

Die on Samhain

Twiztid

It's another one dead its damn shame
He was walking in the dark doin' bad things
Uh
Like a shark humans have fangs
Uh
Sink em in til you have pain
The fact that everybody trippin' is a sad thing
Like the werewolf the worlds is goin' thru mad change
Yo mouth is tough with all that talking but yo ass ain't
Yo mouth is cashing u a check that yo ass can't
Yeah
I'm a killa who like to stab things
Now I'm walking to the shed so I can grab chains
In my kitchen the victim another man hangs
Neck bleeding all over my gran mams things
My homie pukin' in the corner guess he can't hang
I guess u shouldn't throw a set up if you can't bang
I was yellin' "fuck em all "but then the chant changed
Ya they yellin' "die on Samhain"

Halloween my favorite night
Razor blades in ya candy when you take a bite
I'm afraid I might just
Die on Samhain
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The candy corn killers on the loose
Be warned
He's deformed
Cruising around in a van with chloroform
And a vast array
Of torture tools on a tray that he keeps handy
Punishing gloomy Gusses
Who ain't passing out candy
(He can't find us here can he?)
I dunno he just might
Legend goes he gets his sweet tooth
Around devil's night
And doesn't stop eating till November 1st
Or his stomach burst
Insatiable thirst
His existence is cursed
But don't you dare laugh
The other three sixty four
Is when he wears a mask
This night is so symbolic
Ghouls gather Witches cackle
Communicate with the demonic
And join the tabernacle

There I go getting carried away
Talking out loud
Ignore the candy corn fangs
Growing out my mouth
Arms stretched out ready to bag snatch
You dying on Samhain
We leave yo ass in a Pumpkin patch

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H-A-double L-O it be the Bone
I think you know what's about to go down
Ready to roll out
Got my axe and my dro
But I keeps it on the low
So when a hoe wanna test I blow they dome out
Got a bucket full of blood I collect
From every neck that walk by
I swing and never miss
That's my treat wanna see my trick
Your girl knows all about it
Likes to love on this
I'll fuckin' piss on ya grave no respect from me
Axe Murder mutha fucka from the AMB
Got the crew with me
We go scopin' down the block
Lookin' for another head to chop
It don't stop
Cut em deep into the vein
I like to watch the world burn make the blood rain
This shit ain't a game
You won't see me complain
When they die on samhain
Die on samhain

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