Psychopath Killer (feat. Eminem & Yelawolf)

Slaughterhouse

(Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill)
I guess you could consider it poetry, but with me it started out (Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill)with just words, just words. They started looking like puzzle pieces so I started connecting them to each other 'til they started to resemble blank canvases. (Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill). By this time I was an artist so I just started to see these pictures, these real visuals
I'm a psychopath, I'm a killer(I'm a psychopath, I'm a killer
I'm a psychopath, I'm a killer
A psychopath, I'm a killer
A psychopath, I'm a killer)Feelin' it in the air, breathe it in the night
Sayin' I'm a killer
Did you ever think you would come to find?
Maybe in my dreams
I'm a psychopath, I'm never keepin' it plain
Lyrical murder is somethin' I've been about
Ever since I was a little kid, doodlin' in class
Drew a picture of my teacher, bullet in his head, ruler in his ass
With a toilet in front of him, throwin' up, pissed off
Prolly symbolic of this thought, sick tot
To my inner enemy in a rush
I'm havin' nightmares of leavin' behind my dreams
With anything less than a full bank
It's like I'm General Hong, and I'm standin' in front of a gun
I'm puttin' myself in the way of a bullet to pull rank
The hood is over my eyes but the wool ain't
Yeah, got the mentality of bein' with a wizard
Every award show, we don't even get considered
How do you sell somethin' that's so lyrical
To a kid who wouldn't know what was hittin' if it hit him?
Now I wanna talk about these niggas from Detroit
Beef on me and Shady who was thinkin' 'bout Detroit
We put the world onto it so watch how you say "fuck me"
You just might jinx yourself, whoop, your girl gon' do it
Cause I was in that 911 in Chicago, 911 at the same time
I had already been grindin' since '97, that's longevity
And if you think you're lyrically better, you better be a killer
(I'm a psychopath, I'm a killer)
You ain't ever seen a motherfucker get realer
(A psychopath, I'm a killer)
Pull an automatic on anybody sporadic I choose
(A psychopath, I'm a killer)
Cause ain't nobody iller, no one, nobody for realer
(A psychopath, I'm a killer)It's an elite drinker, it's the ringleader

I'm a deep thinker, I'm a street preacher
With a street sweeper full of heat seekers
In your Jeep speakers I'mma keep ringers
I don't need heaters, I got the meat cleaver
Welcome to the slaughterhouse
Niggas try to tell me I spell too much
Capital S to the laugh to the T-E-R
Ho, U-S-E, now go to hell you fucks, word
Making work disappear quick as magic
Abracadabra, the trafficker blacker than Africa
Can you imagine a nigga flipping bread for the blood?
Money like Dracula, hand him some spatula, ask me a question
Am I the best with the flexing?
Fuck yes with the goon talk
I just moonwalk all over the beat then I'm lightin' up the street
CROOKED going Michael Jackson on Thriller
I'm a psychopath, I'm a killerThe thought of retiring
Is makin' me want to set your daughter on fire with a soldering ironing
What up mom, applyin' for the rim job, are you hirin'?
I'm hopin' to fill up your opening
Oh but I know I gotta meet a lot of requirements
First I gotta accept you in the lobby and the aisle and
You've probably already been with all the slaughter and I am in
No mood to be playin' second fiddle, slob on this violin
With no strings attached
I'm just the product of a hostile environment
But bein' brought up so brought up inspired
But I don't know why, it's still like I'm caught up inside a whirlpool
Not an appliance, but applyin' this science, I psychotically rhyme
And it's like stars have aligned all in alliance
Heart of a lion, balls of Goliath
Obscene talkin', the twine like a beanstalk and the vine
But I keep walkin' the line between the wrong and the right
But everything I write seems wrong and it's like
I'm ecstatic at all the static that I can still cause
In the fabric of our modern society
Now Catholics are panicking cause I snapped back to my old antics and shenanigans
Dammit, the Pope's mad again
Probably shouldn't have ran up in the Vatican with that mannequin
Singin' "Bagpipes from Baghdad" again
In my dad's drag draggin' a faggot in a Glad bag
Won't be the last time I make a dramatic entrance like that again
You thought I was lyin' when I said I think that I'm crossin' the line again
I've lost my mind, caution oh God I think I've just thought of another fucking line
Forgive me father, for I have sinned
But hip hop has left me brainwashed with a violent streak
Defiant, now the odds of me tryin' to fuckin' be quiet
Probably gotta be 'bout as high as the Jolly Green Giant
After he's fallen in pollen next to a killer bee hive colony tryin' to sneak by it

While his feet stomp, follow me while I revive rap
I'ma start up a rioting, try to stop it or silence it
You're not gonna, might as well just hit the block in your joggin' attire in
Boston, across the marathon finish line and I
Put your thoughts against mine
Cause the arsenal I have'll scar you for life, worse than Dzhokhar's
And I have a bomb, pliers and barbed wire
Your bars are like Barney Fife with a fucking swiss army knife
A saber that's Darth Vader with arthritis at a bar fight
With the Dark Knight on a dark night with his arms tied up
I'm Dahmer-like when I'm on the mic, I'm not gonna lie
I perform like I'm gonna die at the end of a song so it's hard for the rhyme to end
Like fuck 'em all I'm just ridin
Like I'm locked up inside a shot up Bonnie and Clyde car
Uncle Ronnie is driving, 'bout to burst in through the side door
Of Arkham Asylum and park in the dining room

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