

## Mr. Dead Folx

## Blaze Ya Dead Homie

No questions for you too ask, no gats for you to blast  
No money, weed, no cash  
It's time to get in that ass  
Mr. Dead Folx, Colton Grundy Ya Dead Homie  
Don't be acting like you don't see me  
Believe me man you don't know me  
(2x)

I was the first to put it down  
Reppin' with Twiztid and the clowns kicking the gangsta sounds  
Strictly keep it underground  
Lotus in the family, you now how we do  
Coming for ours and won't hesitate to ride on you  
Record sales don't make you bulletproof  
Big time, and we both know you don't be doing that shit that's in your rhyme  
s  
You ain't a G like me, you ain't the thug I be  
You watered down, like the punks I see on MTV  
Where you're motherfucking trees, always asking for smoke  
Ain't it a bitch, everybody a G when wearing Loc's  
That's a figure of speech, and I be sick in the heat  
Whoever think he the shit, trying to claim my territory  
I'm a motherfucking G with heaters loaded and cocked  
You's a small time pee-on, braggin of running rocks  
Bitch break yourself, for everything and then some  
Hold the mic to my dick, so you can hear me when I cum

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Never ever was I a bitch hoe,  
You can put that on my ten-fold  
Ma pop Grundy and them know I sicko  
Baby boy got banana clips for his chopper  
Known to bring drama somethin' proper  
Check nuts  
Colton Grundy got handles, I got the J  
So when I'm spiting from the big oh line, nuts' in your face  
Dead homie on a ho-port, smoking a Newport  
Spiting at the bitches, and bumping that new Too Short  
Life is nothing I can even they to relate to, for real though  
Being dead is serious, it change you  
All I got left in this world, is my music to play  
So you correct if you thinkin', that I'm a do my thang  
And all the thugs that with me, throw your shit in the air  
And wave those motherfuckers side to side  
Like you don't care  
And if you feeling like I'm feeling, then it's plainy clear  
'Cause it's a whole bunch of dead folk chilling in here

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It's me and Blaze, drunk driving in an 87 Cutlass  
Taking turns at the wheel while the other claps motherfuckers  
You're chick, I'm dicking that  
Wicked shit, I'm kicking that  
I'm hitting with the quickness, life's stinking, where the chickens at?  
You made a wrong turn coming down my block  
I'll stop your car like I need help, and crack your head with a rock  
Uh, Colton Grundy the only homie I got,  
Mr. Dead Folx sparking at the burial spot  
We about to ride on the world, leave it deserted like Marz  
Get your wig spilt, by 40 juggalo rap stars  
A little kid asked me if I ever killed anybody (yes)  
I told 'em that I did and was warm and bloody  
I'm Violent J, I'll be around until my dieng day  
On tour smoking bud, and eating Flying J  
Look me up under 'Juggla' and you'll find my name  
And if you don't, then you're dictionary's lame motherfucka!

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