

Dead to rights, pinheads get ends of spikes  
I'm pegged Poe, Simon says, I Edgar Wright  
Over-heads and set for flight  
I feel bugged, a kill-buzz, like pesticide  
Anesthetized, testify next to die  
Lay me down to rest then we'll X the eyes  
Exorcised, Linda Blair, lend a pair  
Double tap like Fred Astaire when I get a stare  
Stairway to hell, I'll put a shiv into their chivalry  
Dr. Decker on a killing spree  
Last night I had a dream I was in a dream  
And every living thing I saw died in my vicinity  
Cold, Minnetonka ice, so Minnesota nice  
Home is Seattle so I roam with the poltergeists  
So deprived, sold souls, a lower price  
Vented, the sins since are so defiant

Yeah, shock the globe before the bloggers try and stop the glory  
Sopped in codeine, stuck inside the net like soccer goalies  
Mobster stories turned the homies into Monster Cody's  
Half the squad's parolees eating mostaccioli  
Burning swishers never burning bridges, learn the business  
Born to lurk the village, forced to work the system  
Plotting on the block for a pocket full of slave owners  
Pitching satchels trying to profit off the chain smokers  
Deacon Frost amongst the daywalkers, wave choppers  
Remain conscious of the Blade's watching, grave robbers  
Fake postures, snake charmers, Jake Roberts  
I'll put them coons on your head like Dave Crockett

I aim, brains out, maim  
The thing about a rain drought it brings out pain  
I'm sippin' moonshine 'till the moon shine  
Then keep sippin' moonshine 'till it's noontime  
Until the darkness unfolds upon me  
Like origami, or a cold tsunami  
Cold cuts my skin like cold salami  
Mankind preying on me like an old swami  
I wear pain like a leopard skin, nah  
I wear pain like a leper's skin  
Someone once told me death was the end  
I guess this is where we begin, 'till then

(Let's go in)  
Skill level high like a man that once fought God  
The Guinness book of world records is my kindergarten report card  
They said that I would never make it this far  
Drunk and dyslexic, I spit in any bars tips jar  
Rebel Armz, Psycho Realm, my alliance  
With more main pride than the hair on a male in a pack of lions  
Chino the bringer of terrible dreams of unbearable beings  
And mechanical fiends that have planted evil botanical seeds  
I'm that hideous pollination from trees  
My words vomit abomination of hate and disease  
Brought forth from dark satanical deeds, my conceived scenes  
Are written on the inside of a skinned mythical Minotaurs fleece  
The alphabet bleeds from my pen when I roll up my sleeves

MC's pray to me 'till they're developing leathery knees  
My brain and breath perforated slicing and shredded your pathetic spleen  
Green fluid spilling out, the streets need to be chemically cleaned  
Poet aesthetically mean, male witch or warlock, which one am I more like?  
I spit historic grim literature is horror I'm quickest to carve y'all up  
Thus my moniker is synonymous with Chuck Norris and Boris Karloff  
Sin Minister, word blisterer, here to purge and finish you all off  
I've got that miraculous tongue for that actual anarchist fun  
I've been known to drag Dracula's acidic blood through a scolding cauldron  
The Spanish grammatic hulk like that of Bruce Banner son  
I'm feeling like 11 living primitive relatives of Attila the Hun  
The thunder that eclipse the sun on the tundra when I spit that grunge  
The menace hunger for this Renaissance warmonger that once hung  
Until he slumbered and woke up inside of a psychiatric group home  
I'll unplug your life-support machine just to charge my phone