

"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."