

Deathmurdermayhem

Felt

(Chorus) x2

Death, murder and mayhem
push me to the brink and they got me debatin
Death, murder and mayhem
now i wanna go outside and paint the pavement

Verse 1:

(MURS)

I heard my hood was a joke to y'all
i used to think about smokin y'all
late night, in my crib, playin Dreamcast
now i cock back, all black, wit a ski mask
talkin shit like i wasn't gon hear you
standin 'cross the street wit the heat in the clear view (clear view)
think my story's all make-believe
pushed to the front line, then forced to take a leave
say 3:16 was made up
step ya rap game down and ya street game up
ever seen gunfire lightin up a staircase?
ask the enemy how the gun look in their face
it's so serious
you dudes listen to these rappers cause you're curious
it's all real, only three basic principles
death, murder, mayhem, no one is invincible
undefeated in the streets
and i don't beef wit emcees who get they ass beat
all up on YouTube, runnin they yap
i ain't tryin to get caught up wit none of you cats
that would be the end of so-called gangsta rap
cause as soon as i call my gangstas, it's a rap
rhymes like that is why gangsta rap suck
and that's word to the tears on the face of Young Buck

(Chorus)

Verse 2:

(Slug)

I hate life cause i hate my boss
i'd walk off the job, can't take the loss

paranoia that he might lay me off
i promise to God, someday, he's gonna pay the cost
i dream about killin sometimes
booze, weed, pills, nothin helps unwind
i'm done tryin to find sunshine
i could be a internet punchline by lunchtime
they wanna over-work me
they tryin to hurt me, but now i'm just blood-thirsty
first, we make him scream like a girlie
then gag him wit a shirt sleeve and show him no mercy
he's out of shape, i'm younger, i'm sturdy
i aim so early that i don't know how to carve a turkey
plus i'm clean, i can purchase a burnie
and put a couple Black Eyed Peas up in his Fergie
attitude checker, catch a wet rack
the rugs a red mat cause he got fed the lead Exlax
leave ya dead flat on ya dead back
and let ya neighbor kids poke you wit a stick like a dead cat
do it right, wit the human rights
if for no other reason, then losin life
and maybe you should try to watch what you say
cause today just might not be your day, c'mon

push me to the brink and they got me debatin
Death, murder and mayhem

Death, murder and mayhem
push me to the brink and they got me debatin

(Chorus) x2

Lyrics submitted by Deronte.

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