

Séance Gone Wrong

III Bill

Heavy metal rules, heavy metal rules, all that punk shit sucks. It doesn't belong in this world... It belongs on fucking Mars, man! What the hell is punk shit? And Madonna, Madonna can go to hell as far as I'm concerned, she's a dick. I mean seriously, heavy metal definitely rules... Twisted Sister, Judas Priest, Dokken, Ozzy, Scorpions, they all rule! Yeah, she's tripping Jack Daniels, it all rules! All that shit rules! This punk shit circle of shit and the dicks and all, that can go to hell, I don't care. Yeah, I don't really give a shit about that kind of punk fuck...

Acid with Bear Stanley, I'm trying to see where the demons are
Jesus Christ heeded advice and followed the bleeding star
I told shorty to take me where the cathedrals are
All of y'all are phony yeah you're fruity like a freezer bar
You can't be the fucking man if you don't work for it
Never mind meeting the deacon, pleading in church for it
I'll beat this fucking dummy with a surfboard
I wouldn't say I like to kill, it's more a thirst for it
The synagogue of Satan, they was cursed for it
Shamash the God of Babylon my first thought
Banish this motherfucker from Earth for it
He made a mockery of God and he was cursed for it (Cursed for it)
This is how a animal supposed to rap
Tristar Cobra shotty turn 'em like a cul-de-sac
I'm made of liquid metal like the Terminator
Bodies in a back, I kill a rat like the exterminator

Satan's first born through the séance gone wrong
Spray the squad car and shoot the cop through the door

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I ain't armed with pistols, spiders the size of armadillos
Molly pills in Ziploc bags the size of pillows
Speak from the gut
Fall for nothing, believe in less
Rather, embrace suffering than achieving death
Praise Jesus, hate the real Carrie Underwood
Bricks blue and white like Aryan Brotherhood
"Hail Satan" scribbled with a crayon on the wall
Pay with your soul in a séance gone wrong
Ancient statues with bleeding eyes
Sentence my enemies to die
For centuries of treacheries and lies
His eyes resemble a throat slit by knives
Sleep's the cousin of death but he functions like he's alive
Shooters who would spray
We're students of LaVey
Consumin' the depraved
Until all humans are enslaved
Fatal Princes speak to demons through scriptures

Creep with pistols, squeeze a fistful, we official
Leave you leaking fo shizzle

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My spot builds green like trust funds
Blazing Godfather triple henny and dust blunts
Captain & Tennille coke shades, I'm in a mask with gloves
Life's a bitch, I still fuck her till she shits blood
No more older sluts and inverted stunts
Arrogance of murder, I'd be upstate for thirty months
All I need is a dirty judge and a virgin muff
We run detergent on blocks so we can turn it up
Back up in your corpse paint
Grim to match the ceiling
Degenerate nihilist, super-violence and racketeering
My goons stay pushing the air dance
Every floor in the project like Lufthansa and Air France
Whip top was Goose Gossage get that work from Rastas
Mean Streets like Johnny Boy exploding mailboxes
Power like Rod Carew, ketamine in my new suit
Robbing cops like feeding elephants at the fucking zoo

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You're wild, man
Wild!