

Freddy's Dead

MC Chris

If you go to bed you might find Fred
Call Freud if annoyed with the thoughts in your head
The nightmares that you share come from sexual leering
Fuck Carl Jung and his dumb Darwinist theories
Freddy's all in your walls, he's all up in your tub
He got really long arms and he just wants a hug
He's made up of maggots and bleeds green slime
Cleared of all killings but he's still serving time
Wasn't read his rights so it's Five Nights at Freddy's
He's the deadly medley of features that are not friendly
A glove with five knives that's mighty fine for shredding
Fill your room with feathers and mess up all your bedding
A boiler room planet is where he resides
Just like a labyrinth composed of pipes
Ready or not no matter how you hide
It's always right behind with his knives in your spine
A complicated kill not the dopiest zombie
A steam punk that you debunk with copious coffee
Freddy Krueger hates Keurig and scoffs at biscotti
He's not Illuminati but he got a lot of bodies

One, two, he's coming for you
Three, four, better shut your door
Five, six, grab your crucifix
Slasher flicks: how I get my kicks

'41 December but there's no sign of Santa
For the Hathaway helpers had abandoned Amanda
While repeatedly raped in a cage full of crazies
A fearsome foe was forged in the fires of Hades
The bastard bouncing baby of 10,000 maniacs maybe
Wasn't born to be a brainiac a sadist in training
Killed a hamster with a hammer—what baffling behavior
Wait until later when he's relishing razors
Krueger was a cutter, kinda like Kylo
Always sorta psycho and into gloves like Michael
Daily basement beatings made him impartial to pain
But his father got the furnace, soon he'd suffer the same
His mother was a nutter now, a nun in a habit
Never knew her or pursued, just managed his sadness
Dropout opted for adventure now pop's out of the picture
Christmas sweater forever and the fedora's a fixture

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A jovial janitor beneath the city's silos
At that point an amateur, his homework's homicidal
The jingle from his ride'll make the minors run amok
He's like sweet tooth see his truck and your fucked
Everything was just a front, a wife and kid he didn't love
In his cellar kept his clippings and a gallery of gloves
Twenty kids went missing, the police were pissing blood
Cathy was laughing but soon she'd be missing mom
Said she'd never tell but she totally did

He smiled through the trial, was acquitted, no shit
Parents wanted him punished 'cause the jury's unjust
Burned him the boiler room, hid the bones in a trunk
While his skin began to bubble his parting fully failed
Dream demons came to see him, skulls with spiny tails
They offered immortality, reality would be his dreams
Mortal Kombat fatalities on smart-alecky teens

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