

## Mr. Hyde f/ Little Britney

### "Say My Name"

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\*sample\*

Mommy mommy mommy!

What honey? What's the matter?

I had a bad dream

About what sweetie?

It's Mr. Hyde, Mr. Hyde is coming

[Little Britney]

Hyde Hyde Mr. Hyde everybody in the room has died  
{\*4X\*}

[Mr. Hyde]

Walking war minded with the echoes doused in blood  
From stretching out your lungs mega penetrate my  
guns

So I keep 'em concealed I'll leave you leakin for real  
The mother fuckin devil kid grim reaper with steel  
Yo the sickos on reserve load the clip up with my word  
I spit til you're disturbed verbs ticklin your nerves  
Cock back the hammer in the center with gore shot  
Fouly droppin newborns on top of their soft spots  
Quick vagina soars rippin out your spinal chords  
You got gashes on your boards but you're dead like  
dinosaurs

Hand cuff you to the bed the drama's seeming  
sickening

Leave you faggots dead just like Jeffery Dahmer's  
victims

Pissin in your mouth you got an obscene smile  
Your teeth are shinin yellow like that retard from Green  
Mile

Slice your wrists with the box cutter like this  
Another sly bitch with the butterfly stitch  
Born to hate your par so you catch a gapin scar  
A wide open wound you can't close with staplers  
Or a needle and thread this beat is leaving you dead  
I blow a shot through the top now I can see through

your head

[Little Britney]

Hyde Hyde Mr. Hyde everybody in the room has died

{\*4X\*}

[Mr. Hyde]

My squad will bust through in herds bitch let me remind  
you

You're coughin your tonsils with my elephant shrapnel

Destined to stomp you stuff your face in the mud

Never waist no slugs that's why I pace with the jud

Guns will point at blank range I'm pointin pistols for

brains

Put you splattered like paint your whole anatomy faints

Stuffed like Latter Day Saints that don't know how to be  
quaint

It's assault robbery or a battery rape

Peep the tragedy shake and the pin dropping silence

You shot with the 9 inch for stoppin the violence

Do you a slight favor before you're mortified

Cut you with the light saber and wound your quarter  
eyes

Ain't nowhere to hide from my gruesome legacy

It's hard to flea while you bleed cause you're losing  
energy

Foul like sexual harassin blast you with the mack 10

Violent homicide the intellectual assassin

Drill saws and tools fill the gore slaughter you

Drown you in a water pool now your breath bubbles rise

Trash troubles lies but see I'm the one who ends em

Deatha and disguise with the leatherface resemblance

[Little Britney]

Hyde Hyde Mr. Hyde everybody in the room has died

{\*4X\*}

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