

Necro, Death Rap

Some death rap shit
Word up
Bump this
Some evil shit
Check it
Fuckin faggot

(Necro)

It starts with your intestines and germs
Next you're a cadaver infested with worms
Man's destiny its best that he learns
My axe intervenes hacking through your veins
Like you're in between the rail road track and the train
A bullet in the back of your brain simple and plain
Like back in the days when cats didn't play they'd whack you and not explain
Demeaning Jesus, you're ripped to pieces by hyenas, with teeth like tweezers
You'll see death like seniors with diseases
Packin' Sane guns?? dead you like Hussein's sons
Don't fuck with me I only say it once
Like the end of casino two bats leave your spine gory
Every bone in your body broken like you dropped nine stories
Insane like a brainless convict
You're dead after we buck you in the head like that famous Vietnam pic
Honor you hate this, God couldn't save us
Performing autopsy on you like Chris Refret and Jonathan Davis

Death rap, that's the rap I kick, don't ever confuse it with others, there ain't nuttin' like this
Death rap, I be the most morbid, after we finish with you kid you need a closed coffin
Death rap, not just on this track, it's a movement I represent, much more rugged then you
Death rap, I'm the last of a dying breed, diss me you must be dying to bleed

(Sabac)

I walk with the living dead
Witness the ditches and bitches dipped in red
description is the pictures of witches and women giving head
I think ahead and analyze minds like a psychologist
Regardless if the topic is Necrodamus or Sabacolypse
The logic is a blade or a shot to your esophagus
Remove you from the earth you get hurt for poppin' shit
we buy clips in their basics??? slap the shit out of racists
Crack your teeth on the curve spit and piss in there faces
I got clips in the basement guns and plenty ammunition
If you push the wrong button you gon' send me on a mission
And if that's the case I'ma bash your face
Then reverse the positive become a basket case
I blast for days come and burn down your house
That's the way I get down when you take food out my mouth
I got my revolutionary ways, fighting to eat
For being poor back in the days and surviving the streets

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I represent the death rap get your head cracked open
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