

# Hatchet Execution

## Blaze Ya Dead Homie

I represent Southwest, Del-Ray Jefferson  
Festival ridin', we deemed around the Mexican  
Me and Violent J, we murder heroin addicts  
With every different saws, screwdrivers, and automatics  
I like killin' anybody, I'm like Anybody Killa  
I'm stompin' thru yo' city like a little Godzilla  
I'll cut ya dick and balls off and make ya eat em'  
Then choke yo' ass to death so you won't even need em'  
Punk bitch!

You ever felt like you a freak in the night?  
Outcasted to the shadows cuz you don't look right  
Hypnotized by the eyes from the average muthafucka  
Chrome to his dome, if he cries, he's a busta  
There's certain rituals for bein' ghetto  
Keep yo' ass underground, when it's dark, go ballistic  
I'm representin' all the crazy juggalos  
With a hatchet in they hand, smokin' blunts after shows

Think about it, you gotta give it up to Blaze  
I mean the guy is fuckin' dead in 47 different ways  
Yet he's leavin' Heaven hangin'  
And chillin' with his boys  
At least until they get his room ready in the Nethervoid  
For now he hits the joint until it ain't none left  
Which ain't bad for a dead guy supposedly with no breath  
Death ain't scary, look at Blaze, he's straight  
Even with the maggots and all, he looks great

Because I take out my hatchet and I quickly start axin'  
I go juggaloco like a crazy assassin  
Twiztid and the Posse, we say nothing confusing  
Why? Why? Why?  
It's just a hatchet execution.....  
A Psychopathic execution

Throw it up y'all, lemme see yo' set shinin'  
Rhymin'  
For this paper, ain't nothin', get back to grindin'  
On the Eastside  
We ride  
And Drive-By  
And if you actin' live, kiss yo' mama and wave her bye-bye  
I try  
To get along and it don't work  
I love to hurt  
Whip out the pistol and do the dirt  
I lay em' all down, shootin' in crowds and head-bustin'  
Have yo' people cussin'  
He shot that muthafucka for nothin'

I'm that dead body walkin' retarded and crazy  
And I'm down to bust shots at cops on the daily  
Still claimin' Eastside but sides ain't shit  
Cuz we all got love for the muthafuckin' hatchet  
I got a little problem with actin' a fool  
I get Violent like J and then I spray up the room

Unfadable, real G's never goin' out  
So I died, now I'm back, and I blast, and I'm out!

Rock N Rye with Hennessy  
Dirty sex in alleyways  
Chillin' with the heads, drug dealers, and the runaways  
Killa, put yo' gun away  
Don't make me take yo' life  
Type of muthafucka bring an axe to a gunfight  
Represent the family with the utmost pride  
And we runnin' with a hatchet, muthafucka, do or die  
Die muthafucka is what I'm screamin' when they go  
And 187 on a muthafuckin' juggahoe!

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Man, fuck that, that ain't the end of this shit. I been waitin' a long time  
for this muthafuckin' album to drop and I gotta send a couple shouts out to  
my muthafuckin' homies: Alex Abbiss, Billy Bill, muthafuckin' Stef, Dirk, my

homie Jumpsteady...my muthafuckin' partner Rude Boy...my muthafuckin' homie  
Tom Dub...Psychopathic Patrick...muthafuckin' Jelly Nuts...Pickles...N-  
Cubed

in this muthafucka...Barry, Matt Nips, Steve, Jeremy, Matt, Eric, and  
muthafuckin' Adam....hey, hold up, what the fuck you doin' man? You better  
turn that muthafuckin' music back on, I ain't done yet....Nate The Mack,  
Violent J, Shaggy 2 Dope, Monoxide, Jamie Madrox, my homie Anybody  
Killa...that one crazy muthafucka Jeff....Tall Jess....Mike P....J Dirty,  
muthafuckin' Rah-  
Rah....my homie Synn....my homies in muthafuckin' Dark Lotus  
and Psychopathic Rydas....Big Baby Sweets, Sugar Beat, Stank and Poot,  
Moonglorious, Southern Crumpet, my homie Krayzie Bone from muthafuckin' Bone

Thugs, and the Triple Six Mafia in this muthafucka! And that's Psychopathic  
till the day we die, BITCH!!!!.....Oh yeah, and I gotta say wassup to

my muthafuckin' homies, THE JUGGALOS, bumpin' this shit right now!! YEAH!!