(2x)

Ever since Picker Forest started I been hatchetly retarded All laws been disregarded I just wanna see souls departed I throw around kicks like Joe Kasugi I leave necks all broken and loopy And your fucking hoes a groupy So I got every reason for a neck squeezing I call upon the dead To rise up and jump on your head Wicked shit cause blood to shed I ride a voodoo train right through your brain I'm like a demon statue I'm sick when singing at you And bitch I leap I catch you. It's just I'm wicked, dick it, can we still kick it? Chop chop We love to Chop chop We need to Chop chop Forever Painted faces, axes swinging

Clinical depression Try to end it with Smith and Wesson You might have noticed my mouth is missing Blew it off into non-existence Didn't know that I was already dead Vampire blood already spread Being alive is all in the head Like Jamie and Paul already said It will all be explained in the Green Book You inside of my Salem's Lot And them Hells Pit flames is hot And all them icy chains you got Encase you forgot Can't change your spot You dug your plot I can't wait to die That's why I never hate to fly I got a Holy Water icicle for Satan's eye And another race waiting by OK let's fly

Chop chop
We love to
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Painted faces, axes swinging
(2x)