

# Ima Murder

Jarren 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 tongue's a lethal weapon here 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  
Their visions distorted leave them dead in theyre porsches  
There's voices inside my head but I'm scared of these forces  
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  
And this is ether through your speakers  
I can't sleep until I introduce you niggas to the Reaper

Cause 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, 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, murder

K-I-L-L-E-R Killer  
Pop right back from the dead like Thriller  
ATLien Eastside 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  
J's 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  
Whack ass shit don't concern us  
Got bodies locked in my basement  
They on the floor or in the furnace  
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 ether through your speakers  
I can't sleep until I introduce you niggas to the Reaper

Cause 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, 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, murder