We goin' out with a shot, a stab, a scream, a laugh Whateva it's a bloodbath
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Go ahead and run ya know ya won't get far I know where ya car parked gave you a head start I make sure ya whole world falls apart Rip ya heart out and call it abstract art Little fishes shouldn't swim with the sharks I'm out for blood when it starts to get dark Nice to meet you, you can call me mark It's the last stroll that you made in this park You got a death wish, you on my deathlist Test this wreckless eat you for breakfast Choke you with your own necklace till you breathless I protect this, wonder who the next is Get disconnected the style is perfected Sometimes it's hectic stay calm kill shit I'm not affected do the job and wreck it Killed all the pigs so it's all off the record

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Yeah, I said it, I'm at it, I want a classic I wanna fly away like kravitz, blazing hashes I wanna question all things people hate to answer Spread the rumor like a tumour words iz cancer Descend from above like a giant praying mantis Slaying rappers with a pistol and a pillow... Blood stains the mattress, plus the dream catcher Fact is, I use faggots for target practice Split ya head with a hatchet, I've had it... A habbit I've had since the first time it happened Now I break beaks off the parrots that bite shit Gingivitis? Shit no! The virus... You get, when you fuck with me ... Bleeds thru your dry lips Sprays from your earholes and leaks down your eyelids.. I let the tub run, fill a cup a redrum Kill the rough draft and chill in my bloodbath

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I be blazin' with words on the face of this earth Bad breaking I burst on the stage when I'm first And I'm claimin' the curse made me satan or worse I'm a cranium alien your brains I will slurp You got taste like a turd Misplaced like a kurd I don't hang with the clerks

With them nerds nor the jerks I got birds that'll chirp when my blade inserts Guess my heart wouldn't hurt if I worked for the church So I lurk on the search Absurd I emerge White shirt Blood smeared Nigga I got them nerves Put yo face on the curg Ima murder this jerk Head splurged like kurt Put 'm down in the dirt You be clownin' like turk I'm a surgeon at worst Berserk like the red serge in state of alert See me snatchin' her purse While I gurp and smirk Cuttin' all her curves and get murked in prison cause $% \left(1\right) =\left(1\right) +\left(1$

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