

# Homocide

Casper

Lesson number one: I'm fresher than all MCs combined  
Number two: your shit's doubtful like surviving in a field full of mines  
Damn right, walk up in your venue passively[?] millenium Vietnam  
During the last time at your high school prom  
Freshman hunting season take him rather the broadcast  
Get your smart ass off, swallin' a gallon of car gas  
My car smashed a tree, her rover landed in mud  
Imagine this, I wrote this lyrics with the last drips of my blood  
There is something drooling under the bed, grabbing for legs, bloodshed  
It's going down baby, the comic wallpapers now blood red  
It's sunset - a lounge surrounded by nymphomaniac lesbians  
Act a fool, clap around, get crazy, drunk to the fest again  
Act a fool mo'fucker - get skin-stripped alive  
A hydra beast compared to me is like a cake versus a knife  
Never try to teach your pitbull new tricks  
I get psyched up like Kubrick whoop your ass like kung-fu-flicks

Slip your throat, slit your wrist, kill your wife, bumping this  
And your life follows it, this is it: homocide  
Slip your throat, slit your wrist, let your kids bumping this  
And your life follows it, this is it: homocide

H-o-m-o-c-i-d-e  
H-o-m-o-c-i-d-e

Never seem to win less hits in a trailblazer  
Written in sages, rap so sharp I piss razors  
Alright, bitch, take one [?], get one free  
My style's unlimited like Eckowear, hot like Beyonce  
Join the hardest pool contest [?] anyday  
I led a porn with midgets, nonsense, but cool anyway  
Non-metaphorical strictly in your face shit -[?]  
The composition which I blasted  
Tasted like blood, divine intervention  
Intentions that killed humanity, the H bomb was my invention  
Clumsy enter the house, left a segment[?]  
Don't know why it always seemed to get in fights with pregnant women  
Steady sitting, celebrate partys on jewish graveyards  
Save [?] for funerals to die for my shit like Braveheart

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Known criminal in dark years, one hundred thirty three  
Murder me and certainly return for facial surgery  
Tracks like shotgun, blow your brain and spurt all over  
Too much soda, run over rap like a bulldozer  
Never stop talking, worse than a bartender  
[?] propaganda dressed up as a mall santa  
Pretend a heart attack-fake, then blow shit up with a fake device  
Devilish evil, for sex I get beat up by naked dikes  
Hitchhike, forbid a rhyme, cause silence  
Snuck into a police bus, slit his throat and stole his driver's license  
(Drivers licence, drivers licence...)