

Raise The Deadman

Stuck Mojo

It's time for me to raise that dead man

You must be going right out of your mind
Surprise me, you picked a hell of a time
You must despise me, the words I can't find
It's just me, hate machine by design
Lessons in respect could be easily achieved
A blow to the head, down 1-2-3
You could get up, stand up, fight for your life
A left and a right, then out go your lights

It's my life, my time and time for you to recognize
That pay backs from way back can
Hurt you like a motherfucker
Inside, outside, prepare for some retribution

My path is set and hell's comin' with me
It's time for me to raise the dead man

You're just standing there got
Piss runnin' down your leg
You bleed real nice and you're too proud to beg
Now your thoughts are turning toward
Obtaining a weapon
You didn't buy the last one so don't
Hesitate for a second

AR 15 and my Glock 40 cal
Converted Tech 9, now who's your favorite pal
I'd rather carve your heart out
With a dull rusty knife
And when it's all over, bigger fishes fry tonight