

# The TellTale

MC Lars

Boom that's the sound of the heart bringing doom  
In the floor boards up in the room  
All day every night every day like boom, boom, boom, boom boom

Some call me a good man, even passionate  
I'd even give you my last if you asked for it  
In my twilight so I need assistance  
I hired a caretaker a week after Christmas  
He's very good at what he does  
Fixes banana pancakes which I love  
And he treats me awesomely  
But one thing that kid of bothers me  
he never looks in my eye when he talks to me  
My only sin is that I look a little different  
Can't understand why he's trippin'  
Over my appearance? Got to be more than that  
Passin' judgment like he's some kinda quarterback  
I just need some kind of peace  
I mean I think he even watches me when I'm tryin' to sleep  
But he does the job well, and that's enough for me  
I just wanna live my last days comfortably

It's time for the blood bath  
Yes I'm sure, pray to your lord  
I've been haunted by the man since back in 04  
Time to get revenge and so I wait by the door  
Hiding in the shadows got an evil plot in store -  
I'm sure he be - catching Zs 'cause he snores  
Want to cut his eye out, throw it on the floor  
Leave the crime scene so clean well of course  
Too bad I'm a victim of the Poe folk lore  
Hubris it's a problem - seen it before  
Homboy heard me coming knew that he was done for  
"Who's there" he screamed I attacked with the force  
suffocated him till he could breathe no more  
by four he was dead and his soul transformed  
put him the chamber underneath the floorboards  
nevermore as a corpse would he bother me or  
he could come back somehow from the morgue

Now I'm dead and gone feeling no more pain  
frame has ceased but my spirit remains  
So he thinks I'll never creep him out again, huh?  
Little does he know the scary part's just beginning  
He invites the cops in, this guy's so cocky  
Sits down right next to where he hid the body  
Just then something comes over my spirit  
My heart starts beating, but only he can hear it  
It starts off softly, the volume increases  
Soon it's deafening, piercing like a weapon and  
He realizes that it's coming from the floor boards  
Confesses the crime and he can't take it anymore  
The cops dig me up open the shut case  
Now he's in the penitentiary pressing up plates  
If I told you how you'd only be amazed

avenged my own from beyond the grave

Screw you old man what a horrible trick,  
you really make me sick because they caught me quick  
Now they locked me in a cell and I'm here for life  
A man named Bubba tryin' to make me his wife  
But they thought I was finished the were sure I was done so I'm  
planning my escape soon I'll be on the run  
Gonna find your body when I finally get home  
Rip the beating heart out just like Indiana Jones  
Put it in a blender grind it up for a minute  
Drink down quick it will really taste delicious  
Oh wait, that's a bad idea  
Then you'll always be up in my kitchen like Ikea  
I punked you and you punked me back,  
So let's let it go and just leave it at that  
Because we're just two wild and crazy guys  
Playing pranks on eachother and running our lives