

# Kill Them All

Russ

Yeah. This beat is crazy, shout out to me. All you little fuckin', uh, D Lea que, peasant, tier 98-ass rappers and little clickbait-ass journalists and s hit, y'all can suck my dick. I never even met y'all man, y'all so fuckin' obsessed. I'm on some kill everybody shit, fuck y'all!

Yeah, I've been withholdin', I really feel like explodin'  
People pokin', provokin', I'm suffocating, I'm chokin'  
The feeling that no one gets it, I just try to suppress it  
I really need to express it, I really should reinvest it and go off  
Off, off on you bitches  
I wonder why these fuckin' grown men always talkin' like bitches  
Y'all so obsessed with me, I've never even talked to you bitches  
I'd run you over with my Lambo, wouldn't stop for you bitches  
I'm at my breaking point, I can wave and point  
And they'll start breaking joints so loudly, exclamation point  
Rappers takin' bribes, they be shavin' points  
I see the game from every angle, I be playin' point  
I be playin' coach, I be playin' owner  
I be playin' fan, and I play promoter  
Gettin' great exposure from all the hate, y'all are hustling backwards  
This goes for anybody and any bum-ass rapper, pussy

Now you leave me no choice  
I have to kill 'em all (kill 'em all)  
Now you leave me no choice  
I have to kill 'em all (kill 'em all)  
Kill 'em all (kill 'em all)  
Kill 'em all (kill 'em all)  
Kill 'em all (kill 'em all)

Yeah  
Any rapper can get it, I'm sending headshots, headshots  
You can't talk to me if you can't sell out Red Rocks, Red Rocks  
That's ten thousand, watch your mouth when you speak 'bout your superiors  
Premeditated murder, I'm plottin' with my Nigerians (Yes, oh!)  
Peekin' through you, chiefin' and eating fufu  
We see what this dreamin' grew to, arenas in Honolulu  
Doin' streams like I'm Hulu, Lambo talks via Bluetooth  
People tryna do voodoo, this zoo is making me coo-coo  
And fuck the media and the politics in this industry  
The snakes and the lies and the gossip in this industry  
And fuck these WWE-ass rappers  
High school mentality, glee-ass rappers  
Fake family ties, y'all say brother too much  
Y'all get played by the same women, y'all say you love her too much  
And y'all be runnin' from the truth, y'all take cover too much  
I'm gettin' tired of this shit, man, enough is enough

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Now you leave me no choice

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Kill 'em all (kill 'em all)  
Kill 'em all (kill 'em all)  
Kill 'em all (kill 'em all)

Yeah

Rappers dissin' for attention that the music ain't gettin'  
I understand, it's frustratin' watching my rapid ascension  
Watching arenas sell out, watching my plaques multiply  
When you ain't headlined a tour, and when you drop they don't buy  
But you got followers though, but what they followin' for  
But that's 'cause most of them are fake, let me let your followers know  
That y'all be payin' social media agencies twenty thou' every month  
Just to comment, like, and follow your account  
It's all a front, y'all are glorified Instagram entertainers  
Got millions of followers, but can't even sell out your basement  
Y'all droppin' antics and skits 'cause you can't drop a hit  
Flashin' jewelry, posting lean, poppin' Xanax for clicks  
Infatuated with designer, costume shop carollers  
Bunch of crackheads and clowns, bunch of Boondocks characters  
Damn, y'all not scarin' us with your Internet loose lips  
I been at the same festivals y'all don't do shit

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Man, I don't even like that it's this easy to write whole songs and shit about this type of shit. Sometimes you just gotta get it off your chest though.  
I hope the fans understand that sometimes I really be tryna leave this shit, man. I miss my old shit sometimes. Fuck it