It's time for me to raise that dead man

You must be going right out of your mind Surprise me, you picked a hell of a time You must despise me, the words I can't find It's just me, hate machine by design Lessons in respect could be easily achieved A blow to the head, down 1-2-3 You could get up, stand up, fight for your life A left and a right, then out go your lights

It's my life, my time and time for you to recognize That pay backs from way back can Hurt you like a motherfucker
Inside, outside, prepare for some retribution

My path is set and hell's comin' with me It's time for me to raise the dead man

You're just standing there got
Piss runnin' down your leg
You bleed real nice and you're too proud to beg
Now your thoughts are turning toward
Obtaining a weapon
You didn't buy the last one so don't
Hesitate for a second

AR 15 and my Glock 40 cal Converted Tech 9, now who's your favorite pal I'd rather carve your heart out With a dull rusty knife And when it's all over, bigger fishes fry tonight