

I've been known for poppin tha trunk and pull out a chainsaw  
Yeah, I've been known for poppin a punk and then eat his brains  
raw

I've been up to no fuckin good and I'm bout to get worse  
So go put on your Sunday best I'm comin with the hearse  
And I'm stacking bodies till the Gods notice  
Twin Desert Eagles and a shotty and they are loaded  
I carved a cross in every bullet then I said a hex  
The way it hits ya will determine where ya headed next  
Heaven or hell...

I've got blood on my hands and I love it so much I think I'll do it again

I'm a homicidal psycho two barrels unload  
Gun powder in my eyes and your head explodes  
Murder, murder, it's all they wrote  
I am the devil and I'm here to do the devil's work  
Murder, murder, it's all I know  
With a Kel-Tec and a shovel I return ya to the dirt

Gettin even I believe in incantations summon demons  
Strap them up with mac 11s Heathen king I'm leading legions  
I'm worse than Neegan I ain't leavin till no one is breathin  
My veins are ice just check the temperature it's fuckin freezin  
Murder I wrote it chapters written in the tears of mothers  
Suffering I tote it I ain't ask for this it's in the numbers  
The son of seven I'm the seventh son of Malachi  
Brought into the world to cleanse the evil that's the alibi  
And I ain't done until these bastards choke to death on ashes  
Every single last one is stuffed inside a fuckin casket  
The depths of hell all the shadows call me Abaddon  
Raised up where those shadows dwell from birth I'm evils Padawan

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