

Every three years an ancient ritual takes place here
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I communicate with the dead through 7 LCD screens
All programmed to channel 13
They conversatin', have a laugh and tell a joke or two
You probably think I'm out of my skull but that shit is all true
Me and my brother got a hundred fifty reasons or more
Why they live inside the walls and hide under the floor
They haven't walked into the light or the dark
And even though there's no life in their body
There's a pulse where their heart used to be
That's called kinetic energy
Where there's a will to survive
There is a will to be
An angry entity lives here now
And he's more pissed on how things turned out
He's got a deep rooted anger
That lingers like a foul stench
An eternal thirst that'll never be quenched
So pack your bags if you just moved in
Cause there's no telling the things that he's capable of doing

There's a dark spirit living in your house with you
So here's a quick list of things you gone need to do
Get the fuck out
Don't grab shit just hit the door
Get the fuck out
Don't even mind the blood that's on the floor
There's a dark spirit living in your house with you
So here's a quick list of things you gone need to do
Get the fuck out
Now he's gonna try to trick you to stay
Get the fuck out
Don't look back just run the fuck away

I'm sitting watching TV and the lights go out
So now I'm sitting in the dark like what the fuck's this all about
And I swear I hear somebody walking in my hallway
So I turn and look and I see something just fade away
I run and grab a radio push record and play
And I just kept quiet and parlayed
If you got something to say
You gotta say it now here's your chance
It started as a whisper and slowly became enhanced
To a blood curdling scream
He said if I don't go he'll come and get me
And he'll never let me leave
I'm not a skeptic the message was intercepted
By my radio telling me to leave or I'll regret it
I got the fuck out quicker than jailbirds
Who got an early release of credit
For having some time served
There's a real estate for sale sign on my lawn
And no one even knows that I'm gone

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See Madrox tunes into channel thirteen
But I prefer number seventeen
Know what I mean? Probably not
But I can see some poltergeist shit
They're here
I can't get enough of it
See this house is plagued with demons and so forth
They even got statues on the front porch
But I'll fuck around
And just sit there and pet them boys
People seem hokey but I see them real McCoy's
Oh boy when you see a ball rolling down the stairs
Get ready to change the fuck up out them underwear's
Cause these spirits, they don't play
These demons and spirits
Spirits and demons are homies
And if you ain't passed or connected to the afterworld
You'll be running out of this house like a little girl
So when you hear
Get the fuck out
They'll be a for sale sign without a doubt

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Don't look back just run the fuck away

Get off me! Let me go!",
Fuck!! ...You Bitch!".