

Serial Killer

Bugzy Malone

First one was Swagga Man
Then Why So Serious
Last mixtape was Lost in Meanwhile City
Ya know?
I'm about to do it again
You are now listening to the Journal of an Evil Genius
My name's Bugzy Malone
And this is my journal

Somebody better tell my mother that I don't think I can stay undercover
'Cus I feel like a serial killer who's just being nice for the sake of a dollar
I just want more money than sense, so I don't care if I get silly when I come up
I had a feeling that I couldn't fly when I jumped, but I still took a run up
I had a dream I committed, jumped off the ledge, woke up and I was falling
I looked round my bedroom, realized that it was a dream and I fell asleep bawling
'Cus I had to admit to myself that I've not got the balls so I gotta' keep moving
I feel like the Devil is troubling me right now and I can't stop listening
So then I looked for the lord, help me
All I could hear was laughter
Feels like the last 2 years of my life have turned out to be a disaster
Did you think I was walking to school in the cold just become a grafter?
There isn't a BAFTA for the road side nigga that is the wickedest actor
So I keep it real
And there's a girl that I love, but I cannot commit to it
Little does she know, I feel like killing her dad in my head I can picture it
Blood where the family picture is, just one of them unsolved mysteries
And now shes crying into my shoulder asking 'whys my dad on the missing list?'

I zone out to Lost in Meanwhile City sometimes thinking when I write this
I was depressed, so I had a lot on my chest and a colourful hit list
I remember the door coming off and the police shouting 'every body get down'
I lost 3 grand that day and it felt like I lost 3 million pound

Deeper into depression
What a terrible place, I don't wish it on no one
It's like my writing came to a stand still, full stop and semi-colon
I wrote nightmares, late one Saturday with my eyes wide open
'Cus I was sick of chilling with Freddy Krueger
Deciding who's gonna' rolled on
I was wrestling with a Demon, Rikishi couldn't go this this hard
E.Honda couldn't win this fight 'cus the first round left me emotionally scarred
To the point I was scared of the dark, went to Church on Sunday hand on my heart
And when I realized Dee wasn't in it for the long run it just tore me apart
So I took a long walk in the park, somebody tell me where the end is
I shoulda' gone spec savers, 'cus right now I can't see who my friend is
Darkee said I was gonna' be lonely, tell him that Danny Bent is a battyhole
And you know for a fact that they owed me, would've thrown him through the glass on the patio

I woke up to 15 missed calls and 25 messages on my iPhone
I was in Panacea the night before so my head was spinning like a cyclone
The next morning I was a right-off, so I opened one eye like a cyclops
To see I had an SBTV, I just thought to myself 'oh my gosh'
I remember chilling in my bedroom listening to Ed Sheeran on the laptop
Miles, how did we come so far? Tell those other niggas to catch up
I am the wickedest English thing since fish-chips and a bit of ketchup
I'm only 12 or 13 stone and I make man sleep with a left hook
This is the Journal of an Evil Genius, part 1 is the mixtape
Watch when the EP version drops, it makes this sound like a piss take
It says 'Turn Into The Devil' on my T-shirts, don't think that was a mistake
When Arnold Schwarzenegger was Terminator he couldn't do this mate

Yeah

Bugzy Malone

Ya know?

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Volume 1

I'm gonna call this track Serial Killer

'Cus I'm just killing everything