

Murder Seed

Tallah

Hunts for fun-the bastard son
The stress is a hundred and fifty percent
What's it to you?
Hard to quit-He's obsolete
The best we can do is not peek
What's it to you?
Hoot me this:
Can I get it done when I'm just above the meniscus?
I'm tweaked out, but that's just the way it crumbled

When you're stuck in the past, it's murder
Why would you dig that shit up?
Fram di battam, wash di room fah mi chain
-Cup full ah piss
An eh brimma', brimma', brimma'
Si mi pan di news
Mek mi choose-fools
Cah mi jah rinna', rinna'

I've been infested by people like you
Who write things in cursive to seem more legit'

I'm beginning to understand the disappointment in that fuzzy head
'Cause how can you kill someone
When you won't even make your bed?
I'm the son of a bitch! And at with's end
-I've stepped more stones than I comprehend
There's nobody home inside
Believe me, I've checked
It's a frequent conundrum
But hoot me this:
Can I get it done when I'm just above the meniscus?
I'm freaked out, but that's just the way it tumbled

If it's all up to me, let's murder
Because fuck everybody else
Fram di battam, wash di room fah mi chain
-Cup full ah piss
An eh brimma', brimma', brimma'
Si mi pan di news
Mek mi choose-fools
Cah mi jah rinna', rinna'

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When an author writes disaster
He picks words that can symbolize the way he feels
-The way he thinks
-The way he perceives the end
And it almost happened
Overgrown by weeds from my dark past
It almost happened
The murder seeds were planted by God's hand
It almost happened