

## **Red Hot Chili Peppers**

### **"Killing Spree"**

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(At night movin quickly on a new mission)

(When it comes to microphones, I leave my victims  
found slain)

(Killin everybody in sight)

[ VERSE 1 ]

I orchestrate mass murder with a .38  
Shot after shot slugs dive in your chest plate  
I got a news for bitch niggas who hang around me  
For proof look at the dead bodies that lay around me  
You see, I love to see a nigga with his neck slit  
Where the knife exits and bloods squirts from his flesh  
quick  
He's juggin his cut  
He's on the ground huggin his nuts  
Cause he never felt this kinda pain  
Oxygen leaks from your brain  
24 seconds before pin out slain  
Lookin plain, there's no life that remains  
As you regain consciousness  
I kick your asophagus, now you're left lifeless  
As triflin as that seems, I can do much worse  
Imagine the shit I do to see you in a hearse  
When you're hurt, I'm happy as hell  
We can go toes, my gun clappin is swell  
I'm on a killin spree

[ CHORUS ]

Goin from state to state  
With a nickel-plate  
Goin from home to home  
Puttin chrome to domes  
Goin all across America  
Scarin ya  
Cause lyrically  
Myke Miers is on a killin spree

[ VERSE 2 ]

On to the next victim, let's pick him

A white boy in Lexus, let's lick him  
I put the gun to the window, but he don't know  
He's in another world blizzed, bet he sniffin some blow  
So I let off one, see if he would respond  
The shot hit the dashboard and ricoched in his arm  
Got a passion to kill, I'm blastin at will  
Blood splashed on my grill  
Mykill's up close and personal  
My arsenal is equipped to lynch  
Brutalize em all, because I got a blood thirst to quench  
A bloodbath is the only way that I get cleaned  
Bullets pierce your spleen from the M-16  
Or a A.K., no Hollywood style  
I gets away clean with dead bodies for miles  
All smiles turn to frowns when I enter your town  
Cause I puts it down like Berkowitz  
When it comes to murder hits  
Killin spree

[ CHORUS ]

[ VERSE 3 ]

All they found was a bloody hatchet  
And a bloody mattress  
And a slain body of a bloody actress  
First name Sharon, last name Tate  
Was this the work of Manson or Miers? Well wait  
I can take lives, stake knives  
Fuck a A.K. or a nine  
I use Louisville Sluggers  
To blood-jam muthafuckas  
It's not all good  
I'm the rap version of Blair Underwood  
\_Just Cause\_, niggas must pause  
Cause I bust y'all  
My fo' pounder will ground ya  
Got you scared like a bitch when my whole crew  
surround ya  
I'm down to do what it takes to lyrically make  
The industry shake, because I'm finna be great  
Erase ya like Schwarzenegger, stake ya out  
Before I take ya out I duct-tape your mouth  
Sendin niggas south of heaven  
With a Mac-11  
Is y'all feelin me?  
I have the ability to kill MC's  
Killin spree

[ CHORUS ]

(I do not think twice about the MC's I slay)

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