

Project Deadman, Body Bag

And let the, and let the games begin DAYTON FAMILY 2004. From the mother f**kin Dayton Family. And that nigga Prozak.

(Shoestring)

Murder is my hobby aint nuthin more sloppy
You f**kin with us then we'll be baggin up your body
The hand that rocked the cradle will stab a nigga fatal
I bust a shot and left a nigga in the table
Chase you through the castle I'll hang you like a lasso
Whip out the guage on his ass I don't ask no
Bodies they be fallin killas they be brawlin
Niggas comin big I'm choppin em down til they crawli
Put you in a body bag hit you with the 44 mag
I'll search you out and watch a mother f**ker choke and gag
What the f**k you thought this was nigga I aint gotta lie
Whoever cross Shoestring and Prozak them bitches die
Niggas know we gutted out all them hoes we runnin out
They tried to hide but them bitches they get hunted out
Aint nobody runnin up bodies steady turnin up
And those snitches from your hood they was burnin up

Body bag f**k all you bitches you all die
For f**kin with that gangsta when he high
You'll be leavin in a body bag Dayton Ave Gorillas
Murder for skrilla f**k any nigga
Bring that bitch a Body bag when I come I bring terror
Runny mascara f**k em all it's our era
Get a body bag don't cross us or die slow
I'll put those niggas from your hood in a body bag

(Prozak)

You better believe that shit is wicked and self inflicted
45 automatic to your dome and now you uplifted
I got the glocks cocked and Bootleg got the buckshot
And Shoestring with the 12 guage put your ass in the grave plot
With blood clots and gun shots the church bells be ringin
I'm out of my mind I'm out of control and my head just keeps spinning
I know I'll pay someday but f**k it anyway
I'm homicidal and my thoughts be full of disaray
I'm takin it to another level of midwest style
We drinkin the redruM while ya'll be sippin crystal
Prevented how mother f**kers out there be dissin
I stare at my reflection and the pool of blood glistens
So listen close to the words that I prophesize
A victim of genocide killed off in a killas eyes
It's Prozak and The DTF bitch you mad at me?
Whats on my mind is a mother f**kin tootin spree

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(Bootleg)

Mother f**k the gimmick I get mine how I live it
Once I get it I cut through the middle like Emmit
I'm in it to win it never drop the ball in the scrimmage
Denis the menace set the wall on fire when I finish
Too late for repentance facin this natural life sentence
Murder 1 for bustin at bitches with my handgun

Jack told me bust back and ask questions later
That's why I'm hardly f**kin with it out the Navigator
Since I was 14 years old I been out of control
The rental smash them bitches into telephone polls
And I'm a natural born ghetto boy refusin to pump
F**k school f**k curfew f**k homework
I'm out my mind and I stay high until the sun go down
Homicide to suicide they make the world go round
So ask your mother f**kin Mammy did I hurt her
What's on my mind it's a mother f**kin murder nigga

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