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 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

Condone the bone and eat it like a Toblerone, bitch

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Homie, it's the way that I get down, rat-tat-tat

And if you want it, I'll deny it like a mortgage loan Your daughter's home, we'll be staying home alone

Murderer

If you see me on the corner of my town, get 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

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

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 Homie, it's the-, homie, it's the-