

"We would like to invite you on a journey
A tale of an instrument of death
Watch us as we pass the axe."

I took the axe off the shelf in the tool shed
It's telling me I gotta fuckin bloody the misled
My victim approached
Cut her head off at the throat
She was a hooker with AIDS
Spreading disease like it was dope
Cut the head off her pimp
Before he started to trash talk
Two bodies in my trunk and police on a manhunt
I'm on the noose again
They chasing me for blocks
Seen a homie on the street
So I passed the axe to Madrox

I took the axe
What the fuck am I supposed to do with that?
It's all bloody
And it looks like it's been in and out of someone's back
Grips on the handle, blood dripping down the neck
So I grabbed that bitch like *laugh* back
Who wanna get halfed up by the half with
Who got a gang of problems
And don't give half a shit, bitch
You can fall victim to the double headed furry
Don't be scared, be worried, man

Pass it, something sharp and wicked
And I'll pass it back
Don't worry I'll pass it back
It's raining, the rain is dark and wicked
And I'll pass it back
Don't worry I'll pass it back

I took the axe back to the she'd where I stay
Cleaned off the blood and then sharpened up the blade
Waited 'til dark and then ran through the hood
And chopped up drunk bums like they're blocks of wood
I can't see myself stopping and if I do then I'm dead
And the only way I'm dying is if I sever my own head
Grip on the tip, so my nub won't slip
And I'm about to fuckin' pass it to the hands of 2 Dope bitch

I took your axe and swang it through like butter
When I cut back you better run, duck, and cover
You know your jugular well, it's gone
I blacked out last night and realized in the morning
Gotta dig another hole in the backyard
Run get me a shovel, it ain't that hard
And understand that I got a hairpin trigger wrist
When I squeeze it off, haha, you get the gist

Pass it, something sharp and wicked
And I'll pass it back

Don't worry I'll pass it back
It's raining, the rain is dark and wicked
And I'll pass it back
Don't worry I'll pass it back

I took the axe
Perhaps I had a relapse
I seen a pretty pretty neck
And I couldn't relax
I cut through it
I throw knives with precision
But it's noting like the feeling
Of committing the incision
Flip it over, a radio program
I pound his head into a bloody pizza
With the hammer
Threw it into the sky and let it stick in my back
And passed out at Monoxide's front porch like that

I took the axe and lost my fucking mind
On this cop who pulled up behind me
I handcuffed him on the side of the street
And started smacking em with it like I was making a beat
Oh God!
Another cop pulled up
So I grabbed the same axe and planted it in his forehead
Two more dead, bloody and dismembered
Now it's back in the she'd and that's all I remember

Pass it, something sharp and wicked
And I'll pass it back
Don't worry I'll pass it back
It's raining, the rain is dark and wicked
And I'll pass it back
Don't worry I'll pass it back

"The axe that splits so many backs
Its back to the tool she'd to relax
Peep that
So many failed with no tale to tell
And it's only remembered be the stain they left
On the axe."