I had a heart full of pride and had to set it aside As I was nailed to the crucifix and stabbed in my side Impaled, toothpicks jabbed in my eyes Niggas cry but the truth is they're glad that I died Inhale, conversatin' with Satan himself Starin' in the mirror lately got him hatin' hisself Inhale, green smoke like it's oxygen Rise up out the grave, gotta get my props again I pray for the day that I could say I got revenge Got a vendetta cuz I been hated by lots of men My rage, just way too strong to contain I'm sinkin', but I'm way too strong to complain I'm cheatin' the reaper every time he come for me When I die, will you nigga cry, ride, and die for me? I'm creepin', prepared to take a breath without thinkin' Of consequences, of starin' in the face of death without blinkin' The Unforgiven X-Raided, take my name in vain! Nefarious nigga, feel the need to explain the game To various niggas that got it twisted up like cornrows I'm sick of this bitch shit, I'm comin' for you mark hoes

Niggas I used to fuck with
Consider Me Dead
Yeah all you niggas can suck dick
Consider Me Dead
All them hoes I used to mack to...
Consider Me Dead
BITCH get a rose over the tattoo and...
Consider Me Dead

When I die don't come visit me at my grave

Ride 'til a nigga dead like Killa Tay on Crip

Like "Night of the Living Dead" to get that ass bitch

I'll come up out the casket

(2x)

Nigga I can't stop now, came too far to turn back Flames burnin' in my brain, my heart done turned black I opened my mouth to speak and I don't recognize my own voice And when I close my eyes to sleep, dream of wildin' with my homeboys And wake up, the image lingers When he throw up the set it make me wanna break up the niggaz fingers Blow up the set twice a day, fake nigga I respect not Load up the Tec and spray your life in one day nigga I detect cops and you look like a bitch You shook like a nigga that done did somethin' wrong False form ass nigga Get on and blast nigga Did harm to the last nigga speakin' on my name And I got these East Coast muthafuckas sleepin' on my game I sleep even though my brain got me ready to seek and destroy What? You speakin' on my joy? You speakin' on my pain And it's been seekin' out my brain Through this pen to this paper to this track To the DAT and in your ears, nigga for years Yeah....

We got to admit you deserve respect but on Crip You niggas gay Cuz we bloods like Dracula We'll turn a nigga round me You weak thugs will have hurtful necks around me We jump niggas like strangulations And got a gang of patience when it comes to killin' lames Layin', waitin' all night for an opportunity to spill your brains Either you or me, gotta be one, holla at 'em And I'm comrades with clouds so get decapitated or bombed in crowds And never capture Raided I mob around Turn your skin black and blue and orange by the time it's found Tied and bound and tarred down Two-faced, many faces better kept Before we chop you up in suitcases And disappear without any traces And we all got game! Paid with flames, all got game! Knock y'all brain, Mad Man we all got fangs, bitch!