I'm A Murder

Jarren Benton

[Verse 1] Jarrreeen Benton I kill a beat and paralyze a chorus Fuck up your city like they let loose a Tyrannosaurus Uh my pen is definite since rigamortous My tongues a lethal weapon huh my bitch is a sorceress Three Sixes and torches, three killers on horses Drag a bitch through the forest Oh the scene is so morbid so sick and so torturess But Jarren adores it So open your eyes bitches you better absorb it I'm painting you portaits they feeding you horse shit They visions distorted leave them dead in theyre porsches Theres voices inside my head but I'm scared of these voices They want me to kill turning rappers to corpses I'm chopping em up put there organs in porridge I hunger for blood appetite is enormous [Hook] And this is entering through your speakers I can't sleep until I introduce you niggas to the Reaper Cuz they So infatuated with the cars and the clothes Me I got a thing for stabbing beats and killing flows I'm a Murder Murder Murder Murder Blood stains cover up my hands and on my paper Bodies in the trunk of other rappers and you haters I'm a Murder Murder Murder Murder [Verse 2] Yeah yeah K-I-L-E-R Killer Pop right back from the dead like thriller ATLien east side nigguh Sips malt liqour Sick thoughts nigguh Semi-Automatic I'm a terminate a faggot When the body decompose you can only see the maggots Cut a motherfuckers head off with a hatchet Change back at it Sick black magic Infatuated with murder Intoxicated I'll serve up Them bodies thick when they burn up My DNA will not turn up What that shit don't concern us Got bodies locked in the basement They on the floor or in the furnace Blagh! I'm feeling insane my brains about to pop I think I'm changing I'm transforming like an auto bot I keep on killing what a feeling no I'm not gonna stop

Electric Shock Therapy better but what a thousand watts Straight jackets come equipped with 38 latches Not enough to contain a man with a crazed habit And this is entering through your speakers I can't sleep until I introduce you niggas to the Reaper Cuz they So infatuated with the cars and the clothes Me I got a thing for stabbing beats and killing flows I'm a Murder Murder Murder Blood stains cover up my hands and on my paper Bodies in the trunk of other rappers and you haters I'm a Murder Murder Murder