Seven

Boondox

A tisket, A tasket The Skarecrows out his casket Turn off the lights and lock the door Prayin' that he passes

A vision of the dead in the Inbread im Backwoods Motherfucker born inside a toolshead Momma never loved me never gave me no attention Daddy was a rapist 30 years up state Fulton County Prison And I was raised by my own will Surviving off of scrapes of bones, bear traps, and road kill Spending my days and my nights all alone And my mind is gone, there is something wrong with my dome Should have put me in a tomb I didn't ask for this life When they cut me out the womb with a dull pocket knife Now I walk with a sight and a murderous ability I'm a Corn-fed motherfucker filled with hostility Cracked out and I'm gone off that moon shine A 180 proof win made from a muskadine Out in these cornfields Learning all these wicked skills Swinging, slicing, chopping, dicing Country boy born to kill

A demon spawn The child of a bastard son Seven born of seven and the Seventh child fathered one A soul black full of pain Bodies in the field Blood pourin' like rain (2x)

Don't get lost in the woods In yo black expedition On the dark dirt roads So suspicious Just Trees and Ditches Headlights flicker and its got you turning switches Now you so damn scarred you bout to shit in yo britches You cant think straight all you hear is heavy breathing All your eyes just deceiving what it is that you seeing When I pull up on the '84 Pristol in their floorboard Blast out ya back glass Got you screaming"No No" You fixing to know the reason and you about to find out What it is to suffer with a rusty blade in your mouth No where to run No where to hide Being stalked by the Skarecrow The bloodline of Malaki I hear these voices talking they wont leave me alone Tell me snatch this bitch up by her hair and drag her home Over my shoulder in the back of a pick up truck Cant wait to get her home and hold her, bleed her, then chop her up A demon spawn The child of a bastard son Seven born of seven and the Seventh child fathered one A soul black full of pain Bodies in the field Blood pourin' like rain

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