

MF GRIMM**" Gingy "**

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[Sample from "Heat"]

You don't have a truth-telling style
What are you talking about?
You don't know what this is
The Grim Reaper's visiting with you

[Verse 1]

I kill 'em all
I'm indestructible, you can't cause a dent
Tell you what I do and who I represent
See I represent murderers and felony offenders
Weave and buck timeout to get legal tenders
Who won't just hurt you, return you back to sender
You're on the guest list, skip the line
VIP treatment, hit with the nine
Twisted sadistic statistic of crime
Gingerbread rule world, there's no negotiating
Send you a bomb in the mail like Kaczynski
Certain stars in hip-hop are being eliminated
Then they get chopped up, turned into mince meat
Burn them alive, leave clues for the manhunt
So they can chase me, that's what I want
Cause they can't catch me, one step ahead of them
Your favorite hip-hop star Gingy murders them

[Chorus (x8)]

One by one
I kill 'em off

[Verse 2]

Why do I do it?
I'm just addicted
God complex, I hate when they spit shit
So I get rid of them, sometimes it's horrible
Blood all over the studio, terrifying
One freestyled before dying, fucked up crying
Knew I could see right through all his lying
Oxygen is precious, best they leave
Grabbed by the throat, choked until they can't breathe
Something excite me when a rapper can't breathe
Dispose of his body parts then a nigga breathes

Can't stop the urge plus some pay me G's
Call of the wild, I'm about to go on a spree
I'm very rational, plus stay calculating
So when it's time come there'll be no hesitating
Rappers tortured, victims dominate
I crush they spirit and they mic and it's on tape

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

They can talk shit about guns and be brolic
But when I kill them off it's symbolic
Cold blooded, half baked psychopath
Listen to 'em scream, dipped in acid bath
Who live through it?
They don't have a chance
When I hunt it's like I'm in a trance
I hunt emcees, brag that they stars
Torture chamber burnt with sixteen bars
Page from rhyme book sent to the media
Crime so well done, not caught by medium
Legend in own mind, who's gonna appreciate it
One million clap, audience of a schizophrenic
Never apologetic, world needs the truth
Ruthless, bodies found dead in vocal booth
I kill off livers and deadpan
Catch me if you can, I'm the Gingerbread Man

[Chorus]

You're all gonna die
If he dies, he dies
Kill 'em off

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