

## **Method Man & Redman "Cereal Killer"**

Visit "[Cereal Killer](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Yeah, murda, murda, murda, kill, kill, kill  
Murda, murda, murda, kill, kill, kill  
I'm going to kill

Slowly I turn, step by step through the back window, I  
crept  
Silent as a mouse on a set while everybody in the  
house slept  
I disconnect the phones and the rest find a butcher  
knife  
Cut the power lines to the lights now a nigga wild for  
the night  
I come like the living death, straight from the dirt  
Back to avenge his own death on this earth

Ever heard of Jason, then you know my work  
Down to the basement, the dog get it first  
I can't help myself, my thoughts ain't my own  
The voices in my head just won't leave me alone  
Murda, murda, murda, kill, kill, kill  
Pissing on the car seats, flattenin' the wheels  
So there's no escape from the fate that awaits  
No one to witness the horror taking place

Yeah, now I'm on my way up the stairs  
To the bedroom on my prey unaware  
Heads will be hung from the chimney with care  
With hopes that the police soon will be here  
I'm a killer

Yo, yo  
Fuck knocking, kick the door, evict the four  
Yell out, "It's a stickup, hit the floor"  
You fish cake niggas, stay Lipton off  
Did your mama name you, or Mrs. Paul's  
Battle in session, what's up with it?  
I talk like I walk with a fucked up pivot  
Niggas scream out, "It's just us bitches"  
Don't shoot, out the phone booth

I aim at your party, hit the wrong group, "Happy birth"  
Niggas done snap, runnin' hunch back

Ducking, brick walls, get thumbtacked  
So run laps, for I body you  
Bust out the size, like karate shoes, Doc  
Turn Velcro, when night falls  
Central park joggers, wear bright clothes  
Tae Bo, five flo's lizard, centipede, snake  
I'm a killer, I'm a killer  
This is the sound of a cow

Yo, yo  
I walk on backs like Mr. Bentley, after P P P strips you  
empty  
Gather around, for rapid sound fourth of July was three  
months ago  
Shoulda pad 'em down no one will fold both thumbs  
And eight fingers to square with Joe Young  
Tongue below one, spit dumb, moron  
For white boys to snowboard on  
So whatchu, whatchu, whatchu want?

Chew spearmint gum two double pump  
Two cannons, piece by piece  
Your school get dazed like G by G  
Murda, murda, murda, kill, kill, kill  
Take nuts and screws out ferris wheels  
If you ain't Missy, payin' no bills  
Body, you and supermarket, no thrills

Murda, murda, murda, kill, kill, kill  
Murda, murda, murda, kill, kill, kill

Doc hold my coat, I'm 'bout to go low  
Titanic MC rock the boat meth  
Tone deaf rhyme, microphone sex line  
Next time don't forget the TEC-9 step  
Five digital, context is critical  
Bomb threat these individuals thats on deck  
So you the ill est nigga in Nebraska? Hell naw  
It's the master, number sixteen, party crasher, Flex

I think too much, I drink too much  
My crew don't really give two fucks, about you ducks  
We over here Shaolin', what, spontaneous combust  
When I smoke a bag of dust, what a rush, cigar be the  
dutch  
Method Man and Redman, Starsky and Hutch  
I crush MC's can't trust niggas, niggas can't trust me  
I'm a killer

Cereal, cereal killer  
Cereal, cereal killer

Cereal, cereal killer  
Cereal, cereal killer

Visit [Method Man & Redman](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.