

Body Snatchers

Scarface

I'm on a rampage been forced to look at darkness
Brought up being heartless and with a gauge is how I'll guard this
Quietly I sit plottin hits like a lunatic
Waitin for a bitch to start some shit so I can hit'em
With a string of bullets comin from a tech 9 warned you
Not to test mine, and if you make it you'll know next time
That if you fuck with me I'm gonna get ya and when I catch ya
You'll be a victim of the one they call the body snatcher

Many claim to be a gangster but that gangster aint a gangster
That gangster is a prankster, yeah, a prankster's how I rank ya
At the sight of blood, you hold your stomach then you're runnin
Hands over your eyes and like a ho you start to vomit
See I ain't never backed up Rack up as they sack up
And giggle at the niggas when they die while bodies stack up
Like I said before The DJ Akshen's my identity
A homicidal maniac with suicidal tendencies
The judge'll try to sentence me to 10 I'll never blink
He'll change it say I'm psycho And just send me to a shrink
20 months I'm in seclusion and my heads filled with confusion
Got a feelin that I'm losin so I've come to this conclusion
I gotta gets the fuck out I can't take it anymore
Caught a watchman at his post so I rushed him to the floor
I was thinkin to myself what if his posse comes to get me
I know if I will die I gotta take some niggas with me
Put my hands around his neck began to choke him
Grabbed his pistol out his holster then I smoke him
waited a second I heard motherfuckers comin
Grabbed an extra box of shells and started runnin
Now I'm the nigga cops are runnin after
It's time to snatch some bodies cuz im the body snatcher

Runnin through the waitin room motherfuckers chasin me
Judges wait to face me, coppers wanna waste me, erase me
But I ain't goin out like a sucker
Ready, aim, fire. I shot a motherfucker
Continued through the parking lot a lot of lights were flashing
Some homey's must've seen me cuz I heard someone yell Akshen
Headed for the vehicle my posse from the Park
Some brothers from the Clark and my family from the Ward
Bushwick, Red, Will, and Shop
No questions asked, they pulled out their shit and shot
You hoes should've got back on the bus wet
Cuz I aint that nigga to be fucked wit
Caught up with the punk-ass shrink who sent me
Put my pistol point blank, and popped till it was empty
One bad motherfucker comin at ya
Peace, from the body snatcher