

## **Phear "Killaz"**

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Here we go again another day of gettin' paid  
ready for the show then ya 'bout to get sprayed-  
(bbdddt!)

me and Trenchmouth are ridin' thru the hood  
wit' the black trucks that bump  
ya in the way ya gonna die (punk)  
grab my axe 'bout to have some fun  
so get prepared to duck and run (shwit)  
comin'out swingin'-bustin'at ya crew  
Lil' Monos the name-bitch i thought you knew  
kidnap you in the day strangle you at night  
I'm a killa bitch thats how I live my life  
i try to stop but i just can't can't quit  
therapist said I'm crazy-so I killed that bitch  
waitin' in an alley- it just got dark  
I see a girlie by herself and I'm bout to stalk  
jump out like a Jack in the box  
choke the bitch to death-and get away from the cops  
people in my attic left for dead  
I hear 'em screamin' (Whaa!) but it's all in my head,  
pacein round the house I'm startin' to go nuts  
There's a girl in the corner and she's all tied up(help  
me)  
tellin' me to help her and to let her go  
but she's been dead for a week  
and I don't know where to put the hoe  
people in my attic I think I'm goin' crazy  
but I love to kill so it don't phaze me

Killa The Pilla, murder is the game.  
The cops don't even know my name  
Killa The Pilla, murder is the game  
I'll peel ya scalp and eat ya brain

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Mass murderers Trenchmouths the name  
havin' fun or killin' it's all the same  
I walk up to my bitch and I kick my game

but I didn't get no play so I ate her fuckin' brain  
I carry an axe - I also carry a Rueger  
I'ma psycho gangsta just like Freddy Luger  
don't let me catch your ass out on devil's night  
cuz I study voodoo and I might take ya life  
I'ma wicked grim reaper and ya know what I pack  
and when I put it to ya chest it comes out ya back  
then I stick my fist in and ya hearts in my hand  
and it's pumpin' blood it's still beatin' man  
and it gushes homes and I drink the red  
then I grab ya little wallet and I steal ya bread  
and ya little gold chain won't be hard to take  
cuz when ya layin' on the floor I'll decapitate

you a fake ass bitch like that punk Fred Dirsts  
so I killed ya hoe too - and I took her little purse  
and I don't give a fucks cuz I takes what I want  
then I'm rollin' in my truck smokin' a blunt  
I hear voices in the night in the strange moonlight  
chainsaw ya scalp and dig ya brains out  
bloodstains on my shirt I gotta wash it out  
no more room in the attic so ya under the house

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I grab my knife and the voices are calling  
one more card and the sky will be falling  
so why not live the way I wanna live  
I'll take ya life - I got nothin' to give  
I don't plan shit cuz I live for the day  
I kill muthafuckaz who got sumthin' to say  
I hate to be the one to rain on your parade  
but I gotta loc - that's the way I am  
I love to see ya face when ya bite the sand  
I got a cicle in my hand and a piece in my belt  
emotions are somethin' that I never felt  
When I touch your head ya brain starts to melt

I was'nt born dead but it came real quick  
I'm sumthin' straight up from a horror flick  
And I'ma be a killa 'till the end of my days  
And I'm neva givin' up on my sexist ways  
I'ma psycho bitch and I told ya so  
All the women are scared cuz I don't front for a hoe  
I just move on murder, death, kill  
I love this shit - it's how I get my thrills  
I just now slaughtered 'bout 80 freeks  
They could'nt put the pieces back together for weeks  
I can't change my ways - when I died I blew it  
So if I wanna take ya life - bitch I'll do it!

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