

Stereophonics

"Everyone"

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[Talking]

Killas

Everyone's a killa now-a day

Killas

Let me tell you about some killa shit

Yo, everyone's a killa

The first time killas made an attempt on my life

It was all about some money, it was funny

So I laughed, blood bathed it off

That bastard's soft

Grab my pistol, I'm shootin' missiles

Here's how you can be a super rap star and people try

to kill you too

It's funny like that when you rap about death

The shit really follows you like every other breath

Watch ya step, a thousand black crows fly through the sky

I hear voices in my head, everyone must die

Why? I dunno, shot another rapper wit' the .44

What the fuck fo'?

Deep in my psychosis lives this ferocious monster

That just wants to crush, grab guns, squeeze triggas,
bullets bust

Still can't get enough, what a rush

Blood stains soak the plush

Carpet, oh shit

Brain matter all over the room scattered

Killas don't talk but stalk the streets

I'm a complete cannibal, cookin' ya dead meat

The Seventh Sign, walk da flatline

Forever through time, eternally out my mind

While you keep tryin' to save souls from dyin'

And Hell is still hot and muthafuckas still fryin'

And I ain't lyin' about abortion

'Cuz you can 'KKKill the Fetus' and still hear ya baby
cryin'

(Chorus)

Everyone...must...die (Everyone must die) [8x]

Everyone must die, I have no excuses for mental
abuses
My uzi is useless without the clip in it
Deep inside the darkness I slowly slip in it
Murder by the minute, true confessions of a Smith and
Wesson
Livin' in Detroit all my life caused me to 'Mental Stress'
and
'Panic Attack' and manic depression
Blastin' any assassin, askin' no questions
Murder for hire, my guns won't retire, you'll forever
feel the fire
Your desire to die collides with my obsession to just let
slugs fly
Why must I live like this?
Blood stains on the floor from my slit wrists
Suicidalist, mental poisoner, the flow grows slow into
a dark Lotus
'Dead Flowerz' in the 'Midnight Hour'
All people kill for the powder of power
Whichever comes first before the guns burst
Life independent or the back of a hearse
What's worse than a wicked rhyme I disperse?
Shells from a gun as I yell and curse
Shells from a gun as I yell and curse
The shells from a gun as I yell and curse

(Chorus)

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