

Mark Owen

"Murder Kill '03"

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Brand New For 2003
That Murderous Shit

[Chorus]
Murda Murda Murda, Kill Kill Kill
I'm Q-Strange, they say I'm quite ill

[Verse 1]
I'm a basket case, I'm sure your path is demented
All this anger inside needs to be vented
Hey, yo don't be offended, when I slashin' ya face
Im doin' you a favor punk you off to a better place
A nutcase wit a taste for torture
A bloody butcher knife is in my hand ready to slaughter
I oughta get treatment for my sick mind
I saw my therapist Dr. Doom and he said I'm fine
But I'm about to watch you suffer kid
Strap you in a chair and put toothpicks in ya eyelids
Prying them open till you can't sleep for weeks
In ya own fecal matter, is all you can eat
And then for a treat, I might slice ya neck
Or maybe stab ya chest you'll be beggin' for death yes
When I write lyrics I don't need a pen or a pad
I just grab a knife and start to stab
And on my wall in drippin' blood I write my rhymes
I got eyeballs hangin' on my porch like wind chimes
And if you think that's sick, just open my fridge
I got two heads, a torso, and a couple limbs
In my trash bin I fill to the rims
With bloody guts, what the fuck, life is pretty grim
Severed heads scattered all over my lawn like a
cabbage patch
I grab a ax, I kick ya nuts like a hackey sack
And that's a fact, I got the innovation that you lack
A wacky jack in a crappy act, singin' happy raps
But if it's sinister then that's a different story
Fuck keep it real man, I'd rather keep it real gory

[Chorus] - 4X

[Verse 2]

Don't try to understand the sick talk
I'm runnin' down the street with dead babies on a
pitchfork
A bitch talk I don't hesitate to stab her
Then I'll grab her, put her in the trunk of an Impala
Then I take her out, I drag her in the house
The funs about to begin I take my tools out
Now, I put the knife inside her gently drag it down her
tummy
Surprise surprise this ones an expecting mommy
I remove the fetus and I put it in a jar
Pull out some vital organ like the spleen and a heart
I rap it up and put it in a bag so I can take
It to work tomorrow eat it on my lunch break
This is great and the fun is just startin'
I rap intestines, all around my apartment like garland
Look down at the hollow corpse a pretty sight
Kiss her on the cheek now its time to say goodnight
Now who's that sleepin' in my bed
It's a dead body wit no head
Skin is turning gray, starting to decay
Smellin' really bad, but I like it that way
Get under the covers, hug her cuz I love her
First thing in the morning I guess I'll dispose of her
Click on the TV before I go to sleep
The news says two kids have been missing for weeks
If they only knew one was dead floating down the creek
And the other one is in my torture chamber as we
speak
I'm unique and I'm sick abstract in the thoughts in my
head
I'm crazy I wanna see you dead, wanna

[Chorus]

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