

# Kill Kill Kill

Madchild

Let me see what I need, ahh, I need my chainsaw, ahh, my AK-47, my rocket launchers, some grenades...and my flame thrower. Yeah

Ohhh

Oh shit, it's time to ill

MC's it ain't safe, e'rybody gettin' killed

Your mammy (boom), your daddy (boom, boom)

Gram Gram (boom) and your pappy (boom)

And them little ugly ass, your ashy ass gets black they are so nappy

No self hatred, I'm no racist, I hate everybody

Kill your cat, kill your dog and the parakeet bitch

Shoot your fish tank up like "Fuck them goldfish"

M-m-m-madness and mayhem, P.M. to the A.M

Stomp like the collector got a collection

Of decomposing possessions

Talent scout I'm out to find new specimens

May I make a small suggestion?

Rappers, stop lyin' through the speakers

Cause I see directly through you like Jeepers Creepers

Creepy, got a dumb flow

Threatening me?

I shit on all you, I needs lots of T.P. for my bunghole

I'm not high, I'm not high, check my eyes

I swear

I'm just lyrically retarded and not all really there

I'm a beast bitch, I'll bully money from a grizzly bear

As if a bear had money and went to school

But in your dreams you can't win, I'm a fuckin' nightmare

Tommy Ray Glatman, dream assassin, Dreamscape

You don't know what I'm talkin' 'bout? Google it, I'll wait

Everybody in this bitch gon' get gunned down

Boom, boom, boom, you don't wanna hear that sound

I'm goin' insane, hearin' voices in my brain

They keep on tellin' me to do some really fucked up things

This can't be real, I'm really feelin' fuckin' ill

They keep on sayin' "Everybody gettin' killed"

They keep on tellin' me "Everybody gettin' killed"

I hear 'em whisperin' "Everybody gettin' killed"

Over and over "Everybody gettin' killed"

Yo, yo

I'm a white Beast boy like Adam Horovitz

Stab you in the orifice, I'm darker than a horror flick

(Boom)

I put a bullet in your skull to make a peep hole

Then lean your head against a tube so I can watch the Creep Show

I'm a freak though

Graphic rap-a-holic

Splatter all your blood around the room like I was Jackson Pollock

I'm all alone, I'll crack your collarbone and haul it home

And spread your guts around the wall and write a diabolic poem

Like Michael Meyers with a knife cause I'm a psycho killer

Listening to Michael Jackson Thriller, I'm a hyper villain

I'll smash your fuckin' skull and then say "nighty night"

Tackle rappers wearing tighty whites like it was Friday Night Lights

Pop a vitamin then squat like Spiderman

Then take a fuckin' shit on all you rappers for entitlement  
Sneak into your studio then stab you till your speaker's red  
Then take your Jordan 3's cause I'm a klepto and a sneaker head

Gimmie your shoes  
Yeah, these are gonna fit

Go look up 'psychopath' then find me in the dictionary  
Grinnin' ear to ear, in prison gear, I hope you bitches ready  
I fuck a nun missionary, get it? Missionary  
Got a lot of friends but momma thinks they're all imaginary  
And they keep tellin' me to "kill, kill, kill"  
Murder, murder, roll a blunt and pop a pill, pill, pill  
And you won't, but I will  
For a crisp dollar bill  
Shove your head so far up your ass you be talkin' shit at every meal  
I'm me  
I'm meat with cheese and some Molly powder in private  
Discussionals blowin' up on which rappers outta be silent  
I get so fly the stewardess can't close her eyelids  
My Taliban homie thinks that I should be a pilot  
I don't know, yes I'm the bomb  
Tick, tick, hide your child  
I'm happy killing you at work  
We call that service with a smile  
Just took some 'shrooms I guess I had the bad pile  
Burn a cross in front of your yard and blame that shit on Mad Child