

# Count Brackula

Twisted Insane

People lookin' at me like I am Lucifer  
Starin' at me funny when I pull up in the driveway with  
Chainsaws in the backseat with the meat still on  
Trunk filled up with the big loads and them know that I am sick  
Cover it up and I tell 'em all it was some movie shit  
Tell 'em it was only fireworks when fire squirt from the Uzi spit  
Diarrhea from the mouth, now I'm finna drown 'em all in dookie shit  
Pull up on 'em any day, anywhere, I don't really care who he with  
They don't really wanna get it with the Brainsick  
From the 619 all the way to worldwide with this gang shit  
Televised for your enjoyment, it's pointless, ain't it?  
Everybody feelin' Brainsick and he will go apeshit  
Pull up on 'em with the Schwarzenegger like I'm ornament  
There was 40 bottle in the brain, insane with the gun in hand  
Fuck around and make a Thanksgiving when I eat 'em all up like a honey ham  
God damn, made around and scram, I got biscuits and honey jam  
'97 with a MAC-11 and a ragtop  
Comin' from the dirt, put in work with the low lifes and the have nots  
Find me in the dark, no love, with a bolt nut and a padlock  
Better think about what you can say before you fuck around and get your med  
shot  
Count Brackula

And I keep tellin' these niggas  
But I don't [?] sick  
Niggas want funk  
But they don't wanna bust triggers  
I be outside my whip  
Tell 'em all jump  
Breath still smellin' like liquor  
15 pound in my shit  
Biddy-bum-bump  
Rappers will claim they all ill  
But they ain't sick like this  
Brackula

Used to have a holy blood in my veins  
Now it's spoiled all around  
Used to have a soul till it went low  
Up when the sun go down  
(Brackula)  
Count Brackula, Count Brackula  
Count Brackula, Count Brackula  
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In the dark with the Green Crack and the bong still lit  
Smokin' weed up with the devil, runnin' with the metal, I be in a strong lil  
' whip  
Pull up by a nigga self, I don't need no help when they end up all lil' bitc  
h  
I don't even wanna hear it, keep it with the evil spirits, they saw that shi  
t  
Sorry, had to be the one to tell 'em you ain't all that sick  
Bitch ain't really with it, you don't wanna see me in the kitchen with an al  
l black fit  
Niggas get to runnin' when I pull up on 'em with the Tommy and they all back

flip

(Who the fuck you thought you was, Leatherface, Pinhead?) Blood, all that sh  
it

Mask on every single day like I'm Leatherface

Give a nigga six feet 'fore you get the big heat, not a can of Mace

Nigga be up out the start, don't nobody pitch out, so you better race

Put 'em in the trunk, nigga, don't nobody wanna thump, I got better pace

All the sudden everybody wanna hear the dark side

I think it's hella funny, 'specially when niggas bitch out on the car ride

Hit the far side, you think you tough, I leave you burn up into small fry

I'm already dead, put one in my head, go 'head, we can all die

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