

## Grave Ain't No Place

### Blaze Ya Dead Homie

A motherfucker recognize a thug mashin' hard  
Straight out the plot of my cemetery yard  
Buried so long, nobody gave a shit  
Blood and tears, embedded in my casket  
Been surrounded, old folks everywhere  
Smell of dry piss covered the air  
When I heard the voices say arise from the grave  
I quickly dug myself out and went to find the 12-gauge  
Shotgun, double barrelled sawed off pump  
Safety runs thru the target if you test me  
Psycho thug, mashin' outta control  
Spent too many fuckin' years deep in a hole  
But still I'm a killa, feindin' for the streets  
Slangin' rocks on a 9 to 5 beat  
All that change, now got maggots on my face  
I'm back from the dead to give yo ass a taste

The grave ain't no place for a psycho thug killa!  
Hustla on the street, neighborhood drug deala!  
The grave ain't no place, I should be out mashin!  
Never goin' back to my muthafuckin' casket!  
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The grave ain't no place to be  
Too much like the penitentiary  
Locked away in concrete  
I'm buried 6 feet  
Guess so, so when you roam  
You can find your way home  
Cuffs tight around the wrist cause I was bustin' my chrome  
Dark visions in the smog when I walk with the dead  
Bad dreams in the night keep you shakin' in bed  
Is it all in your head cause you're locked in a cage?  
And clear your mind and get shanked and live the cemetery way

I'm sittin' in the cemetery  
I got a plan to kill a pig so I placed a phony call about a bitch I buried  
Fuck a cell, I won't ever go back  
I got you creasin' in my pocket like a folded up rap  
I look in the back, a squad car pullin' up slow  
I grabbed the pistol in the hand with the glove, and let it blow  
Dashin' off like a thief in the night  
To me it was right  
I had to end his muthafuckin' life

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They can't keep a dead body locked down  
In the ground  
Of the pen  
Came thru the dirt, break free again  
Leave my home of the grave, shared with the roaches  
Back on the street, keep an eye on the vultures  
Flip, my escape out the front gates  
When the pigs check yo' friends, ain't no trace  
Of a gangsta, I'm already out robbin' suckers  
Pistol whippin' bitches, puttin' holes in motherfuckers  
Act like you know, Psychopathic on the glock  
And I gives no fuck when I'm mashin' up ya block  
Empty out the chamber, so long to your family  
Everybody history  
Nothing left but memories  
Friends start to cry and you're one with the earth  
Ain't nobody cry for me, not even the church  
My rebirth was greeted my a police chase  
But I'm a thug motherfucker, I ain't catchin' a case

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