

# Flashback

## Project: Deadman

Deadman PDM Project PDM

The satellite systems attractin the voices barcode  
GPS and the radiation from your cellphone  
Demon clones chromosomes and yet we all condone  
Mass production equals depletion of the ozone

We read your fake ass like a book

PDM tell me what does it mean  
Terrifying shit that'll make a mother fucker scream  
A raising of the wicked and self inflicted

Self inflicted this life is self inflicted self inflicted

All your troubles and all you do

Wicked is how I'm depicted arrested but never convicted  
Prozak, King Gordy, Tecca Ninna Self Inflicted

ACCESS DENIED

Get a body bag don't cross us or die slow  
I'll put those niggas from your hood in a body bag

You better believe that shit is wicked and self inflicted

Dead  
Cocaine drains from my nose my t-shirt stained with red

The walking dead coinsides with the devil  
You see my face penetrating through your mind  
My body walks the earth in vein until the end of time

Torture's like the rain through the tunnel  
The ground crunches with bones as blood drips in puddles  
It's kind of subtle how death embalms you  
And cardiac arrest will calm you as the cemetary calls for you

Cock the hammer back let it go get my dick sucked at the show  
Enemies all engulfed in flames shotgun cocks when I blow your brains  
Now I'm one will inflict the pain when I diss I say no names

Bitches aint shit the scripts been flipped tonight

No rest for the angels no rest for the demons  
No rest for the murder victims that are always screamin  
No rest for the guilty no rest for the dead  
No rest from the insane voices that are screamin in my head

We're Project Deadman and we're bringin that sound  
We're from the murder glove bitch we got issues  
We got the wicked shit we'll never let it down  
Project Deadman more underground the hell

Ashes to ashes and dust to dust  
Rest in Peace mother fucker confession will make your soul crush

Nuthin to fear but fear itself on the day of the dead

All my fuckin life I been insane  
And every fuckin day I feel the blood rain  
And everything is saved oh it brings pain  
All the wicked brains salvation some taint

It's time to go this mother fucker's lookin shady  
I saw the look in the face as they tried to play me  
Get up got the nerve man it's time to go  
Your off the tape man lookin like a little hoe  
How much shit can a mother fucker take?  
Fuck a damn hater I'm lookin for anotherbreak  
Gimme reason why you think I gotta stay here  
Don't worry man I'm out I got no fear