

I'm Your Killer

Insane Clown Posse

"Alright, look. We got the plan laid out. You're already inside the house. You know he's here. All you gotta do is go down that hallway and kick that motherfuckin' door in. Get his ass."

Hey, oh, I didn't expect you to be awake
I'm not the Reaper, but your life I'ma take
It ain't about your money, it ain't about your fancy cars (Nope)
Something somehow spelled it out for you in the stars (It's your destiny)
I don't even have a clue as to who the fuck you are
I only know that your left eyeball is goin' in a jar
This is my life meets yours, and mine overpowers
My life ends yours, mine devours (I'm hungry)
You see, I have to kill, and you're the unlucky random pick
I'm jammin' a stick all up in your neck, I'm sick
Now your beggin' and pleadin' will get you nothin' (Tell 'em)
It's Halloween, that only means (Tell 'em) let's get to cuttin'

"Wait, wait a minute, mister, sir. Now just hold on there a minute, please. Wait a minute. If you're gonna kill me, at least tell me why you think your life is somehow worth more than mine. Tell me"

Because I'm a killer, and you're just a killed (A nobody)
You're the one that holds the empty bag, my shit is filled
The price for my satisfaction is your sacrifice
I should be burned in Hell and cooked over twice (No)
I'm sure they'll do me real nice (No) much harder than I'm doin' you
(Don't say that)
All that shit you have poppin' off, though, I'm here to ruin you (Cue that shit)
You're just a stranger, and I'm just deranged, sir (Do it)
On top of that, it's Halloween, and so my brains hurt

"Now hold on, now wait. W-what if I can offer you some help? What if there's a reason you picked my home, a bigger reason, a better reason than killing me. What if I can help you?"

The only way that you can help me (Tell 'em) is to quit your fuckin' cryin'
It's all they ever show you anywhere, is people dyin' (Death is everywhere)
You and I about to interact in some violence [?]
And I'ma keep at it until I hear your heart silence
What I do is nothin' new, I'm of the chosen few
Bad apples, the reason we lock our doors the way we do (Except you)
I hope you don't think you're too special to catch the random bone (Do it)
It's Hallo-fuckin-ween (Do it!) and I'm stabbin' your dome

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