

# I Came to Kill

Xzibit

This is the long drop method it was supposed to be more humane  
Measure your height and your weight to break your neck with your hand  
Sometimes they use a shore drop or they use a crane  
Either way the victim dies in agonizing pain  
But if the calculations ain't correct when the rope's set  
The rope will rip the head right off the motherfucker's neck  
My appointment at the gallows x emerging from the shadows  
With a vendetta beetle who wanna battle  
Man you gon' get whipped in flaw shackle to an A-frame  
Beaten full force until you can't repeat your own name  
Till you smell the smell of burn and flesh  
Keep you alive until you pray for death  
Drawn in the corner disembowel until there's nothing left  
Saudi Arabia amputation for petty death  
Li chin translated this the leader in death  
A rubber tie filled with gas around your arms and chest  
Set you on fire turn your body to a melted mess  
Ask the AT about the south African necklace  
Go ahead and pick your poison it was coming to you  
Call me the prison bull I came to fucking kill you[Hook]Have must I come through merciless  
Be quick with that bullshit you heard of  
Uncut mole what have we ride through  
And always remember that death will come off swift wings  
Anyone who run contested now know have we now picked you whatever  
I came to peelHands behind your back shackled then I forced you to kneel  
Shoot you in the back of the head send your family the bill  
For what the bullets cost I'm on my China shit  
Eye for an eye waterboard you like my government  
Impaled and left at the front gates  
Used to hear the sound of broken arms rib and leg makes  
Whipping and pull apart call it the breaking wheel  
By inquisition spanish mi corazon is free  
No compassion don't expect it when I fucking see you  
Lethal injections is my profession loading up my needles  
My iron maiden the Caucasian the Asian  
The information received by the ancient art of persuasion  
I'm 'bout to drop like a guillotine  
The cut is quick and clean I promise you won't feel a thing  
I'll never kiss the ring

I rather storm the castle kill the king then set fire to fucking everything

Songwriters

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