Anybody Killa "Children Of The Wasteland"

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(featuring Blaze Ya Dead Homie)

Help me!

In the casket, buried six feet deep

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C'mon a journey with me into the land of the dead

Through the voices and mangled bodies and severed heads

Children all there pray together, seeking out the light After death will there be suffocating, self inflicted torture, severe pain

Why does everybody think that when you die you go to Heaven

When you die you go to Hell or when you die your system fails

I'm living proof the dead can walk the Juggalo to party store

Body mutilated, lined in chalk, 'cause I sit before I talk Nevermind the consequences, 11 years I had no fences

Here we go with no remorse, fans come with deadly force

After, check the course, we the dead, we roam the earth

The wasteland, now we burnt, I told ya bitch I can't be hurt

So what, you're comin in my direction, frontin' there is no protection

Say it's not makin sense, is it? And you know you fall a victim

Guaranteed the same - eternity without end

Children roam this place forever - Children of the

wasteland

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Hallowicked, October 31st, is back again

With all the special freaks roaming, you're forgiven for your sins

All the dead are resurrected, juggalos equally protected

Follow the path of the lotus just to see where your life is headed

Still watch out for all the children, rising up from wasted land

Come one, come all, we all together with a hatchet in our hand

Never understood the difference between life or death 'cause when we livin', we trippin, but when we gone, we at rest

Woken up from the dead because I'm always in a panic

Runnin' through the neighborhood steady yellin' Psychopathic

Uncontrollable state of mind, look in my eyes and you will find

That the world's goin crazy 'cause the underground's alive

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Every year at Hallowicked, dead walk amongst us Children, tortured souls only get to feel reflect upon the livin'

Every year I start the urgin, no reason to have to burn the blood

Til the Lotus made the save and brought me back up out my grave

Now your homey walk forever, lookin for a head to sever

'cause our hatred never ends, even when I do you in So you throw your home away, sacrifice and scratch your wife

Demons from the elder's grave, when you blink, you see your fate

Target chosen pull the trigger, in ya chest the bullets enter

Out ya back, lungs explode and your brutal body falls Now the's time out yo pockets, takin cash and goin for watches

No time to argue, you might be rich, but where you headed, you ain't shit

Once inside the gates you'll see all the pain and suffering

Caused by you upon the earth, only six feet deep is yours

All the killings and the crimes comin; back a thousand times

You gon pay for all your crimes

Ain't no preachin til it's over

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