

# Seven

## Boondox

(A tiskit a taskit  
The scarecrows out his casket  
Turn out the lites and lock the doors  
Prayin that he passes)A vision of the dead and the inbread of the backwoods  
Muthafucka born inside a tool shed  
Momma never loved me never paid me no attention  
Daddy was a rapist 30 years upstate in Fulton County Prison  
And I was raised by my own will  
Survivin offa scraps and bones  
Bear traps and road kill  
Spendin my days and my nites all alone  
N my mind is gone there sumthin wrong wit my dome  
They shoulda put me in that tomb  
I didnt ask for this life  
When they cut me out the womb with a dull pocket knife  
Now i walk with a scythe  
And a murderous ability  
A corn-fed muthafucka filled with hostility  
Cracked out and im gone off the moonshine  
A hundred eighty proof wine made from that muska dyin  
Out in these corn fields learnin all these wicked skills  
Swingin slicin choppin dicin  
Country boy born to kill  
(Chorus x2)  
A demon spawn, the child of a bastard son  
seven born to seven and the seventh child fathered one  
A soul black, full of pain  
Bodies in the field, blood pourin like rainDont get lost in the woods in your black expedition  
On a dark dirt road so suspicious just trees and ditches  
Headlights flicker and it's got you turnin switches  
Now you so damn scared you bout to shit in your britches  
You cant think straight all you hear is heavy breathin  
Are your eyes just deceivin wut it is that you seein  
When i pull up the eight four pistol in the floorboard  
Blast out your back glass got you screamin oh no  
You finna know the reason adn you bout to find out  
Wut it is to suffer with a rusted blade in your mouth  
Nowhere to run nowhere to hide  
Bein stalked by the scarecrow the blood line of Malakai  
I hear these voices talkin they wont leave me alone  
Tell me snatch up this bitch by her hair and drag her home  
Over my shoulder in the back of a pickup truck

Cant wait to get her home and hold her bleed her then chop her up  
(Chorus x2)(A tiskit a taskit  
The scarecrows out his casket  
Turn out the lites and lock the doors  
Prayin that he passes)

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>