

## J Church "The Versace Killer"

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You're safe in your home,  
You're safe yet all alone,  
Violence transcends your bank account,  
You crawl, you beg,  
You're climbing up my leg,  
Mercy comes in most finite amounts

Standing in Miami with a \$100 bill,  
Everybody looks like an easy kill,  
Standing in Miami with a \$100 bill,  
When I run, I'm caught standing still

You think your life cannot be criticised,  
Your wealth obscures your mortal eyes,  
Your hopes are schemes and every rock star's dreams,  
Are weapons in a war to socialise

Standing in Miami with a \$100 bill,  
Everybody looks like an easy kill,  
Standing in Miami with a \$100 bill,  
When I run, I'm caught standing still

You're safe, secure,  
Well I wouldn't be so sure,  
Violence is neither good nor bad,  
You scream, you shout,  
I turn your insides out,  
This is the last fuck you'll ever have

Standing in Miami with a \$100 bill,  
Everybody looks like an easy kill,  
Standing in Miami with a \$100 bill,  
When I run, I'm caught standing still

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