

# Necro, Scumbags

(Chorus: Necro)

We're gonna start killin  
Cause I got these feelings inside  
So what your dead kid, you ain't special  
millions have died  
you think shit's funny  
you'll laugh in a ditch  
after you get your face ripped off  
or your left with half of your lips  
Even with a chest thats strapped with a vest  
No one's safe cause this evil infestes  
and stays trapped in your flesh  
And life, you learn its a risk  
you could get burned to a crisp  
you won't know, it could be your turn to be stiff

(Verse 1: Goretex)

Ronnie call, said we gotta dig a hole for some pigs  
went to his crib, I smelled 'em from the stench in the fridge  
keepin' the chicks on booze, they better broken in debt  
hopelessness stress, we feed them more coke to forget  
garbage-bag em! 20 tecs to the windpipe  
sit tight! my surgical gloves, surface the mid-whipes  
sprinkle powdered X, triple on the blonde beaver  
Aiyyo satans back, and he just made the cover of Don Diva  
some mail order teens, from philippines  
sex puppet, congapegic, with bigger tits from Creatine  
Thuggin it, me and my drug covenant, we on some money shit  
Thorazine, bitches fillet, stay in my dungeon pit

(Verse 2: Necro)

Yo Mitch, we gotta burn a pair of tits  
I murdered this fat bitch, now its time to incinerate her slit  
kid, uncle howie's new girlfriends is a cyborg  
a electronical vocal cords, spanish robotic whore  
this bitch's kit, howie came over for a hit  
he asked me for 10 bucks so he could go shoot up some shit  
put him on the cover, filmed the video, (?) was smokin crack  
yamulka and all that, so give him death  
we're takin fat pieces of shit,in-slaving them  
and attaching them to horses, and cracking 'em with the whip  
I got gene, computer brain fried  
sent him back to the projects with the roaches, so he commit suicide  
his mothers unbsene, she had a goiter attached to her face  
the size of a grape, had to cut it off with a lazer beam  
I put a gun to his head, should of bust a lead  
cause the depressed faggot is cancerous as walking dead  
mail em bitches, cockroaches and pictures  
of asian bitches, with shotties in the mouth, I'm sadistic  
I had a second barrel, flashin crotch  
my pornographic dirty two panel is HOT

(Verse 3: Goretex)

We carry heat  
Howie rock the whole fleet  
caddie jeeps,heated seats  
party favors, snow, icebergs sheets  
I like chicks with over-bites, make the urinal sweet  
pullin my meat, we bust off we tossin' off on they cheeks  
so rap saners, with homemade balze and face lifts  
I'm from Brooklyn, home of the beat box and rapists  
now I cruise Cali, fuck Jakes, fakes, and cash whores  
drivin up the coast, cocaine stuck to my dashboard  
y'all bitches nauseate me, knowing that scort is a tool

you mad corny, cause you probably watch porn for the dudes  
sellin' your M3 for AZT and the test tubes  
seconds too late, the man made serum affects you

(Chorus)