

## Voodoo

### Unaverage Gang

Dear lord help me forget all my sins, one minute I think I'm good

The next thing would be my death

Hit up J. Chet, let them fuckas know we next

We coming straight for the neck

We running up for them checks

Grab the AK, reload it and let it bang

Call your bitch mayday, cause she go down on me everyday

Fuckin' spitting twisted lyrics to calm all my senses

Fuck a label, and a handout, bitch, we independent

A cold day is always feelin' the same

In the house of pain, through wait for habits to drain

Never let up, I always get up

And running thru the problems I deal with may be the same for you

Rather be alone, in my conscience for so long

As I sit in stone, I let my intentions be known

Blood curdling sour, cause I live by the hour

Only a minute to scour to find the source to empower

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yea

And bitch I'm dead talking

Dead walking on the set

Dripping wet coffin

Gone pull the AK out the back

And get that bitch sparking

Gon' switch the choppa

For the MAC

And now your bitch jockin'

The police ride around

All day chalking

But I just chalk it up

Don't give a fuck

'Cause I ain't talking

Ain't it awful

How they sleeping on me

I'm Posturepedic

I got pull with plenty bitches

They gone want me

'Til they need me

Okay