

# Serial Killa

## Twiztid

(Jamie Madrox)

What is it about a serial killa that attracts you?  
And makes this music that you can sharpen an axe to  
Taking you back through a hallway to a black room  
No walls or ceilings, just doorways to pass through  
You choose, chainsaws are always nice  
But razorblades and knives are way more precise  
When it comes to cutting, this shit here is an art  
And we finish what we start, that's what separates us apart  
From other motherfuckers, not saying no names  
But them other motherfuckers (Ain't family)  
And they say I'm sick, too sick  
Well how sick do you get?  
When you see a chest without a butcher knife buried in it  
Wait a minute, give me an axe  
I wanna smash your ribcage in half  
For every time you laughed on our behalf  
Will you let me another chance to redefine?  
The mind of a serial killa(Chorus x2)  
Serial killa  
K I double L A  
Fruit looped out of my mind like Godzilla (Kill)  
Serial killa (Killa, Killa)  
Torture and destroy (Killa, Killa)  
Serial killa (Killa, Killa)(Monoxide Child)  
Could it be the blood? Maybe it's the blood you like  
Or maybe it's my blatant disregard for life  
Most people are afraid to deny it  
But not me though  
I keep it old school like a mink coat  
Rusty blade, at least 12 inches  
With the tipped cracked off from stabbing to many bitches  
I'm digging ditches with a mental mind state  
Just get up and get vicious within a dark place  
Throw ya mercy on the head of my axe  
And pray to God I don't split you in half like train tracks  
I can't control it, so I just put it in my music  
And hopefully other killas can use it  
Don't confuse it with the same old game

Cause the shit that I kick could

Lyrics provided by  
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