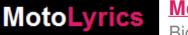
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Murs

"I'm Your Idol"

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l'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 blowed 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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