

Hippos

"Murder '93"

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MURDER, MURDER, MURDER
KILL, KILL, KILL
murder, murder hehehehe, murder

MURDER, MURDER, MURDER
KILL, KILL, KILL
"At first I harass them, then I murder them" (X 2)

Last night a bitch bust my crib and found a carcass
Tried to press charges
But I walked free regardless
Like, Tony Montana
My trigger finger got stamina
You mess around and I'll BLAM BLAM in ya
Ramming your body parts down the cindering slots
I'm chopping your off then drop your pieces off a
rooftop
Re-animator
Creator of the murder data
The Terminator
I murder, then I see you later
Living dead, stomping the streets of Brooklyn like a
zombie
I come to eat your brain like a piece of salami
Contaminate you like a biohazard
Because I'm a sick bastard
2000 maniacs call me master
And they obey everything I say, no question
Suicide, plus more confession maintain aggression
Mr. Ill Bill brings your body to the blood feast
I'm the piece of corps condemned great tooled priest
Bodies, on top of bodies I instigate mutilation
Under federal investigations
Kathy Pears disappeared like all the children
2000 maniacs locked in my building

[Chorus X 2]

I get hyper with a butcher knife and a hash pipe
But pack with parts all my brain cells apart
Assorted body parts I'm starting to stab and chop up

Cover the floor with plasma, then I mop up
Unless I get dressed to kill when I spill
you guts,
Ill Bill the butcher ghost doesn't do manorial
Chop chop then pop, with the glock
go get my clip, then flip and pop pop pop pop
goes my gat
I'm flipping psychopathic spastic drastic
nuclear plastic putting people to caskets
All of a sacrifice
I'm gentle like Charles Manson
Crematoria people sleeps in a glancing
Ashes burnt, ?-----?
undead, humanoid end of the sent a laving
Like leukaemia, fights chemo therapy
The brain cancer, extravaganza
directs me, infects me
condemns me to the Brooklyn floors
Like price my pounce are stripes two heads like spikes
make nice, nice since I got a nadge to grind
I blind kids by poking out their eyes with my knives
So, die, die, die, drop dead, die
you painted my face, popsicles to my brain
Bronchitis, septic virus, verbal colitis
bottom strides
girls get on top of guys
beyond the graves, slash in a bloodbath
Bubble, bubble toys bring trouble
zombies arrive, and you'll all be adopted
strapped with gats so - step - BACK

[Chorus]

I been twisting fresh hits and grotesque torsions
I use a chainsaw, when I'm performing an abortion
I stack up bodies so back up , before I make my hatchet
hack up,
and use your lifeblood's to grease the track up
I grab you then I stab you in the skull with a scalpel
Make your brain madder flatter and some part of
rather doubtful
Blood everywhere and your hardly even breathing
I kick you to the face and make the flat line even
there's no tomorrow I'm the hardest stir of sorrow
Beyond the gates and wait backwards like Bizarro
Bizarre, strange, got maggots in my brains
Faggots roll down the hill and burn, burn in the FLAMES

[Chorus X2]

