

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.songlyrics.band/>