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 itFrom 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
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