

The Drive

The drive was long with much anticipation.
Stops were plenty due to traffic, mass transportation.
Big Rigs hurried by to make deliveries.
Cross country drive is what had them rushing with no worries.
We trucked along at any pace we could.
Alone at night as I want.
People swarming around like little bugs.
The bugs were really bad.
Surrounded by swamp, perhaps that's a reason.
Sat around most of the time quiet.
As I do at home but got more time alone there.
The silent ness still reminds me bout how my life will continue to be.
From Monday to Sunday all twelve hours alone for me.

- Kennie Kayoz

Killer Bugs

Today the bugs were bad.
They'd swarm any bit of skin ya had.

Not covered just to take a chunk out.
Blood splattered on your arm from one smack as ya shout.
A quick scream from pain as the bite.
Waking up all hours, In the middle of the night.
Just to scratch your bites that itched.
You'd always get atleast one that would make ya bitch.
The untouchable one just out of reach.
Scratchin just for a minute of relief.
No matter how much ya scratched it wouldn't be enough.
They'd relentlessly take chunks out no matter how tough.
They'd sink in ya ear as a warning or distraction.
They ya would feel a bite, no satisfaction.
Thas my story bout the killer bugs.
Hope ya would be careful around them.
The last thing you would want is west nile.
Which can get as bad as to paralyze that smile.

-Kennie Kayoz

Humen Sacrifice

Late Saturday evening I decided to go fishing.
Stroll down to the lake.
Grab the gear, stand on the dock.
First cast, sound of the lower hit's the water.
Must have been same sound the bugs use for feeding time.
I was swarmed, bites all over my body.

I was swingin & reelin in like ya wouldn't believe.
Finally I went in after a few more casts.
Later that night I went to bed & wrote this.
Sat on bed in tshirt & shorts covered with bites.
When the humen sacrifice happened I had
sweater and a pair of long pants, they still got me.
I write this in story form cause most people in cities
Never get a chance to goto a cottage.
Even though there are good times & bad times.
The bugs can turn anything into a bad time.

- Kennie Kayoz

Humen Sacrifice - Blood Lotuz

The raw flesh sent out for the bugs to feast on.
Stripped to the skin the sacrifice continues his march on.
To the bridge to cross the little creek to the drive way.
You seen the bugs get ready all from the sky to bay.
Every step the fresh meat took, the bugs wouldn't move.
Just like an old western it was waitin for the final move.
As soon as his foot touched the dock.
The bugs began to flock.
Onto the sacrifice wanting some blood.

The sacrifice couldn't hold them off any longer.
He dropped to his knees like you wouldn't believe.
Fell face forward onto the dock.
The bugs continued on with the feast.
It was just like blood lotuz feasting on a victim.
As the time continues the feast died down.
Till it's carcass got rolled into the lake to drown.
No more human sacrifice, no more feast for bugs.
But that just enraged 'em more they wanted more and more.
Till the end of time, they're feed on the blood of the living.

- Blood Lotuz

Conviktion - Intro

The conviktion intro, to introduce the Convikz.
Y'all never understand what we be about.
If ya crossed either one of us it'll make you scream & shout.
We be ugly but we don't care what y'all think.
Continue reppin ya, fake shit, smoke drugs & drink.
It won't get ya any where no matter what you try.
We gotz mad talent, shit that you couldn't buy.
The C-O-N-V-I-K-Z
Here to lay it down from the C-O-Y-O-T-E
So watch what ya say before you get in our sights.
We're nothing but freaks.
Stealin from poetry like yours that reeks.
Written with the dead.

Comin wit lyrical morbid shit from our heads.
Everythin happens for a reason, we here to drop dope shit.
Step back before you get put back in the casket.

-CONVIKZ