

Axes Swingin'

Violent J

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
(2x)

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
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(2x)