

Murs

"I'm Your Idol"

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I'm Your Idol

I rock a pair of butter Nikes
And blood drips on my kicks when the boxcutter strikes
- your flesh
Your skin is tender, it's shredded like it's in a blender
The red drips from your head, in the tint of magenta
You're left gory, cats that be thugging or bugging
if they bring it towards me, reverse it
Take a walk back, rehearse it, think it over, direct it
at someone else that will flip on you and stab you for
respect kid
Your idol, your average psycho, I'll leave you
bludgeoned
I pack a rifle listen up cousin I'll leave you stuffed in - a
coffin
Cut up like diamonds, shut up when I'm rhyming or get
Your mouth blown off don't get me upset
You walking vaginas, talking like miners, you're
spineless
Looking for Necro's, looking for trouble you'll find it
So die quick, you bitches need the Heimlich
From sucking my dick, now drop the recital I'm your
idol
When I rhyme - fuck it, I kick raps like a slime bucket
I kick back getting blown by a dime - suck it
You think whack, while me - my minds rugged
I see it's my time to bludgeon I take a nine and buck it
You suckers, die slowly, respect me like I'm holy, Godly
- the one and only
Hardly able to be played, I'm from BK
I need blades for he-say, she-say, you should be afraid
If you talk shit about me you can't relate
I'm a teacher - I'll beat ya - I got a degree in hate
So kill yourself, before somebody else
Kills you - before you get the chance to, you should be
dealt
The cause of death, by your own flesh
You want to kill yourself now kid? I won't argue with
you, you know best
There's no test I haven't passed

You test me you'll be the past - you'll be a walking
cadaver fast
That's what y

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