[Verse 1] Jarrreeen Benton I kill a beat and paralyze a chorus Fuck up your city like they let loose a Tyrannosaurus Uh my pen is definite since rigamortous My tongues a lethal weapon huh my bitch is a sorceress Three Sixes and torches, three killers on horses Drag a bitch through the forest Oh the scene is so morbid so sick and so torturess But Jarren adores it So open your eyes bitches you better absorb it I'm painting you portaits they feeding you horse shit They visions distorted leave them dead in theyre porsches Theres voices inside my head but I'm scared of these voices They want me to kill turning rappers to corpses I'm chopping em up put there organs in porridge I hunger for blood appetite is enormous

[Hook]

And this is entering through your speakers
I can't sleep until I introduce you niggas to the Reaper
Cuz they So infatuated with the cars and the clothes
Me I got a thing for stabbing beats and killing flows
I'm a Murder Murder Murder
Blood stains cover up my hands and on my paper
Bodies in the trunk of other rappers and you haters
I'm a Murder Murder Murder

[Verse 2]
Yeah yeah
K-I-L-E-R Killer
Pop right back from the dead like thriller
ATLien east side nigguh
Sips malt liqour
Sick thoughts nigguh
Semi-Automatic I'm a terminate a faggot
When the body decompose you can only see the maggots
Cut a motherfuckers head off with a hatchet
Change back at it Sick black magic

Infatuated with murder
Intoxicated I'll serve up
Them bodies thick when they burn up
My DNA will not turn up
What that shit don't concern us
Got bodies locked in the basement
They on the floor or in the furnace
Blagh!

I'm feeling insane my brains about to pop
I think I'm changing I'm transforming like an auto bot
I keep on killing what a feeling no I'm not gonna stop
Electric Shock Therapy better but what a thousand watts
Straight jackets come equipped with 38 latches
Not enough to contain a man with a crazed habit

And this is entering through your speakers
I can't sleep until I introduce you niggas to the Reaper
Cuz they So infatuated with the cars and the clothes
Me I got a thing for stabbing beats and killing flows
I'm a Murder Murder Murder
Blood stains cover up my hands and on my paper
Bodies in the trunk of other rappers and you haters
I'm a Murder Murder Murder