

Glover Roger

"One For the Butcher Knife"

Visit "[One For the Butcher Knife](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Hook]

One for the butcher knife, two for the glock!
(You can't kill me, cause I'm already dead)

[Necro]

Peep my little friend his name is M one six
I got the butcher, knife, to cut your fuckin' heart out for
kicks
I'm on a killing spree, like a nigga named Manson
Write a rhyme on your grave kid, it's where I'll be
dancin'
The cha cha, you try to flex and I shot ya
Ten to the head, and now you're motherfuckin' brain
dead
Mad moonies need mad clips
I got more rubber in my glock than artificial hips
So now you're dead kid
Cause you fuckin' bled kid
Every time I shot you in your motherfuckin' head kid
When you call my suicidal hotline
I'll tell you to blow your fuckin' brains out with a tek-9
Blowin' off your lips is somethin' I promote
So light up an M-80 and shove it down your fuckin'
throat
The rougher, the more you suffer, I'm the messiah
My rhymes are thicker, than the afro on Richard Pryer
So fuck, fuck fuck fuck
If you step to the corpse than your goin' to catch a buck
You stupid fuck
Check out the way to beat grooves
They call me horny, cause I fuck anything that moves
My fucked up rhymes are sure to offend ya
So I'll drive over your body like the niggaz from toxic
avenger
Rip out your brain through your nose
And when a girl comes over I got a whole selection of
dildos
So die motherfucker die
And don't ask me why punks get bruised up like Soleil
Moonfry
I rock a house party like Molile

And I fucked a dead corpse to techno, cause I'm a
necrophile
So if you're warm ca-ca, get with this
If not i'll bust out my dick, and piss in your esophagus
I drank a blood donor's deposit
Now Moony's out like a fagget that just came out of the
fuckin' closet

[Hook]

One for the butcher knife, two for the glock!
(You can't kill me, cause I'm already dead)

[Goretex]

Check one, two, I got clout like a mortician
I got more fresh body parts than Dama's kitchen
A lime to a lemon, a lemon to a lime
I rock a dead nigga skin every time I drop my rhyme
The storm troopers in death gear, that's how it flows
No one knows, I want your money and your clothes
I stink like sex, I rob bitches welfare checks
And I rob more cribs than Malcolm X
Yes it's the butcher with more Dick than Clark
I love to bash bitches on the head in central park
Position, sicko, infamous junkie
A tek-9 connected to my spine shows I'm funky
The fridge is filled with fresh killed body parts
The niggaz who dissed me, the bitches who broke my
heart
Now I'm mista murder
The dildo inserter
Baptized in blood I'm the celebrate converter
Ain't misbehaven
Sick like Wes Craven
I'll open your mom's legs, vagina's unshaven
Bitin' the heads off gocks like Ozzy Osborne
Dead celebrities, with the Children of the Corn
The butcher block glock rock scream until you die
Goretex put me in the chair till I fry

[Hook]

One for the butcher knife, two for the glock!
(You can't kill me, cause I'm already dead)

[Ill Bill]

The official distorted body parts chop-a-chops your
body
Piece by mothafuckin' piece
Then I study the anatomical breakdown of the human
physique
The blood suckin freaks speaks then you drop the sea
Need I say more? Maybe I do these days

I be grabbin up my glock whenever me and my crew
Step into a nigga pullin' the trigger in this area
Territories all occupied by hysteria
And it gets scarier by the minute
Cause I got niggaz screamin' just like a bitch at the
abortion clinic
Damned if I do, damned if I don't
I'll fuck a pregnant bitch up her ass after I slit her throat
And throw her body off of the roof top
Chop chop, then drop pieces, dead celebrities releases
The mostest grossest, sicker than multiple cirrhoses
Mumbo jumbo, even your brain's hopeless
Cause there's no hope when the camouflage is comin'
at ya to get ya
food faced mask and two boots, the fracture
Your fucking face takes my size twelve
Mr. Ill Bill is coming straight from hell
To fuck up a felon no turning back, my gat crack
With hollow tips my tek rips then flips my stack, a fuckin
rap
After the blood spoke I smoke another
After I step up your pops I fuck your mother
Yeah, I'll hit the fuckin' puss with my penis
More fractured a chump drop adidas when my meat
hits
Between, butt cheeks, titties, and cock lips
My cock sticks gross
After my jizm jumps that's all she wrote
Cause I'm fuckin detected from the puss to my rectum
Eye sockets to ear drums a deviated septum
Pull out the glock shoot the bitch with my glock
Collect my props, then Bill's out like acid rock

[Hook]

One for the butcher knife, two for the glock!
(You can't kill me, cause I'm already dead)

Visit [Glover Roger](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.