

Ghostface Killah "Murder Spree"

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Feat. Adrian Younge, Inspectah Deck, U-God, Masta Killa & Killa Sin

[Verse 1: Ghostface Killah]

Yo, there's a dozen ways to die, six million ways to do it
Let's go through it, my mind flow like fluid
Torture, chop your legs off, thrown off the boat
Guillotine, nigga, one chop to the throat
Suffocation, saran wrapping your face
Buried alive, throw a few nails in the case
Manslaughter, eight degrees of separation
Leave your body chopped up in a piece, that's
mutilation

[Verse 2: Inspectah Deck]

Six million ways to die, cyanide in your drink
Catch a Cuban necktie for your mink
Domo style, cut up and stuffed in the fridge
And maybe washed up and show around thunder the
bridge
Hit him with the whip, drag him half a block
Machete or the sock full of padlocks
Chainsaw, switch your medication
Stomp a nigga out til he one with the pavement

[Verse 3: Masta Killa]

Torture, he's gruely peaking at the meeting
Suspicious of him being a rat, even worse than
cheating
I'm cold reaking of ice picks, scratch and sticks and
closed fists
Brassknuckle still toe kicks
Crack ribs, punch your lungs, hard weaving
He's gasping and wheezing for air, his breath he can't
catch
He clinches the shirt on his chest
In a dying effort to reveal his last will before he was
killed

[Verse 4: U-God]

First thing first, I chopped their head to their fingertips
Butcher knife your torso, chop off your ligaments
Make sure it's legitimate, conceal all my fingerprints
Chop, chop your body up quick then get rid of it
A hole in the desert, body bag, just ..

Your miss was a snitch too? Shotgun killed the bitch
Leave you in the wilderness, suffocated and scarred
up
Your brother want more too, blow his fucking car up
[Verse 5: Killa Sin]
Remember homicide city, murder mystery efficiently
Delete your fucking history broke bone, missing teeth
Throw bones memory, brings on the triple beam
All topped and chopped up, my luck is a Mr Clean
Clorax and .. steam sterilized the whole scene
Photograph your death so I can spread it to your whole
team
I won't leave a trace of evidence for the case
It's sinister to finish it, hid with the man with no face
[Verse 6: Masta Killa]
Red wine and pink pill
Unknowingly that this would be his last meal
Cut the voice, made the field, six inch stiletto heel
Kept his refills filled
Til he like s kept him still for the real deal
Hitman from Brooklyn, Tommy gun specialist
â€ sipped cavasier at the bar then waited till she lit a
cigar
Then sprayed
Them shatter wine glass he layed, he never saw it
coming
[Verse 7: Ghostface Killah]
Yo, murder one, bullets went fast through the flesh
I cocked the sawed off shotty, put a hole in your chest
Blow your lungs out, I've seen you been smoking for
years
You got no heart, I'll hunt you down like Cape Fear
Push your brains out the back of your head, blow off
your hands
Leave your body in a dumpster, head in the trashcan
Cell catchin scene look clean as a whistle
Ghost carved to your skin tissue til your bone grizzle

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