

Necro, 24 Shots

(Verse One)

My shit's straight vile
You're mild, you've got no style
I won't be impressed or you possessed by baliel
I make beats like surgeons resume
To stitch up your wounds
Inside the emergency room
They must work urgently or de-permanently be in a tomb
You see in the clergy soon
I'm taking this rap game serious from the start
Make your chest cut open with scalpel holding doctors working on your heart
Playing fucking God
Lacerating to pieces to of lard
Like vultures ripping Jesus apart
You're chopped up and divided in cubes
My tracks pump like blood pumping through isotopes
The human body gore who the fuck created it?
Veins and brains are insane and so creative shit
Satanic organs
Melodies of morbidity
Over the ramming sword of sicknesses the world's all been dissed
You rap like a cadaver
There's no life in you
I should stick a knife in you
Right through your windpipe will do

(Chorus 2x)

24 shots in your head
I know you're dead but I want to make sure you're dead
So I pump 4 more in your head
With the Beretta you're dead but I want to make sure you're deader

(Verse Two)

My pumping tracks hit you like gun shots fire crackers
And jumping jacks wrapped into one attack
This year, is just another point in time

Another year time devourers the joints in your spine
Until you're stressed
With no credentials left
Just your essential breath and the potential death
It's maggots and blindfolds, winter jackets and rifles
Caught up in the cycle of psychos
It's when your life goes
I'm done with baffling a kid disses and I grab him then I'm gonna stab 'em
son you're ain't fronting on my album
Spitting on your bitches tits
They shift the shit
My pistol grip is sadistic like my fistal clique

(Chorus)

(Verse 3)

Now since World War 2 has a rapper slaughtered you
With the impact of Necro's rap
It's morbid true, in fact
Now since the person is a poet created grim probated 'em like mainguetches
making me end of the grange
I've had a profane effect
My angle has strangled the underground like a noose around the neck
My first radio coverage introduced you to being bluging
And took you to the brain of a Brooklyn kid that was thugging
Now I've got hundreds loving

Who would have thought I be considered the greatest cat
Explaining the verbal on slaw
Now everyone's objective is directed towards finding a Necro record or a
freestyle where I wreck the respected

(Chorus)

DIE!