

Return of the Corpse

Ramirez

Fuck you, man! Fuck you!
Turn your punk-ass over!
Oh, we got a problem here?
We got a problem here? We got a problem, nigga?

Dog pound pit, you poodle bitches cannot fuck with me
Pull up with the stick, I'll make you limbo, you not duckin' me
Hollow tips just dumpin', fuckin' up suckas, I guarantee
Hangin' out the window of my bucket, let my choppa sing
Knock a pussy down, make that bitch nigga go kiss the floor
Walk up to the pit, I came to break jaws and throw these bows
Lay it down, before I run up in your shit and kick your door
Stepping all on water, call me Young Rami, Lil' Jesus Cristo
Resurrect him from the dead, red dot pointed at your head
Makin' any sudden movements, then I'll fill you up with lead
12-gauge sawed-off, I love the way that motherfucker spread
Bitch, your time has come, so it's time to pay the reaper's deb
t

Oh, we got a problem here?
We got a problem here? We got a problem, nigga?

G-L-O-C-K, take it out my waist, begin to play
Cock it back and meet your fate then turn your fuckin' body gre
y
Layin' stiff in blood and shit, the Undertaker fills your grave
Rest in peace, you pussy boy, I'm pissin' where your carcass la
ys
I must confess, I find content takin' your final breath
One up in the chamber, on the creep with Anna on my chest
Keep them bustas runnin', 'cause Gorilla's not the one to test
Voices in my head tell me they hunger for some fuckin' flesh
I'm comin' in huntin' with my demons on my payroll
Now put your guns up in the air and let that motherfucker blow
I'm sendin' these shots and give these motherfuckers halos
Send you straight up to heaven, ain't no return where your bitc
h ass go