

Fire in AC

Tech N9ne

Shh, psycho over there
Here he comes, here he comes
Hey James
(Yeah?)

You're killin' us with that wild red hair, bro
(I like to kill people, people like you)

I'm a college student sitting next to James Holmes
His mental light ain't on and the love him like ain't showin
So I gotta invite him to study at my strange home
Cause he needs to be flame thrown and repeatedly banged on
'Til his brain gone, you think you Bane? I put my fangs on
Then it's game on, for the pain, gonna break his dang bones
Cause James wrong, get him a hook to hang on
And drain Holmes veins; get em to switch his insane tone
You have entered the dungeon of real killers
Demons they will fill us, with drillas and steel millas
He'll pay me with his life, cause this animal's real crazy
Cause this motherfucker don't even care if he kill babies
I wish, this would've happen like it happened in my mind
Instead of what occurred in theater number 9
My condolences to the families that mourn
All humanity was torn, for what he damaged see some horns, motherfucker
Burn in hell for eternity for what you did
The depths of Hell gonna swallow your ass!

Gone, baby, gone, never made the dawn
Never had a fucking chance to turn crazy on
My fire in AC he stopped you, shocked you
Aurora Colorado, I got you

Raa! Dirty Wormz
This is Amityville horror Aurora, I make him feel the flame
For the respect of the families I mention no names
And I can feel your pain; you see the devil's face?
Look at him smiling on trial, this is a closed case
Mister Yates, let him in, close the gate
This is the date for his fate, there will be no escape
Duct tape, zip him up, strap gim down
He's graduatin' here give him his cap and gown
Turn off your cell phones, no talking in the preview
It's the last midnight show and you know just how it end, too
It ain't no part two, this ain't no cartoon
Watch em start screamin' for god when I put this fire to him
This is the murder show, order the blood bath
A psychopath that murders psychopaths actin' bad
And walk away like I'm Dexter man with my bandana to the back
In all black like I'm Batman
Dirty Wormz

Hahahaha, here's Kali!
What you want me to be a, killa?
Wish I can fill up my voice with some incredible heat
And no catchin' me slip, and I stay on my feet
Call up Brotha Lynch and I tell him go eat
James, your brain will be dangling from strings if the
Strangers could change it, at yourself you would aim

I wish a nigga would, run up in the movies
While I'm in there with my kids and my boo
I would be popping them back at you
Cause oddly they life is through
And I'm godly but might get stupid
Psychotic ain't no excuse
Cause I'm there too and I can prove it (Okay)
We hold him for pressures, it ain't effortless
For Holmes to count his blessings
Cause he gotta deal with the rest of us (Okay)
And I'd love to take his chest off the rest of him
Arrestin' him ain't good enough, let's make him a vegetable
On second thought, I'mma pray for him (Nah)
Hope the angel of death opens the gate for him (Yeah)
Better tell him if you bust in Aurora
All the nations reppin' Snake and the Bat will be aiming for you (Kali)
In the immortal words of Tech N9ne baby
The sands of time have already begun to pour against you

I got ya, Colorado I got you
Tech N9ne got you, Smackola got you
Strange Music that's our biggest market
We love you, our condolences to the families
That lost their loved ones to this punk