

Killing Spree

Mykill Miers

[Mad Child]

I'm the extreme case of fire and anger

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The misguided angel with ice in his veins

My thought pattern is scattered playing Russian roulette

I'm a rottweiler, Excalibur, rock like Metallica

Got to be sargent, charging with my beloved core

Don't interrupt me, I'll erupt abruptly

Heavy metal makeover

Mad Child forming hard again

Four by four pick up truck to kick up dust

Still astounding, vanity knows no boundaries

You can't fuck with this commando

Rambo grapple in the jungle

Kung-fu kicks to crash helmets

Love is overrated, fuck freaks for fulfillment

Keep it in the family, all my friends go film it

Overwhelming, chains spit flames, knocked insane

Not identical, not cynical, far from my pinnacle

Renegade rap, whitewater rap is river rafting

Living in the lap of luxury laughing

Catch a dirt nap when I start reacting

You feeling me? I'm on a killing spree

[x3]

Compare us to someone else

You don't want to go at it

Compare us to someone else

Prevail do or die

[Prevail]

My relief, to finalize the movement of the freaks

In a fantastic place where you are what you eat

(What's up? What's up?) News of the new world chump

Enforce when I'm sober, enforce when I'm drunk

Until the village sorcerer, give them time to jump to the orchestra

Battle Axe warriors throw you around like raggedy dolls

No one answers when the majesty of tragedy calls
The rhyme involved is easy to spot
Check the weight of the victim and the type of knot
Tie up your whole crew with the talon of a hawk
Drink in my hand, probably gin on the rocks
I'm the center of the universe, kill a verse if I'm hot
Yo, to tell you the truth, I'm the duke of the dark
Double sided mirrors, frosty breath
My reputation for rocking sets is darker than death
Armor on my left arm, armor on my chest
Are you feeling me? I'm on a killing spree

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