

Killer Mike, Rap Is Dead

Big is dead, Pac is dead
My music's dead, and y'all just scared
{scratched: "I'm Killer Mike, I'm Killer Mike, I'm Killer Mike, I'm Killer Mike"}

Rap is dead, rock is dead
My music's dead, and y'all just scared
(Verse 1: Killer Mike)

Fuck rap, rap's near death, bloated and sick
Too many niggaz still ride, Big and Pac's dick
Fuck that, next year, they more deader
And I write more rhymes, more deadly and more better
Then the last, sick and disturbed verse I wrote
And sell it to tough teenage boys to quote
Some music to madness, let the anger kill the pain and the sadness
Fuck the fag shit, keep it Killer with the rap shit
Hard rock when you rock shit, back to the block freestyle pop lock shit
Back to the basics with the fuck a cop shit
Rock pussies rap on some pop shit, sing like they rap
Soft and frail, these spirits, didn't have the heart to smell
This is no pain, and it's high octane
A bad brain, on Kobain

Lennon is dead, Kurt is dead
My music's dead, and y'all just scared
{scratched: "Killer Mike, who's the man, Killer Mike, who's the man"}

Rap is dead, rock is dead
My music's dead, and y'all just scared
{scratched: "Killer Mike, who's the man, Killer Mike, who's the man"}

(Verse 2: Killer Mike)
God damnit rappers chitter chattar, on any subject matter
But really does the subject really matter
Pass the guns and blood splatter, does anything fuckin' matter
Pass Cristal, pissed off, fuckin' right I'm pissed off
And you a pistol, yo why the fuck do critics (?)
Now wait a second, don't like what I'm saying
Make a record, and I'll be glad when
My music gets mad again, new school Ice Cube
"Fuck you Killer Mike!" Yeah fuck you too
No this ain't yo mama's music
It's a drug if you like it, please abuse it
Here's a cool meth-amphetamine for teens
Nightmares comin', crushing ya fuckin' dreams, ultra-shock
Rap rock, bringin' the bars back to rock and hip-hop
Spit it, venom non-stop

Big is dead, Pac is dead
My music's dead, and y'all just scared
{scratched: "Hip-Hop is, Killer Mike, Hip-Hop is, Killer Mike"}

Rap is dead, rock is dead
My music's dead, and y'all just scared
{scratched: "Hip-Hop is, Killer Mike, Hip-Hop is, Killer Mike"}

(Verse 3: Killer Mike)
Knew it was a bad day when I woke up
N-W-A's gonna raise(?) broke up
Damn prayers ain't move the units that they should've
Rappers on top don't spit like they could've
I pledge allegiance to the hard, core
How I give it to you, hard, raw
Ay, a beautiful site to be seen
There's a mosh pit packed with wild teens
Hangin' onto every word that we spit
Ready to rip, rock, and tear shit
Self-pity's fuckin' up my music man
Whine like a bitch or stand and be a man
There's +Black Sabbath+, I'm smoking in a +Zeppelin+
Pumpin' +Metallica+, hand on my weapon
Fuck you and the bed yo bitch slept in

Killer-Kill keeps it real, hardcore is what I'm reppin'
Big is dead, Pac is dead
My music's dead, and y'all just scared
{scratched: "I run shit, Killer Mike, I run shit, Killer Mike"}
Lennon is dead, Kurt is dead
My music's dead, and y'all just scared
{scratched: "I run shit, Killer Mike, I run shit, Killer Mike"}
Rap is dead, Killer Mike