

# Necro, Butcher Knife

(Hook)

One for the butcher knife, two for the glock!  
(You can't kill me, cause I'm already dead)

(Necro)

Peep my little friend his name is M one six  
I got the butcher, knife, to cut your fuckin' heart out for kicks  
I'm on a killing spree, like a nigga named Manson  
Write a rhyme on your grave kid, it's where I'll be dancin'  
The cha cha, you try to flex and I shot ya  
Ten to the head, and now you're motherfuckin' brain dead  
Mad moonies need mad clips  
I got more rubber in my glock than artificial hips  
So now you're dead kid  
Cause you fuckin' bled kid  
Every time I shot you in your motherfuckin' head kid  
When you call my suicidal hotline  
I'll tell you to blow your fuckin' brains out with a tek-9  
Blowin' off your lips is somethin' I promote  
So light up an M-80 and shove it down your fuckin' throat  
The rougher, the more you suffer, I'm the messiah  
My rhymes are thicker, than the afro on Richard Pryor  
So fuck, fuck fuck fuck  
If you step to the corpse than your goin' to catch a buck  
You stupid fuck  
Check out the way to beat grooves  
They call me horny, cause I fuck anything that moves  
My fucked up rhymes are sure to offend ya  
So I'll drive over your body like the niggaz from Toxic Avenger  
Rip out your brain through your nose  
And when a girl comes over I got a whole selection of dildos  
So die motherfucker die  
And don't ask me why punks get bruised up like Soleil Moonfry  
I rock a house party like Molise  
And I fucked a dead corpse to techno, cause I'm a necrophile  
So if you're warm ca-ca, get with this  
If not I'll bust out my dick, and piss in your esophagus  
I drank a blood donor's deposit  
Now Moony's out like a fagget that just came out of the fuckin' closet

(Hook)

One for the butcher knife, two for the glock!  
(You can't kill me, cause I'm already dead)

(Goretex)

Check one, two, I got clout like a mortician  
I got more fresh body parts than Dama's kitchen  
A lime to a lemon, a lemon to a lime  
I rock a dead nigga skin every time I drop my rhyme  
The storm troopers in death gear, that's how it flows  
No one knows, I want your money and your clothes  
I stink like sex, I rob bitches welfare checks  
And I rob more cribs than Malcolm X  
Yes it's the butcher with more Dick than Clark  
I love to bash bitches on the head in central park  
Position, sicko, infamous junkie  
A tek-9 connected to my spine shows I'm funky  
The fridge is filled with fresh killed body parts  
The niggaz who dissed me, the bitches who broke my heart  
Now I'm mista murder  
The dildo inserter  
Baptized in blood I'm the celebrate converter  
Ain't misbehaven  
Sick like Wes Craven

I'll open your mom's legs, vagina's unshaven  
Bitin' the heads off gocks like Ozzy Osborne  
Dead celebrities, with the Children of the Corn  
The butcher block glock rock scream until you die  
Goretex put me in the chair till I fry

(Hook)

One for the butcher knife, two for the glock!  
(You can't kill me, cause I'm already dead)

(Ill Bill)

The official distorted body parts chop-a-chops your body  
Piece by mothafuckin' piece  
Then I study the anatomical breakdown of the human physique  
The blood suckin freaks speaks then you drop the sea  
Need I say more? Maybe I do these days  
I be grabbin up my glock whenever me and my crew  
Step into a nigga pullin' the trigger in this area  
Territories all occupied by hysteria  
And it gets scarier by the minute  
Cause I got niggaz screamin' just like a bitch at the abortion clinic  
Damned if I do, damned if I don't  
I'll fuck a pregnant bitch up her ass after I slit her throat  
And throw her body off of the roof top  
Chop chop, then drop pieces, dead celebrities releases  
The mostess grossest, sicker than multiple cirrhoses  
Mumbo jumbo, even your brain's hopeless  
Cause there's no hope when the camouflage is comin' at ya to get ya  
food faced mask and two boots, the fracture  
Your fucking face takes my size twelve  
Mr. Ill Bill is coming straight from hell  
To fuck up a felon no turning back, my gat crack  
With hollow tips my tek rips then flips my stack, a fuckin rap  
After the blood spoke I smoke another  
After I step up your pops I fuck your mother  
Yeah, I'll hit the fuckin' puss with my penis  
More fractured a chump drop adidas when my meat hits  
Between, butt cheeks, titties, and cock lips  
My cock sticks gross  
After my jizm jumps that's all she wrote  
Cause I'm fuckin detected from the puss to my rectum  
Eye sockets to ear drums a deviated septum  
Pull out the glock shoot the bitch with my glock  
Collect my props, then Bill's out like acid rock

(Hook)

One for the butcher knife, two for the glock!  
(You can't kill me, cause I'm already dead)