

Children of the Corn

"Paint the Town Red"

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[Chorus]

"Bloodshed I'm painting the town red" Kool G. Rap (8X)

[Verse]

Yo, you're fucking with a well known felon
I'll do more then just leave you swellin
I'll blast you in your melon and leave you smellin
Take off the safety and incert the clip
Then I start to flip, bust off like dicks inside porno flicks
Under my tongue is where my blade rest
My 12 guage stress is even more scarier then an Aids
test
You know my steelo, I stay on the D-low
Murdering negros, with double four desert eagles
The juice from my cerebral, is lethal
Bloodshed outta be illegal, evil like Kanevil
Cause I get physical like a contact sport
I'm nasty like a crackhead in spandex shorts
All sorts of niggaz dream about taking mine
But if they do they get their faces stitched up just like
Frankenstein
Don't cross the line if you afraid of the guage
I smell the pussy see the bitch running down your leg
nigga

[Talking]

Yo let this niggaz know
'95 we painting the whole fucking town red
These bitch ass niggaz been saying you can't go solo
Let these niggaz know what time it is
Take it to their fucking faces kid

[Chorus]

"Bloodshed I'm painting the town red" Kool G. Rap (8X)

[Verse]

I got a bullet vest, niggaz that fes'
I'm on some new stress, walk around with a smith west
Giving heart tests, I'm heartless
On some ill shit, I'm out to spark shit
You wanana stay alive then money don't get on my

spark list

Damn right Blood's a murderer, I don't play I fucking
slay

Fuck around and get your brains blown like JFK

Lee Harvey that's my idol, all about survival

My gat leaves niggaz more holy than the fucking Bible

Aiyoo it gets worse I spark at church

I'm the type to make your grandmother grab her
fucking purse

My life is fucked up, worse than that my life's a stress
world

Even the fresh girls get sprayed up like S-curly

I assassinate I was brought up by the ways of a tec

A nine, a gat, a Glock is all I need to catch wreck

Bloodshed a Buddha head, known for flipping when I'm
trippin'

I put the fucking clip in and I'm leaving niggaz drippin'

A mad man a public nuisance, I'm like a heart threat

Leave niggaz slain on the train like Bernard Goetz

A murderer fucking with me, you must got problems

I'll make you wish your pops would've used a fucking
condom

Eyes is chinky like an oriental, far from gentle

I guess I'm just fucked up in the mental

I leave bullet scars fuck using a knife

Buck a twice, take your life plus your after life

[Chorus]

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[Verse]

Murder astrologist, peep the final analysis

Thicker than mud, dealing with Blood like dialysis

Bloodshed is the opposite of painless

I'll rip your anus out of the frame with what ya came
with

In a hurry, word to Keith Murray, "I Get In Ya"

And if you don't know let me tell you what I can bring ya

Press your heart with the 4-4, out of my dresser drawer

Under my draws, next to nude photos of that Vanessa
whore

You can't stop me, I got the force to floor Rocky

And then I'll rip his face just like an autopsy

Nuff said, Bloodshed, The man who be tearing it

Evil like Medusa on her period

Chewing Mcs like a spirit

Cause I'm a stone short of pyramid

Wicked like witch crafts experiments

How could you think that you could beat me

Think that you can defeat me

Malcolm X would eat pork before you eat me

[Chorus]

"Bloodshed I'm painting the town red" Kool G. Rap (8X)

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