

Outlined in Chalk

Boondox

Drowned you in the undertow, all that search of antidotes
Something to relieve us from the condescending overbearing bitches
selling rainbows and self-scan bar-codes, tell you what I've heard
more heart come from an artichoke, Shadow bearer, my over grey scale,
Any measure they say killings free cause they know that
at the murder sells, All going to hell seems we've been here all along,
So welcome home mother fucker now you're outlined in chalk.

I Choked these bitches out their riches, with a rope made out of switches,
By the witches down on Broken Hollow, Underneath the bridges in the Boondocks,
Where they're all summoned up by the athens, seeking blood and retribution from a scarecrow demon,
I rose up out the Red Claydom Georgia dirt road, With a crop on my shoulder
and a hole for a fuckin' soul, to join a group of misfits with the same type of interests,
to kill all these sons of bitches, we the fuckin' Magic Ninjas.

Outlined in Chalk, So many fuckin' bodies any fucking body? In line they fall,
Nobodies leaving cause we're killing everybody, Killing Everybody, No regret,
Killing everyone, Welcome Death, Killing everything, In this Mutha Fucka till the last one stands
and there's no-one left.

Outlined Exed out, Like yellow tape he's stretched out, Put the .45
Up to his dome and go BLAOW!, Let it rain, Chunks of skull bits of brain
cause the Dead Man walks the street once again, Staring death in the face,
got a casket yard space, And an opportunity and drag you back into my place,
A Necrophiliac, In the shadows I attack, You know it's Blaze Ya Dead Homie,
Mother fucker run and tell that.

We don't need to tell you bring the Judo, Nothing as half as brutal,
But now we got a crew though, But fuck if that ain't new though,
Everybody that you know is rockin' a box of Sudo, While my lyrics do backflips
and I spit that evil Judo, I get drunk off the blood like I was sippin' on that Ouzo,
But no I'm not a thug I just wanna kill the untruthful, The perfect murderous pup,
You can hear it when I talk if I could, I'd leave the whole world Outlined in Chalk.

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G-Mo! Cremated ashes, hash and a couple moon rocks, I'll smoke

your whole crew in a blunt the size of a shoe-box, My immortal technique, I'll fuck a bitch on a rooftop, And ball her off the roof with 2Pac, And walk off drinking a Juice Box, Put a Pool Ball inside of a tube sock, Crack your head open and Skull Fuck you with a huge cock, And leave your body in the cornfields with Boondox, Get outlined in piss and tell the cops to bring some new Chalk.

I hide in plain sight, day monster walk with the public, They'll never suspect the black mother fuckin subject, Being a day on a serial killer, guns dance in my arsenal but my sickles so fun, The sun it cooks the blood for me, Just mixing the mix, at my regular job shifting the big, the tick the tock, No 48 because they'll never catch the ROC, The R.O.C, What ever they choose to call me, Murder they think but me? Shit I know better, I'm a trooper a patriot that makes the planet fresher, With the bodies that lay, In my house decaying one less mouth to breathe, the ozone will flourish indeed (HAH!)

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Pay attention to these lessons, I spit like a lethal weapon, Possessing the sickest methods, To turn your city to wreckage, Who can handle us? Wicked band of thugs, put your hammers up, Queens County Strangler, Bangin you till you bandaged up, Use your right handed crutch, I don't play no characters, Real life savage, will choke, smack, and embarrass you, After running after you, Half of you niggas nervous, While choking crazy on verses, while Lex is ugly in person.

It's Y Dubb ho, Coming and killin em and swim in the blood yo, I'm keeping the wicked shit breathin', Tryin' to get even, givin no fucks bro, Young cut-throat, Servin' em up with that nutso, Psycho, Sick Shit, The sound of the flesh when I rip it, so sadistic, I'm gonna walk in the house with a killer intention to choke, Wake you up with the edge of a blade of a butcher knife to your throat, Keep your body with me cause it help me feel like I'm not so alone, Cut off the skin and then make me a coat, Put it on and I'm gone, Young Wicked, Young Wicked, Young Wicked...

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I'm that new classical placid, I'm draggin these raggedy old do

gs off into the pasture, I'm laughing and leading Lassie out back for the final chapter, It's graphic they're gonna be Casper, I'm laughin and grabbing the Chalk, and outlining these bitch's caskets, Everybody wanna be bumpin they cum dumpstah, Thinkin they run somethun, But I'm an insane Hussein Bolt, with the pace of a four-four slug in the back of the skull, Tacticals and Napalm tickin away till the pain won't wait no more, I'm a Gorilla, My Gorilla, You writing that fiction I'm living the war.

You don't wanna fuck with a Grey Gorilla Goon, I'm a vicious visionary, bury em deep and consume, Hail to the blood moon it's the year of the Sword, Save the stains on my blade, Put fear in your ass call me Rap Lord, Drinking Coors Light with the Children of the Corn, Fuckin whores right, Chuckin Molotovs, bitch it's Fight Night, Riots will incite, Inside of my insight, Dark hoodie and an old knife, Apezilla bark and bite.

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