

Psychopathic Rydas

"Murder Murder Murder"

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[Monoxide Child]

First I plan my escape.
Nothin on papes and live the scene without a trace.
I'm lookin dead in her face.
But she dont see me Im unnoticed.
I head straight to her window for better focus.
Hokus Pokus!
I see the door serve light, I let myself in.
Head full of room with plans of murder and mayhem.
There she go, there that bitch lay.
Livin on this earth to my dismay.
TIME TO PAY!
Palms are sweaty im bout to vomit.
I grabbed the knife outta my belt and jab it in her
stomach.
Again and again, now she's screamin like I care.
But I could give a fuck less before she dies I grab her
by her blood
soaked hair.
And tell her shits gonna be alright on my end.
Im glad it happened this way, back in my daughters life
again.
Aint it a shame?
That it came to this.
Life goes on except for one less bitch.
Aint it trip?

[Chorus x2]

Murder Murder Murder. You never heard of it.
?Bomb in the doors.? Bodies in the hurst.
Now your lifes goin because we wanted you to die.
Time to kiss your ass goodbye!
Dont ask why.

[Jamie Maddrox]

It was Tuesday December 24, 97.
Time on the clock 1:11.
Thinkin bout sendin somebody to heaven.
On the crossroads of faith of a soul lies in my hands.
I suppose, know im wearin dark clothes.
Parked on the sidestreet.
Peepin out the scenery.

Make sure aint nobody seein me.
As I move to the trunk of the stolen car.
Up to the back door with the crowbar.
So far the plans fullproof.
All from the phone booth.
Got the message machine.
Nobody's on the scene.
Kick in the backdoor, 1:34
Lookin for the family dog, thor!
Kicked him in jaw with the workboots.
Knocked a couple teeth loose.
Smacked him in the mouth with my empty duce duce.
Then I smile!
Break his neck and watch him piss on kitchen tile.
Never liked him since the day he try to play me foul.
Tried to bite me, stab a stake knife in his head.
So much for that mans best friend.
Know Im all up in the place in the bedroom masterbatin.
Cumin on the sheets and pillow cases.
Fuck that bitch, shes just a kunt.
And her mother's nothin but a slut.
Cant wait to seal her mouth shut.
2:30 she returns home from work.
Nice blouse, tight shirt.
Business attire.
For this hooker for hire.
Throw the keys on the table said baby are you home.
Didnt expect Bones.
Were alone.
And shes reachin for the telephone, to call the police.
Strangled with the cord, now deceased.
In a process of a suffication.
Being fucked up for demonstration.
Let em till I know im many faces.
Now shes dead in the closet.
Hangin out with all the winter clothes.
In the struggle suffered a bloody nose.
But im straight though.
As I move to the bathroom to wash my hands.
Its all part of the plan.
Dont think you understand, SEE!

[Chorus x1]

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