

Mr. Dead Folx

Blaze Ya Dead Homie

No questions for you too ask, no gats for you to blast
No money, weed, no cash
It's time to get in that ass
Mr. Dead Folx, Colton Grundy Ya Dead Homie
Don't be acting like you don't see me
Believe me man you don't know me
(2x)

I was the first to put it down
Reppin' with Twiztid and the clowns kicking the gangsta sounds
Strictly keep it underground
Lotus in the family, you now how we do
Coming for ours and won't hesitate to ride on you
Record sales don't make you bulletproof
Big time, and we both know you don't be doing that shit that's in your rhyme
s
You ain't a G like me, you ain't the thug I be
You watered down, like the punks I see on MTV
Where you're motherfucking trees, always asking for smoke
Ain't it a bitch, everybody a G when wearing Loc's
That's a figure of speech, and I be sick in the heat
Whoever think he the shit, trying to claim my territory
I'm a motherfucking G with heaters loaded and cocked
You's a small time pee-on, braggin of running rocks
Bitch break yourself, for everything and then some
Hold the mic to my dick, so you can hear me when I cum

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Never ever was I a bitch hoe,
You can put that on my ten-fold
Ma pop Grundy and them know I sicko
Baby boy got banana clips for his chopper
Known to bring drama somethin' proper
Check nuts
Colton Grundy got handles, I got the J
So when I'm spiting from the big oh line, nuts' in your face
Dead homie on a ho-port, smoking a Newport
Spiting at the bitches, and bumping that new Too Short
Life is nothing I can even they to relate to, for real though
Being dead is serious, it change you
All I got left in this world, is my music to play
So you correct if you thinkin', that I'm a do my thang
And all the thugs that with me, throw your shit in the air
And wave those motherfuckers side to side
Like you don't care
And if you feeling like I'm feeling, then it's plainy clear
'Cause it's a whole bunch of dead folk chilling in here

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It's me and Blaze, drunk driving in an 87 Cutlass
Taking turns at the wheel while the other claps motherfuckers
You're chick, I'm fucking that
Wicked shit, I'm kicking that
I'm hitting with the quickness, life's stinking, where the chickens at?
You made a wrong turn coming down my block
I'll stop your car like I need help, and crack your head with a rock
Uh, Colton Grundy the only homie I got,
Mr. Dead Folx sparking at the burial spot
We about to ride on the world, leave it deserted like Marz
Get your wig spilt, by 40 juggalo rap stars
A little kid asked me if I ever killed anybody (yes)
I told 'em that I did and was warm and bloody
I'm Violent J, I'll be around until my dieng day
On tour smoking bud, and eating Flying J
Look me up under 'Juggla' and you'll find my name
And if you don't, then you're dictionary's lame motherfucka!

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