

Don't kill me, don't kill me, hey don't kill me...!
Nah, nah, I'm not going to kill you, I'm going to keep you, so you'll never
go away...! I'm just going to keep you, so you won't go away, ever...

I've conducted extensive research
Now every verse is corrupted, offensive to the church
Destructive demented words
You've been instructed by sentences in each word
Featured to suck you into a world invented to see you bleed first
My brutal rhyme is running through your mind
Stabbing up the cerebrum down to the spine
Cut up the region
My personality represents the worst reality
Ever since a kid I rocked a reverse mentality
I give no apologies for my biology
Don't follow me, you're not qualified to have my qualities
You're disqualified, you get no equality
Senseless homicide equals Necro psychology
I'm the leading authority in subjects
Like beatings that leave you bleeding orally
A part of me's obsessed
A major label would've been the end to me
I was meant to be an independently-ran entity
I've got the illest mind, it's corroded like Phyllis Diller's spine
Like thirty-eight serial killers combined
It takes one individual act
To stop you from kicking a pitiful rap, it's a miserable fact
You'll get visibly hacked into shreds and left for dead
Gushin' from your head with a pair of scissors attached
It's wizardry, the way you disappear from the Earth physically
Covered up exquisitely
Smothered up with pillows militantly
You see, you dying as quiet as it can be is the key
I obtained a sick brain
From the streets of Brooklyn with a need to inflict pain

I smile for the cameras like Berkowitz
You can't interpret this
Murderous, stab you in the face, perfect fit
Slice precise like a surgeon's wrist
Another verse that slips into the grips of the perverse and sick
There's nothing worse than this
There's nothing more horrifying than people with the thirst for piss
And feces like GG Allin with German chicks
Imagine a minute before a person flips
A minute they be strangled with the blue face the purple lips
Leaving you lying on the cold floor, mouth open
Found you bloated a week later reeking of foul odor
Fuck the fake scriptures
We sacrilegiously sacrifice you in the name of Satan and take pictures
My laboratory table's bottle nosed
It's already too late if you've just noticed that you've been followed home
Look into my eyes, hollow holes
ILL BILL, cold-blooded demon from Hell without a soul
I'm responsible for managin' the impossible
If it isn't Uncle Howie it's Psycho+Logical
Lots of guns, lots of ghouls, gonna cost a fool

We're the reason doctors are reported to hospital!