

# Killin My Soul (feat. Hopsin & Jon Connor)

## Jarren Benton

I was conceived in Dracula's lair  
I'm cracking a hater upside his fucking head with the back of a chair  
His feet leaps back in the air  
I rip the fur off the back of a bear  
The blade's precise I could chop off a patch of his hair  
Bitch I am a god, riding on the fucking handle bars  
Black BMX, AR15 tear you and your man apart  
Going like Tony Montana, they poppin' them hammers, I fall off the banister  
Gargantuan, keep your favourite rappers body parts in a canister  
Fuck anybody that doubted me, ever looked down on me  
Where the fuck where you? Now you're so proud of me  
I've been on a grind, bitch I don't know how to sleep  
My crew sick to a crucifix  
Smoking kush through a hookah stick  
Bite the bullet when the ruger spit  
Fuck rap, bitch I'm through with it  
Niggas know when I was born to ball  
Light a stick of dynamite "tick, tick" bang and die right in front of ya'll  
I'm done with living  
Satan I'll be there in a minute  
How the fuck you boxing with god bitch when your arms are missing  
No religion but my mom's a christian  
I had her tripping when she found my porn subscription  
I'm on some different shit  
And expensive whips with a different bitch  
I rip your fucking lungs out with a plumber's wrench  
I don't know a nigga living in his right mind that could probably stop me  
Nigga shook like a young bitch in a room, fucking Bill Cosby  
Mach five, nigga high speed, in his face watch his eyes bleed  
Full the plug from the life support and the IV's, nigga try me  
Came from the dirt, thank god all the pain it was worth  
Thinking my name was cursed, I couldn't get on, I felt so ashamed and hurt  
I eat up everything until the fucking reaper gets me  
We in this bitch but I still feel depressed and empty  
The game's got me in a venomous zone  
It's killing my hope, I don't even feel it no mo'  
Sometimes I say fuck this shit but I ain't willing to go  
Stealing my soul, there's reasons I can't leave it alone (fo so)  
My legacy I gotta leave it in stone (you know)  
If these other niggas did it we getting on (lets go)  
These weak niggas straight up killing my soul  
That's why I don't even feel it no mo'

I ain't vibing to it  
From the moment my pen hit the page  
My vision was getting on stage  
Dreaming about it, they told me that this was a phase  
You getting to big for your britches, remember your age  
Huh? What the fuck that mean?  
Tell 'em doubt me they be reading 'bout me  
All this passion you would have to beat it out me  
And they said I would never leave my county  
Kill that noise, I couldn't let them breath around me  
All I could ever see is drowning  
All I could ever see is drowning  
All I could ever see is drowning  
Now that ain't no problem but nothing but sharks  
I rob 'em, I never needed no help  
I should dealt with the fuck I felt  
Fuck drowning, I became a shark myself  
Momma said keep your head up  
My nigga said keep your head up  
You hating niggas went head up  
I ain't get fed so I'm fed up  
Get some was a proud day for every chick I got head from  
I hope you follow, I'm drunk with power like it's creatine in this red cup  
Lose it, now fuse it  
It's useless like using a toothpick as a pool stick  
Somebody hating, give two shits  
Just make music till I got hot like when it's humid in Houston  
Fuck, truth is I don't even know why I do this  
I done came so far but I still feel lost and about to lose it  
As of lately my fire's been lower  
Dizzy Wright said I might  
Need to put a light to some weed to get my mind to tremble  
But that ain't me so I'm digging real deep to write this shit  
Yo I'm at five percent  
I hope my career does not die in limbo  
I wake up just praying my fuse is lit  
Cause I don't get hyped like I used to get  
Back when I would hop in the booth and spit  
I'm too immune to this  
Stuck in my thoughts, am I a lunatic? (fuck)  
Fuck this music shit, what is Hopsin? I don't know who it is  
I do give bitches spontaneous hunger  
And when I do there's a cloud of raining and thunder  
That you'd hate to get under  
And when that happens ain't no place to get comfort  
I'm late for the monster, you may be a goner  
I put listeners in the craziest slumber  
A note to peasants, my vocal presence  
Is so perfect that fans get so obsessive  
And cry to my shit but don't confess it

When I'm in my zone you feel that power and passion  
My godly words can speak louder than action  
And don't forget it nigga  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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