

Louis Logic

"Visceral Literal"

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[Louis Talking] You son of a bitch.. Grimey fuck.. ..
[Louis Rapping] I hate you from the bottom of my heart
Smart talkin' bitch, rap-pseudo intellectual chit chat You
don't have to ?wear a thought or peer at all? When I
heave a big axe at the back of your neck and head And
tear it off, soft, silly putty bullshit I live to strip the flesh
from off your bones, holmes Homegrown slasher flick,
spill the blood of pacifists Kill your cousin and your
kids, violent, nihilist Stab your weak ass DJ wit' a stylus,
right up in his eyelids Never, never, ever sever ties
Unless it's severing the spine from the nerve-endings
of a clever guy Runnin' from a cop car, clothes soaked
in the blood of pop stars Murdering is not hard! It's only
hard not to murder! 'Cause women just look sexier,
when they're chopped to burger.. Sliced down to size
'til it resembles anorexia What chick wouldn't want a
naked killer standin' next to her? I guess it's just, guess
it's just, probably it's, obvious My hobby is, slayings of
the sloppiest degree! I'm an ominous disease or a gift
from God Eating people is a job, dining on a human
shish kebab With a slob's mannerisms, I'm still wearin'
lunch From yesterday on my shirt, at my Sunday
mornin' brunch Old folks havin' aneurysms, when I hunt
On the news, women found with blunt Objects jammed
up in their cunt We interrupt this broadcast for a special
newsflash Today I stuck a shotgun up this broad's ass
(blam!) Back to you Tom, bad news, reporting live,
Following a serpentine blood trail at the murder scene
Back to your regular program, Of bludgeonin' yuppies
with their cellular phone then Carvin' a grown man,
down to the shape of a child Now find the outline and
save it a while I got a sentiment for dismemberment
And enjoy scrawling letters in blood with poor
penmanship I'm like dismember, disembowel, disavow
Show up at the precinct, and ask is this allowed With a
gouge in my forehead Shaped like a crescent moon
and star And a shirt that says "I kill for Allahu Akbar" So
I'm only doin' God's work Waitin' for some unaware,
under aged chicks outside a concert The monster, who
strikes like clockwork Guerrilla, serial killer, fuckin' stiff
chicks until my cock hurts I'm a terrorist, heavenless,

specialist, pessimist Ever since my dog started sendin'
mixed messages Chicks with big breastsesses, started
turnin' up dead Found on an altar with altered
measurements Effortless precision, sharp knife
management Executed by the champion of killin'
transients *Drums play until end*

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