

Tales From The Crypt

Devlin

Tales From The, Tales From The...

When the sun goes down
The monsters rise with a nine and a bally for disguise
With an evil look in their eyes and they wanna take lives and, rape wives
This place it ain't nice, get ate like peas and rice for your ice
And slice of a knife through the white of your eye
Not a monster cause you shot white from your ride
I've been spitting bars since I was watching Tales From The Crypt on Nick of
a night
We used to nick of a night but now I just stick to the rhymes
Or some of the mandem hit road shot O's, flow tips of a night
Tales From The Crypt so prepare for your burial
Face down, body rotten left in the mud
Fuck radio so pull down your aerial
Banging my CD, slice when I meet me

I'm a ghost from the past so cross that you can never open my arms
And my location is over in Narm and I'm resting in peace so I'm totally calm
You could be playing this shit in your car
Before you get dragged out and smashed with a bar
It's raw in the world that we're living in star
Tales From The Crypt 2006
Kidnap, throwing little kids in the car
Tied up and their parents dunno where they are
Tales From The Crypt 2006
Some things these monsters do is just sick
Go for the stick, then roll to your crib
Kick doors off, come and put a whole in your kid
Don't know that your sick, street zombies standing on loading a stick

I'm like a zombie, I creep in the moonlight with a few shots and a few knives
Kids locked up in the jails like cannabils, nonces
Cannabils make me do something erradical
We be lurking, working on the pavement
Told you a shoe and it's late man
You don't want a facial engravement
And when I make a statement, listen or get took to the basement
And get tied up
It's the white cunt that rhymes fucked
Tell a pensioner that his times up
I'll like screaming the knives up
Better start handing your rights up
You look small when you're sized up
OT raised and the grave
Concealed like a blade in a rave
It's Tales From The Crypt so behave
Still the fact remains have been left in the rain for days

It's Tales From The Crypt 2006
I'll rise again like Jesus after them Romans went and put nails in his wrist
You know but fail to admit, I'm pow and equipt
Leave sharp pains in your body like somebody was hammering nails in your ribs
Yeah, I'm out in the bits and I'm out to be rich
They wanna sound house sound when I spit

And I won't stop til I'm laying in my casket
On my deathbed mattress, burn me with petrol and matches
If I go, I'm going out in flames like a bang from a ratchet
I'll leave you dead on your feat like a corpse
And the blood rains down from your brains to your shorts
So save me the talk, it's Tales From The Crypt it's risky on the roads that
I walk