

Lyrics by Cake

"Serial Killa"

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[Jamie Maddrox]

What is it about a serial killer that attracts you?
And makes this music that you can sharpen an axe to?
Takin' you back through, a hallway to a black room
No walls or ceilings, just doorways to pass through
You choose, chainsaws are always nice
But razor blades and knives are way more presice
When it comes to cuttin', this shit here is an art
And we finish what we start, that's what seperates us
apart
From other motherfuckers, not sayin' no names
But them other motherfuckers (Dayton Family!!)
And they say I'm sick, too sick, well how sick do you get
When you see a chest without a butcher knife buried in
it
Wait a minute, gimme an axe, I wanna slash your
ribcage in half
For every time you laugh, on our behalf, will ya
Let me get another chance to redefine the mind of a
serial killer

[Hook X2]

Serial Killa!!
K-I-Double L-A!!!
Oop oop outta my mind like Godzilla!
Killa killa (SERIAL KILLA!) Killa killa
Killa killa (SERIAL KILLA!) Killa killa

[Monoxide Child]

Could it be the blood? Maybe it's the blood ya like?
Or maybe it's my blatant disregard for life
Most people are afraid of the night, but not me though
I keep it old school like Kemeco
Rusty blade, at least twelve inches
With the tip cracked off, I stab at you mini bitches
I'm diggin' ditches with a mental mind state
To just nut up and get vicious when in a dark place
Throw your mercy on the head of my axe
And pray to God I don't slit you in half like train tracks
I can't control it, so I just put it in my music
And hopefully other killers can use it

Don't confuse it with the same old game
'Cause the shit that I kick could put a glitch in your
mainframe
Wicked to the bone I am, and you can meet me in the
dark if you think I'm playin', whut!?

[Hook]

[Tech N9ne]
Who's the real killer?
Who's the motherfucker you're lovin' to hate but in the
midst to fuck with (?????)
Trust your bitch, we'll jock your trip, we'll shock your
pistol, cock!
This is the shit to knock!!! (Who am I!?)
Ameria-kill, gorilla, the jukka-lizzle my nizzle
With Psychopathic I'm rappin' we set the game free
(Who am I?!)
Killa killa the reala, bo-nana-fana-I-feela-nigga with a
milla-meter with the infared beam!

[Jamie Maddrox]
The axe is family, and for the family I use the axe to
seperate your anatomy
Ain't no bein' mad at me, the shit ain't even worth it
I said I was a serial killer, not perfect
It's not my fault that I can't be trusted
And people like me aren't all disgusted
Some are sittin' next to the skull crushin'
And killin' people over next to nothin', motherfucker

[Hook]

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