

# Kill Em

## Reks

Yeah Murder he wrote I kill em kill em kill em  
Murder he wrote I kill em kill em kill em  
Kill em 'til they're dead  
Got a murderous plot that I jotted on my journal it is hot  
There is much I can learn you  
I'mma murder murder rap  
Murder he wrote I kill em 'til they're dead  
Off with these rappers' heads  
Termanology dead, Skyzoo dead  
Slaughterhouse talkin bout how my eyes see red  
Why live let them die I kill em willing  
Try feeling sympathetic for Blu  
Like poor Blu, Poor you, cup of acid  
Drink splashes think as if killing rappers is so fantastic  
Statik hurry let's get this track mastered fast kid  
Murder he wrote leaving they throat slashes  
Mad sick, I fuckin hate dope rappers  
If you ain't made it big I'm killin you, ridicule  
Anyone without whips and bitches in they videos  
Little Brother dead, Elzhi dead  
Slaughterhouse talkin bout how my eyes see red  
I is sick in the brain, R.E. cocaine kid  
Had a talk with my conscience my conscience said  
"Reks kill em kill em kill em"  
Hello, Torae what's in your double barrel?  
Please don't shoot first  
I have to reload to blast you  
Raps'll make me so unpopular  
I wonder if Jean Grae will let me sit on top of her  
Strangle life out of her  
I've got some songs I  
Really like to play for you  
Amazing tunes, in em I'm talking about blazin dudes  
JFK dead, Brother Ali dead  
Slaughterhouse talkin bout how my eyes see red  
I am so fed up with the underground rap shit  
Here Statik help me put Poison Pen in this casket  
Krumsnatcha don't be dramatic  
I gotta light these matches  
To burn your body into ashes  
How do I blast this murder he wrote for the masses  
Bye bye Jay Electronica see you on the other side

I'mma kill my own crew, Chi Knocks and Lucky Dice  
Cali dead, John Hope dead  
Slaughterhouse talkin bout how my eyes see red  
See I came up with this record  
For rappers who neglected  
Don't take it as hate  
Cause they love it when you dead kid  
Head is deranged, sick and insane  
Gargle this bleach, target is me  
Lower bullets and aim  
Now you're all dead and Reks dead  
Slaughterhouse talkin bout how my eyes see red  
I could swallow these pills  
And sleep on the way to heaven  
Make my child a bastard on the way to hell  
I told you Papa didn't preach good lovin  
So I learned to hate from a well  
The industry we now know don't got room for creativity  
Murder he wrote gon' make history

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>