Necro, Circle Of Tyrants - The III Billy Boys

(Necro)

Yo, I'm like a dead corpse

Crawling out the dirt, on some zombie shit

Aiming for your neck to bite the flesh where the veins connect

My brains incorrect, traumatize you in a sec

My raps are like crack in a decksotenic intellect

Slaughters you, I got more for you

Gore for you, your flesh is sort of blue

You'll be begging someone to pull me off of you

When I'm stabbing you, I offered you a chance to leave

You'll only understand when you bleed

There's no talking to you

Just shoving a fork in you

Who the f**k you talking to?

Im pure death in a flesh, I'll arrange a coffin for you

My knife packing status, got you shook

A lot of crooks will respect my rep

Step, kid I advise you not to look

Turn your head, or you'll turn up dead

Put you asleep inside a burning bed

Learn from what I said

Im mushing your peeps, and I'm squishing you deep

Beneath, with the deceased, rest in peace

(Mr. Hyde)

1.. injure you with ninja crews

Contemplate what's in to do, negotiate with Satan

Cause it's his decision too

Hold a sword like ghost dog

Leaving blood and gross gore

So disgusting that your corpse is not allowed in most morgues

So jagged and decrypted kid, the maggots rejected it

I dumped it in the sea and killed all life except for squid (What)

Walk the wrong path, deviated by demons

While you faggot mother f**kers inegreated by semen

Lure you into my web check the code the boys is red

Then look for you to find you in the mortuary dead

Fill my clip with the lead put the biscuit to the head

After I ripped you up to shreds I'll take a sip of what you bled

Don't ever try and hawk cause I don't wanna talk

Ill play the kind of sport the way you catch a tommahawk

Open up your skull, fragmets fall to the ground

Take a toke and sniff a pull now your drawn to the sound

(Goretex)

Thugs cry blood, supported by the hemp and the guns Y'all tempt me to flip, so morbid when I empty the clip It's awful how we decorate your coffin, send me the clit We celebrate with Henney blood shakes that render me sick Whatever ya fix, get fitted with the milley of chrome Rap Vinny Jones, I dissatach, snatch from the bone And ate the last witnesses K-ed out on medicine

Health nut, crush up my wheat germ

Chase it with heroine

Guerilla biscuits, busting your windpipes into splinters

Another thing that causes pain is the frost in the winter

Circle of tyrants, rocking the inverded crossed iced-out

Blood from em, two in your face

Get erased, lights out

Spikes out for dish rags, keep em on the hit like shit bags

You don't want it fag

Your left in the bubble covered, we'll shoot up fair State bent, like breathing rubber So be advised Lucifer's rising the invocation of my demon brother

(III Bill)

Splattered in blood, fathom my thoughts patterns with drugs Morbid visions cadavers ravaged by maggots and bugs Beetles crawling out of your eyes sockets Puss pouring out of your mouth on top of dry vomit Billions of body bags, blood drenched battle fields Big butcher knives, you f**king faggits Get your f**king face erased from your cabbage Tangled and gored on top, half of you're body hanging off the door Spasm and splash your organs across the floor It's death.. when the slug hit the bullet proof vest I took from the police..man after I blew off his head We knights of Satan serving Satan's sadists God is an atheist You f**king idiots, your bitches give brain to us Save yourself, the altar of sacrifice We criminally insane, escape form Bellview Sniffing up cocaine Don't even try it, its III Bill, the gourmet of violence Donate my brain to science, vacationing insane asylums

(Captain Carnage) Come on come all to my carnival of carnage Where I'll.. slice and dice and peal off your shell like an orange I'm too precise not to be nice I nail you like Christ you'll pay twice the price I'll put brains on ice For preparation prepare for the separation Of your foundation so come get your frown basted In hot sauce I'll roasted you like hot dogs on an open fire I'm a trig like Myer But don't admire the entire picture Because I hang you like fixture So when you enter the mixture Use extreme caution, because it only takes one portion

To perform an abortion with the steel that I force in You feel lost when you get tossed in the bottomless gorge The heroin horde got guns and swords swords swords