

**IDA****"The Soundtrack"**

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This is the soundtrack to kill your stepfather  
Leave the faggot unconscious and douse him in  
Goldschlager  
Light the match, now kick him till he holler  
Kick him harder, he only had forty dollars  
Jump in your moms whip your face dripping  
Leave the tabs alone, no such thing as safe tripping  
Bumps of K help explain what's inside you  
Look in the rear-view, he's still dragging behind you  
Pull it over, you skidded off half his shoulder  
Pouring rain you can still smell the blood odour  
Think of all the shit he put your mom through  
He's half dead, it's already starting to calm you  
Tell him to bite the curb then kick till it's heard  
Read the papers nerd, stepfather massacred  
Start to laugh, you know it's alright  
Cause when they questioned your moms you was  
sleeping all night

Three in the chest, I saw him drop  
The only time that I ever called him pop  
Two in his back while he's dead on the ground  
One more in the head because he made a little sound  
Ran out of bullets so I used the blade  
Wear rubber gloves cause he might have AIDS  
Better call home because I'll be late for supper  
Sorry mom, I just killed this mother fucker

Cut school cause you like fuck school  
Mom fuck you, I'll throw you into a truck too  
Keep my drugs, I can sneak in more  
Let's all go rob my stepfather's sneaker store  
I got the codes and plus the new shocks in  
Nobody's watching so jail ain't an option  
Fuck trust, tried to kill my family twice  
Stupid mother fuckers trying to raise an anti-christ  
I steal from the bitch that shit me in the ditch  
And plot the death of the fag that said he'd make her  
rich  
In dish washing gloves, anger starts to flood  
At gun point, got mom wrapping the carcass up

See through stab wounds, a barbeque at dad's tomb  
Barbeque chicken, I can tell mom is glad too  
Meet you in the car, rolled the haze  
Rubbing my full stomach while I pissed on his grave

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Put me on a pins petition, man listen  
My mom might slip in your blood and die in the kitchen  
My hands itching to push the blade then my fist in  
Pop out your back knocking your spine out of position  
Parts missing while they scoop you off the ground  
The class clown ready to pull the mask down  
Empty the gun, then it's time to reload  
Mapping out his murder, pissing for my P.O  
Get home, he's on the couch running his mouth  
Walked up to him and put his own gun in his mouth  
His mouth painted the wall, he's still standing waiting  
to fall  
Heard a car pull up, I should've stayed at the mall  
But I'm sick of getting treated like a god damn step  
child

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