed in my side  
Impaled, toothpicks jabbed in my eyes  
Niggas cry but the truth is they're glad that I died  
Inhale, conversatin' with Satan himself  
Starin' in the mirror lately got him hatin' hisself  
Inhale, green smoke like it's oxygen  
Rise up out the grave, gotta get my props again  
I pray for the day that I could say I got revenge  
Got a vendetta cuz I been hated by lots of men  
My rage, just way too strong to contain  
I'm sinkin', but I'm way too strong to complain  
I'm cheatin' the reaper every time he come for me  
When I die, will you nigga cry, ride, and die for me?  
I'm creepin', prepared to take a breath without thinkin'  
Of consequences, of starin' in the face of death without  
blinkin'  
The Unforgiven X-Raided, take my name in vain!  
Nefarious nigga, feel the need to explain the game  
To various niggas that got it twisted up like cornrows  
I'm sick of this bitch shit, I'm comin' for you mark hoes

Chorus (X-Raided + Kingpen):

(X-Raided) Niggas I used to fuck with  
(Kingpen) Consider Me Dead  
(X-Raided) Yeah all you niggas can suck dick  
(Kingpen) Consider Me Dead  
(X-Raided) All them hoes I used to mack to...  
(Kingpen) Consider Me Dead  
(X-Raided) BITCH get a rose over the tattoo and...  
(Kingpen) Consider Me Dead

(2x)

[X-Raided]

Nigga I can't stop now, came too far to turn back  
Flames burnin' in my brain, my heart done turned black  
I opened my mouth to speak and I don't recognize my  
own voice

And when I close my eyes to sleep, dream of wildin'  
with my homeboys  
And wake up, the image lingers  
When he throw up the set it make me wanna break up  
the niggaz fingers  
Blow up the set twice a day, fake nigga I respect not  
Load up the Tec and spray your life in one day nigga  
I detect cops and you look like a bitch  
You shook like a nigga that done did somethin' wrong  
False form ass nigga  
Get on and blast nigga  
Did harm to the last nigga speakin' on my name  
And I got these East Coast muthafuckas sleepin' on my  
game  
I sleep even though my brain got me ready to seek and  
destroy  
What? You speakin' on my joy? You speakin' on my pain  
And it's been seekin' out my brain  
Through this pen to this paper to this track  
To the DAT and in your ears, nigga for years  
Yeah....

#### Chorus

[X-Raided]

When I die don't come visit me at my grave  
I'll come up out the casket  
Like "Night of the Living Dead" to get that ass bitch  
Ride 'til a nigga dead like Killa Tay on Crip  
We got to admit you deserve respect but on Crip  
You niggas gay Cuz we bloods like Dracula  
We'll turn a nigga round me  
You weak thugs will have hurtful necks around me  
We jump niggas like strangulations  
And got a gang of patience when it comes to killin'  
lames  
Layin', waitin' all night for an opportunity to spill your  
brains  
Either you or me, gotta be one, holla at 'em  
And I'm comrades with clouds so get decapitated or  
bombed in crowds  
And never capture Raided I mob around  
Turn your skin black and blue and orange by the time  
it's found  
Tied and bound and tarred down  
Two-faced, many faces better kept  
Before we chop you up in suitcases  
And disappear without any traces  
And we all got game!  
Paid with flames, all got game!  
Knock y'all brain, Mad Man we all got fangs, bitch!

## Chorus

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