

Razor Blades & Steak Knives (feat. Hemi)

Jarren Benton

Yeah, razor blades and steak knives I've been tweaking off of this meth, been up for eight
nights My producer is Asian so he ate rice And practice Kung Fu and meditate in the
daylight You a bitch, you probably picket for gay rights I crack your fucking jaw with a spinning
kick in a cage fight So negative, give a fuck what Ye like Y'all a bunch of wussies, a bushy puss
of a crazed dyke I'm nervous; drink is stopping the stage fright The burn in my dick when I piss
feels like a snakebite My wife says she sick of my behavior You faggots stop comparing me to
Tyler, The Creator I've been on this shit before you was allowed in the theater Of an R-rated
movie and your dad was wearing gators And your mom was just a whore before your sister
wore makeup You was just a little bitch before you morphed into a hater "Jarren you're so
provocative," "Do you have anything to say that's sort of positive?" Yup: suck a dick, suck a
dick, suck a dick And by the way -- suck a dick You don't like it and eat shit then slit your
wrists And jump off a roof and land in a pool of syphilis Uh, it's like my heart stopped carin' Ever
since I signed with Hopsin everybody hates Jarren, bitch! You probably think I'm crazy And that
may be a little bit true So you can think I'm crazy, But maybe I'm just different than you La, la,
la, la, la, la, la (crazy) La la, la la, la. Yeah, needles, dope and opiates Who gives a fuck if I talk
about drugs? Get over it Male chauvinist, hit a girl with a bowl of grits And shove her fucking
face in a bowl of shit; so inappropriate I'm the creepy custodian I stick a mop in your ass without
no petroleum -- jelly And it's right back to sweeping linoleum Napoleon, I vote for Pedro at the
podium I sip vodka, rip propellers off of helicopters Heavy hand'll slap your girlfriend's tits off
her I'm awkward as quadriplegic kickboxers I'll kill you and drop your body in Nicaragua I'll
punch a hole in the asphalt Go eat a fucking dick like a faggot on bath salt You mad soft, if I'm a
prick then it's my dad's fault I throw a dead cat on your porch and dash off I'm weird, I'll murder
your rap career And Super Glue my pubes to my face to make a beard Give me a couple beers
and a power tool from Sears I'll give your ass a nice shape-up without shears Now if you think
you're fucking with me then go think again I'm ill enough to break in your house and murder
your pen One sick bastard, mushrooms and acid Kill 'em then I go and help they momma pick
the casket Now I ain't come here to hurt nobody Why hate bitch? Show your boy love
(yeah), Now where the hoes with the low self-esteem? Point 'em out cause they easy to fuck Now
if they hating, fuck 'em, guns, brrr-uck 'em, Drugs, love 'em, girls, fuck 'em, D-boys, D-boys, all
my niggas Going fucking full tart off of Schlitz Malt Liquor! La, la, la, la, la, la, la (crazy) La la,
la la, la

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>