

Haunted Haus

Aja

We go bump in the night, turn down the lights
Hundred nights of frights, don't look inside
You won't make it out alive
You won't make it out alive
We gon' black out the sky, you can run and hide
Don't try to fight, couldn't kill us if you tried
You won't make it out alive
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I got the spirits and they spellin' out "go" on the ouija
Turn into the beast every time I step up on the feature
[?] I hang out with goblins for some leisure
Got some silver bullets that were only meant for the creatures
Someone call the preacher, Bloody Mary, if you seek us
Slippin' out in all black, collectin' souls, Grim Reaper
Floorboards creakin', try to walk light on my sneakers
Everything that I do set your peepers jeepers creepers
Friends tellin' me it's all in my head
Past comin' for me, man, that's the walkin' dead
Shots to the knees, more like shots to the head
Thank god they crave the flesh because all I crave is bread
Feelin' like a legend, just a little more urban
Hypnotized by the smile, pull back the curtain
Knife in your throat, oh, that must be hurtin'
Children, gather 'round me and help me sing my sermon
One, two, Shilow's comin' for you
Three, four, AJA, kick down the door
Five, six, haters, suck our dicks
Seven, eight, this verse sealed your fate

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Who tryna summon, summon, summon this demon?
I'll have you more gone than Freeman
I'm the Skeletor to the He-Man
Or the Loch Ness to the seamen
I come from the darkest abyss
I am no snake, but I give you a hiss
I lurk in the shadows, but no, I don't diss
Life of a djinn, but I skip on the wish
You want me to pop, say my name three times
When the bodies start to drop, then the fame fiends hide
I been the OG, so they call me key lime
When you a clown on the street, they don't call you streetwise
They call you Pennywise 'cause you cheaper than a nickel
Crypt-keeper, Grim Reaper, and I'm comin' with the sickle
Fickle niggas need a [?] 'cause you sour like a pickle
[?], but you bitches always sad 'cause you simple, get it?

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