

# Razor Blades And Steak Knives

Jarren Benton

Yeah, razor blades and steak knives  
I've been tweaking off of this meth, been up for eight nights  
My producer is Asian so he ate rice  
And practice Kung Fu and meditate in the daylight  
You a bitch, you probably picket for gay rights  
I crack your fucking jaw with a spinning kick in a cage fight  
So negative, give a fuck what Ye like  
Y'all a bunch of wussies, a bushy puss of a crazed dyke  
I'm nervous; drink is stopping the stage fright  
The burn in my dick when I piss feels like a snakebite  
My wife says she sick of my behavior  
You faggots stop comparing me to Tyler, The Creator  
I've been on this shit before you was allowed in the theater  
Of an R-rated movie and your dad was wearing gators  
And your mom was just a whore before your sister wore makeup  
You was just a little bitch before you morphed into a hater  
"Jarren you're so provocative,"  
"Do you have anything to say that's sort of positive?"  
Yup: suck a dick, suck a dick, suck a dick  
And by the way -- suck a dick  
You don't like it and eat shit then slit your wrists  
And jump off a roof and land in a pool of syphilis  
Uh, it's like my heart stopped carin'  
Ever since I signed with Hopsin everybody hates Jarren, bitch!

You probably think I'm crazy  
And that may be a little bit true  
So you can think I'm crazy,  
But maybe I'm just different than you  
La, la, la, la, la, la, la (crazy)  
La la, la la, la.

Yeah, needles, dope and opiates  
Who gives a fuck if I talk about drugs? Get over it  
Male chauvinist, hit a girl with a bowl of grits  
And shove her fucking face in a bowl of shit; so inappropriate  
I'm the creepy custodian  
I stick a mop in your ass without no petroleum -- jelly  
And it's right back to sweeping linoleum  
Napoleon, I vote for Pedro at the podium  
I sip vodka, rip propellers off of helicopters  
Heavy hand'll slap your girlfriend's tits off her  
I'm awkward as quadriplegic kickboxers  
I'll kill you and drop your body in Nicaragua  
I'll punch a hole in the asphalt  
Go eat a fucking dick like a faggot on bath salt  
You mad soft, if I'm a prick then it's my dad's fault  
I throw a dead cat on your porch and dash off  
I'm weird, I'll murder your rap career  
And Super Glue my pubes to my face to make a beard  
Give me a couple beers and a power tool from Sears  
I'll give your ass a nice shape-up without shears  
Now if you think you're fucking with me then go think again  
I'm ill enough to break in your house and murder your pen  
One sick bastard, mushrooms and acid  
Kill 'em then I go and help they momma pick the casket

Now I ain't come here to hurt nobody  
Why hate bitch? Show your boy love (yeah),  
Now where the hoes with the low self-esteem?  
Point 'em out cause they easy to fuck  
Now if they hating, fuck 'em, guns, brrr-uck 'em,  
Drugs, love 'em, girls, fuck 'em,  
D-boys, D-boys, all my niggas  
Going fucking full tart off of Schlitz Malt Liquor!

La, la, la, la, la, la, la (crazy)  
La la, la la, la