

# Serial killa

Twiztid

What is it about a serial killa that attracts you?  
And makes this music that you can sharpen an axe to  
Taking you back through a hallway to a black room  
No walls or ceilings, just doorways to pass through  
You choose, chainsaws are always nice  
But razorblades and knives are way more precise  
When it comes to cutting, this shit here is an art  
And we finish what we start, that's what separates us apart  
From other motherfuckers, not saying no names  
But them other motherfuckers (Ain't family)  
And they say I'm sick, too sick  
Well how sick do you get?  
When you see a chest without a butcher knife buried in it  
Wait a minute, give me an axe  
I want to smash your ribcage in half  
For every time you laugh on our behalf  
Will you let me another chance to redefine?  
The mind of a serial killa

Serial killa  
K I double L A  
Fruit looped out of my mind like Godzilla (Kill)  
Serial killa (Killa, Killa)  
Torture and destroy (Killa, Killa)  
Serial killa (Killa, Killa)

Could it be the blood? Maybe it's the blood you like  
Or maybe it's my blatant disregard for life  
Most people are afraid to deny it  
But not me though  
I keep it old school like a mink coat  
Rusty blade, at least twelve inches  
With the tipped cracked off from stabbing to many bitches  
I'm digging ditches with a mental mind state  
Just slit up and get vicious within a dark place  
Throw ya mercy on the head of my axe  
And pray to God I don't split you in half like train tracks  
I can't control it, so I just put it in my music  
And hopefully other killas can use it  
Don't confuse it with the same old game  
Cause the shit that I kick could put a glitch in your mainframe  
Wicked to the bone I am  
And you can meet me in the dark if you think I'm playing, what!

Who's the real killa?  
Who's the motherfucka ya love and I hate  
But in the mist will fuck with real millas  
Trust ya bitch, we'll jock, you'll trip  
We'll shock with pistol cocked (This the shit to knock)  
Who am I?  
Amerikilla, gorilla, the Juggalizzle my nizzle  
With Psychopathic I'm rapping, we set to gangrene  
Killa killa, the realla, banana fanna I feela  
Nigga with a millimeter with the infrared beam

The axe is family, and for the family  
I use the axe to separate your anatomy

Ain't no being mad at me, the shit ain't even worth it  
I said I was a serial killa, not perfect  
It's not my fault that I can't be trusted  
And people like me aren't all disgusted  
Some will slit necks and into skull crushing  
And killing people over next to nothing motherfucker

[Chorus:Repeat x2]