

Murder Spree

Ghostface Killah

Yeah, yo, there's a dozen ways to die, six million ways to do it
Let's go through it, my mind flow like fluid
Torture, chop your legs up, thrown off the boat
Guillotine, nigga, one chop to the throat
Suffocation, saran wrapping your face
Buried alive, throw a few nails in the case
Manslaughter, eight degrees of separation
Leave your body chopped up in a piece, that's mutilation

Six million ways to die, cyanide in your drink
Catch a cuban necktie for your mink
Dahmer style, cut up and stuffed in the fridge
And maybe washed up and show around thunder the bridge
Hit him with the whip, drag him half a block
Machete or the sock full of padlocks
Chainsaw, switch your medication
Stomp a nigga out til he one with the pavement

Torture, he's gruelly peaking at the meeting
Suspensions of him being a rat? even worse than cheating
I'm cold reaking of ice picks, scratch and sticks and closed fists
Brassknuckle steel toe kicks
Crack ribs, punch your lungs, hard weaving
He's gasping and wheezing for air, his breath he can't catch
He clinches the shirt on his chest
In a dying effort to reveal his last will before he was killed

First things first, I chop your head to your fingertips
Butcher knife your torso, chop up your ligaments
Make sure it's legitimate, conceal all my fingerprints
Chop, chop your body up quick then get rid of it
A hole in the desert, body bag, just polluted it
Your miss was a snitch too? shotgun killed the bitch
Leave her in the wilderness, suffocated and scarred up
Your brother want more too, blow his fucking car up

Another homicide city, murder mystery efficiently
Delete your fucking history broke bone, missing teeth
Throw bones, it's slippery, brings on the triple beam
All topped and chopped up, my luck is a mr. clean
Clorax and vicious steam sterilized the whole scene
Photograph your death so I can spread it to your whole team
Won't leave a trace of evidence for the case
It's sinister to finish it, hit with the man with no face

Red wine and pink pill
Unknowingly that this would be his last meal
Cut the voice, made the field, six inch stiletto heel
Kept his refills filled
Till he's like the gas, kept him still for the real deal
Hitman from brooklyn, tommy gun specialist
Sipped cavaier at the bar then waited til she lit a cigar
Then sprayed
Them shatter wine glass he layed, he never saw it coming

Yo, murder one, bullets went fast through the flesh
I cocked the sawed off shotty, put a hole in your chest

Blow your lungs out, I've seen you been smoking for years
You got no heart, I'll hunt you down like cape fear
Push your brains out the back of your head, blow off your hands
Leave your body in a dumpster, head in the trashcan
Cell catching scene look clean as a whistle
Ghost carved through your skin tissue til the bone grizzle