Killing Spree

Chromatics

[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 pinnicle
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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