

Murder You

Wrekonize

You fake thug motherfuckers
Don't you ever learn anything
I murder you, rappers
I murder you, bitches
I murder you, I'll destroy you
Na-no, really really
I will fuckin' kill you

You talk a lot of shit, I suggest you don't get me angry
I'm eating dinner with the Ramsey's, we just killed your whole family
We'll get away with it too
You don't wanna battle me, come on who would
I look for little children to beat down like Madelyne Toogood
You stood wait for me to come and grant you the freedom
So I split you with an axe from your gonads to your cerebrum
We've come to resurrect killers and keep it bloody
Buy O.J. a machete and give your address to Ted Bundy
Your head's spongy and your hairline is up in flames
Cause Hannibal Lector's hungry and he's barbecuing your brain
Insane, turning homicide into a game
Set up your limbs like bowling pins and try to strike a perfect frame
Drain your blood into a pool, no one will hear you drown
Son of Sam stalk for some of Wrekonize kills year 'round
You hear sounds comin' from above in your attic
It's me, your mom, and your wife in a kamasutra sex sandwich
Wrek's language is brutal, leave you in crucial madness
Kill crews, then vanish and still you, don't panic
Cause out of shock you can't get your body to tremble
After this even a Nasa engineer couldn't get you reassembled
It's simple leave my victims marked with the Parallax symbol
Rippin' through bone gristle with a microphone missile
I dissed you come on faggot what'd you expect
Murdering whack rappers with no remorse and no regrets

I murder you, any rapper that swears to God that he's servin' me
I murder you, bitches that think they can use their body as currency
I murder you, destroy anybody who steps to me with urgency
Murder you physically, spiritually, mentally or verbally

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Which rappers are comic side-kicks, who think they spittin' righteous
I'll pierce your eye brows with ice picks and pour salt on your eye lids
I'mma sick fuck that'll split your guts into six cups
And let your body get stuck in a radiation mix up
When that's done sell your organs on the black market
And let little boys and girls play cat's cradle with your cartilage
I barter with alphabet assassins and animators
To create pages that stay luminated on the soiled stations
You surface parasite, I circle the planet like satellites
You grab the mic and get your face shattered like a battered wife
Abused bitch, anger management don't do shit
That's why I feel like piercing your sternum with a sharpened pool stick
Extra curricular homicide is necessary

Wrek is very prone to microphone clone obituaries
I'm secondary to none, I've said it only begun
To leave your soul buried in a hole that's kept from the sun

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