

## Escape Artist

Blaze Ya Dead Homie

I try to feel the sunshine while standing in the rain  
(In the rain)  
You try to hold me down with all your restrain  
(Your restrain)  
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I'm the greatest escape artist the hardest situation is getting free  
From the terror that keeps confiding in me,  
I got to be Better than Houdini and David Blaine  
With no magician, No illusions, No subliminal, No hypnosis to your brain, I'  
m untrained  
Children should not try this at home at all, I'm a free lance professional  
And this is on my own I staged the whole bit  
I drink and talk a little shit and see who got the balls to pull a strap  
And really use it, That's where the fun comes in  
Cause after they pop me they got to hide my body  
So no ones suspicious about who shoot me  
It's interesting me to see the means and the tactics and tape  
To make sure that my death is tucked away nice and safe

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Sunshines for suckers and queers  
That's what they told me when they rolled me in the carpet,  
And through me over the bridge just like I was some garbage  
Of course I was unconscious not dead in the sense they thought I was  
But a slug in your dome will get you caught up cause  
I'm not invincible I could die a million times  
Each time more painful than the first, Still I survive  
Both hands are tide behind my back as I'm breathing dirty water  
And my legs are been mauled to death by the sewer rats  
I move erratically to make them work for there meal

I'm dislocating my shoulders I slip out just like banana peel  
I'm close to drowning again  
Ten minutes and counting me to them  
is my record so i feel it like I'm ahead  
in points was the view from the west but it's all good  
Best believe that your boy will be back to walk the neighborhood  
In no time water logged and bullet ridden  
They be like, I can't believe that he did it, He really escaped.?

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No stun, I'm running with some gangstas  
Not no bitchass wangstas  
But some real gangsta fed my legs into a woodchipper  
But the blades got caught on my bones cause I woke up screaming  
And noticed that my right foot and... leg was gone  
My eye popped out the socket and dangling on the cheek  
They must have strangled me to sleep cause I'm unable to speak  
Must have screamed just inside of my head  
Cause they still think that I'm dead  
They using a shovel to scrape away clumps of the red  
From out the chipper they pop my legs out  
So they can chop me up manual bag me up and throw me out  
No sweat, give me a week and a roll of some duct tape  
And a shovel to dig the rest of my body up and I'm straight

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