

# Diary Of A Madman

Gravediggaz

They killed my baby, oh, God, they killed my baby  
(Order in the court, order in the court)  
I will make you pay for this you murderers  
(Order in the court, order in the court)  
(I said order in the court now)  
Now, before this court passes judgement  
Will the four defendant please, rise and approach the bench  
Trust me guys, it's all under control  
The judge is my uncle, he'll take the insanity plea  
Oh, yeah, don't forget my retained balance  
Okay, I understand you guys are pleading insanity  
Claiming demonic spirits possessed you to do these hideous murders  
Can you please explain to this court  
How these so called spirits made you into these raving madmen?  
Be a witness, as I excersize my exorcism  
The evil that lurks within the sin, the terrorism  
Possessed by evil spirits, voices from the dead  
I come forth with Gravediggaz, in a head full of dread  
I've been examined ever since I was semen  
They took a sonogram and seen the image of a demon  
At birth the nurses surrounded my with needles  
And drugged me all up with the diseases of evil  
Grew up in Hell, now I dwell, in an Islamic Temple  
I'm fighting a holy war in the mental  
Look deep into my eyes, you'll see visions of death  
Possessed by homicide is what I'm obsessed  
Giving niggaz brain dimples  
Dragging they asses on a hook by they temples  
The cause of death is unknown to the cops  
'Cause when I kill them, I'm not leavin' one element to autopsy  
First I'll assassinate 'em  
And them I'll cremate them  
And take all of his fucking ashes and evaporate 'em  
Or creep through the graveyard and hunt down your tombstone  
Dig up your skeleton and stomp all your fucking bones  
You try to haunt me nigga, I ain't trying to hear it  
Buck, Buck, Buck, I'll give your ass a Holy Spirit  
Stressed full, try to avoid all impure thoughts, I am loosing my mind  
Can you please explain to this court when these problems first began?  
The year 84, November, day 10  
Overwhelmed by the wicked inspirations of an evil gen  
I realize my ideas has spawned for 400 years  
Of blood sweat and tears  
I saw the torture brutal murder of my father  
So my brain became stained with the horror  
I'm having reoccurring nightmares  
Of being soaking wet, strapped down to the electric chair  
I got tackled with handcuffs  
And shackled in restraint  
At the bottom of a Holy Tabernacle  
They gave me nothing to eat for two weeks  
And sewed my eye lids open, so I couldn't sleep  
About to die from thirst, that's when the minister  
Quenched my jaws with a cold glass of vinegar  
Upon my wounds they seasoned me with salt  
And nailed my hands, feet to the form of the cross, ah, I cry  
As the blood drips inside of my eye, refusing to die

Visions of Hell tormented my face  
So I chewed my fucking arm off and made an escape  
Oh no, me mataron mi amigo, hijo de la gran puta  
Esos cogines me mataron mi amigo que voy a cerca, carajo, cono  
Calm down people, please, calm down  
Let us please, proceed with the defendants explanation  
Enta the realms of understanding  
And take good heed and you could bleed  
While I'm standing, three stages of pure hell  
Justifications of red cells, rain drops hits the pelv  
Path is dull and narrow  
You're stalked by a shadow  
I pierced your skull with a fucking arrow  
So narrow, only one could enter at a time  
Stuck in the center, read the signs  
A thousand doors to choose  
You better hurry  
Don't stop, shit is getting hot as a pot of curry  
On your right side there's fire  
On you left, deep waters  
Watch your step, it's deep waters  
What's that coming through the floor?  
It's a claw, took his fucking ass to the fucking core  
Stroll through the dark conditions  
I stone you till I see sparks of friction  
I chop ya like a coal miner  
Then combine the drug and mix it with your blood  
Some more, I give you some more  
And watch you crawl  
Guts hit the floor  
Worms that dig your pores  
I trick ya, ha, then I'm quick to syringe  
Deep into my thoughts and bust out your skin  
You scream, portraits of inflictible pain  
You can't stand, you're up to your hands in quick sand  
You're sinking and sinking deep into the earth  
Thoughts was possessed since the first day of birth  
My mental says it's my turn to possess the matta  
Stab you with a dagga of Jacob's Ladder  
Thoughts become shattered, confused, and tragic  
Fiery thoughts of Gravediggaz  
Guilty, next case