

# Ren, Murderer

If you catch me alone, you better get out my zone because I'm ready to kill  
I'll sit on my throne made of bodies and bones because I'm mentally ill  
I'm feeling alive, I got the will to survive, so never test my skill  
For goodness sake, man, I'm ready to break, man, murderer  
Homie, it's the way that I get down, rat-tat-tat-tat  
Murderer  
If you see me on the corner of my town, get back-back-back  
Murderer  
Swing for your jaw on the first round, attack, -tack, -tack  
Murderer  
Homie, it's the way that I get down  
Yeah

I was born shameless, fighting out in Brighton with the neighbours  
Brother, ask your mother what my name is  
I was born famous, trendsetter, hot stepper, greatest  
Shocking like a finger in the anus  
I was born wasted, stoned out my brain brother, faded  
Writing catchy syllables, contagious  
I was born courageous, naked and fucking outrageous  
With a microphone, I rock stages  
I jump on the rhythm, a rhyming cyclone  
And I pull excalibur right out the stone  
King punk, the precision it hits like Stallone  
Rocky, keep it cocky, I'll be Al Capone  
I walk alone, sit on the authors throne  
And if you want it, I'll deny it like a mortgage loan  
Your daughter's home, we'll be staying home alone  
Condome the bone and eat it like a Toblerone, bitch

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The bigger they come, the bigger they fall  
The trigger, the gun, I'm clipping them all  
Like eeny-meeny-miny-moe  
I line them up against the wall  
I don't mean metaphorically, lyrical bullets  
I mean actually fucking kill 'em, squeeze the trigger and pull it  
Blood splat, how's it going lad, rhymes are flowing mad  
Trust that I'm a pro at that, seeds are sewing, bad boy  
I'm an addict, volcanic, a mind that's twisted and manic  
The rhymes are gifted, God damn it  
I push the button, we panic  
Breathe, I seize the land sky and the seas, it's easy  
See me freestyle freely  
What, man?  
Yes, I came to rock, man  
Drop it like it's hot, fam  
Wearing clothes from Oxfam, God damn!  
I am a blood-sucking titan from the streets of Brighton  
Hit you with my right-hand, sucker

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Shee  
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