

The Crypt Keeper

Blaze Ya Dead Homie

You should not have come here
You're not welcome here
This place is of death

I'm the crypt keeper
in charge of the netherworlds
deathvalley is made up of skeletons and unspoken words
vultures fly by like ghetto birds and pig flesh
from bones while they melt in the sun
like icecream cones, the dead zone
and i'm sawing unto the rings
brimstone and hot lava melt away puppet strings
go a thousand of em waiting to jump if i give the word
and drag you down into the crypt without
a care or concern, i hold a hour glass
which means my word is my bond
and if your name appear upon my list
it's you that i will creep on
and should i say a grippen no
i'm not trippen i pause for a second to
reload my weapon and blast

you fucking wit the crypt keeper
you done fucked up now bitch beacuse i'm here to see ya
blast,you fucking wit the crypt keeper
you done fucked up now bitch beacuse i'm here to see ya
the sun is falling and it's raining blood
the deadman has returned to your neighborhood

and you know i'm about that grey bags
cut throat, bullet wholes, gun smoke
don't you know bitch motherfucker i'm a lay you down
grey bags
cut throat, bullet wholes, gun smoke
don't you know bitch motherfucker i'm a lay you down

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pour on some liquor and bow your head
and give respect to the motherfucking dead