

Elton John & Millie Jackson**"Revenge!!!"**

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[Louis Logic]

First and foremost, I got to figure out what hurts the
whore most

Before we show up at this nigga's house
We can rip him out the drivers seat, pin him down
Grab the hag and jam a rag in her mouth
Wrap some string around her wrists, and tie her feet
You guys toss her in the back of the van
I'll be smackin' her man with the back of my hand
But that's just half of the plan

I can't believe this fuckin snake used to pass as my fam
Come up and shake my hand like it wasn't fake, damn
You take the van to my cousin's place in the
countryside

Celph and Christian, I want you guys to help me lump
this guy

We'll beat his ass within half an inch of his life
and fuck him up, just enough to make his mother cry
Then we'll leave the punk beside town square
Tied to a street pole, so people see his lump behind out
bare

We'll come and ride out where this slutty flirt leads to
Strip her down to her birthday suit

Last but not least, drive inside a farm or couch
Chillin by the barn and dump her where the heffers
squirt their poop

You got it?

[beat drops]

[whispering plans]

[assorted shouting and fighting noises]

[LL] Alright, enough! Enough!

[CT] Fuck that! Fuck that shit!

[LL] Yo, chill!

[Louis Logic] [new beat]

Holy shit, dude he's bleeding a lot

I ain't no doctor, but he ain't movin, I can't see if he's
breathin or not

[Celph Titled]

Yo nevermind, y'all just need to stop and check his
signs
Feel his neck, and find his pulse, if he dies, we're
gettin time
(Guys, what? We were only supposed to scare him)
Yo shut the fuck up
(The cops are gonna bust us man, his family knows my
parents)
[LL] Oh god, there's no pulse, there's no repairin'
This niggaz dead, I know his mother too, that bitch is
overbearin
I need a cigarette
(Take some fuckin' Nicorette, Lou we killed a guy)
Yo stop sayin that, maybe he's still alive
(Someone try CPR, he'll survive)
[CT] If he's got any blood that's still inside
[LL] Both of you shut up, I think I see a car
(What do we do?!)
[CT] We'll get some plastic bags and duct tape
Cut 'em up, package him, dig a hole and leave this
faggot upstate
(Oh that's just great, we're all gonna end up in a cell)
Or in the chair, you whiny bitch, but you'll love it in hell
[LL] Come on you assholes, this isn't helpin
Christ, he fuckin stinks
He dumped on himself, this nigga's smellin
[CT] That's what happens when you split your melon
Give me the switchblade from the trunk
We'll make two stitches fit his well and a ditch made for
just one
(We're fuckin triple felons)
[LL] Quit your yellin, help me wrap the arms up
We got to get this job done before any more cars come
We'll go meet up with Arson and take care of the bitch
Giftwrapped in a sinsack and dump the pair in a ditch

[sirens and police officer on radio]
Uhh, dispatch this is Car 51
possible 1-8-7 suspects loading bags shaped like body
parts in a trunk

(Yo it's the fuckin' cops)
[LL] I told you assholes a cars gonna come
[CT] Hey yo it looks now, let's go before they start with
the guns

[officer]
This is Car 51 requesting backup, we are in pursuit
of three suspects in a gold Honda Accord
PA license plate... Bravo David Sally 81 28
Possible 187, repeat possible 187, requesting backup

[beat drops, more sirens and helicopters] [new beat]

[Louis Logic as Police Officer]

Come on out, we got the area surrounded
With SWAT teams around it and you're going downtown
kid

[Louis Logic]

Sit down bitch, we ain't goin no place
Move again, I'll slash your whole face off with this cold
blade

[PO] No wait, it's time to go home son, where you goin
with this?

[LL] Son? Eat a dick copper, no one needs to know my
business

Just get a chopper and lots of money, before I chop this
honey's head off

It's too late when the scene has gotten bloody

[PO] Yo stop this funny stuff

[LL] Fuck you, and bring a case of beer

A lager, and don't bother tryin to make me wait for
years

I got a taste for smearin' blood, plus I need a pack of
smokes

So we don't slaughter, hold the pigs or I'ma slash your
throat

Stop screamin, bitch, I'll give you somethin to cry about

[PO] Snipers, that's a go, he dropped his weapon, FIRE
NOW (gunshots)

Affirmative, target hit, he's on the ground lyin' down
SWAT Team move in, sargeant turn those sirens down

[random sample until fade]

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