Kill Em

Reks

Yeah Murder he wrote I kill em kill em kill em
Murder he wrote I kill em kill em kill em
Kill em 'til they're dead
Got a murderous plot that I jotted on my journal it is hot
There is much I can learn you
I'mma murder murder rap
Murder he wrote I kill em 'til they're dead
Off with these rappers' heads
Termanology dead, Skyzoo dead
Slaughterhouse talkin bout how my eyes see red
Why live let them die I kill em willing
Try feeling sympathetic for Blu
Like poor Blu, Poor you, cup of acid
Drink splashes think as if killing rappers is so fantastic
Statik hurry let's get this track mastered fast kid
Murder he wrote leaving they throat slashes
Mad sick, I fuckin hate dope rappers
If you ain't made it big I'm killin you, ridicule
Anyone without whips and bitches in they videos
Little Brother dead, Elzhi dead
Slaughterhouse talkin bout how my eyes see red
I is sick in the brain, R.E. cocaine kid
Had a talk with my conscience my conscience said
"Reks kill em kill em kill em"
Hello, Torae what's in your double barrel?
Please don't shoot first
I have to reload to blast you
Raps'll make me so unpopular
I wonder if Jean Grae will let me sit on top of her
Strangle life out of her
I've got some songs I
Really like to play for you
Amazing tunes, in em I'm talking about blazin dudes
JFK dead, Brother Ali dead
Slaughterhouse talkin bout how my eyes see red
I am so fed up with the underground rap shit
Here Statik help me put Poison Pen in this casket
Krumbsnatcha don't be dramatic
I gotta light these matches

To burn your body into ashes
How do I blast this murder he wrote for the masses
Bye bye Jay Electronica see you on the other side
I'mma kill my own crew, Chi Knocks and Lucky Dice
Cali dead, John Hope dead
Slaughterhouse talkin bout how my eyes see red
See I came up with this record
For rappers who neglected
Don't take it as hate
Cause they love it when you dead kid
Head is deranged, sick and insane
Gargle this bleach, target is me
Lower bullets and aim
Now you're all dead and Reks dead
Slaughterhouse talkin bout how my eyes see red
I could swallow these pills
And sleep on the way to heaven
Make my child a bastard on the way to hell
I told you Papa didn't preach good lovin
So I learned to hate from a well
The industry we now know don't got room for creativity
Murder he wrote gon' make history
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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