

# 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  
Demeneing 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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