

Necro, Drug Dealing

Drug dealers
What, what
Hustlers
Psychological, Necro, Street Villains
Volume 1
Uh

(Verse 1)

Welcome to my world where DT's eat faeces
Hookers with moustaches will suck your cock for a free piece
If you're broke, you de cease to jerk
So you gots to lurk through the streets, do some of the devil's work, then murk
It feels good son, it's great to scheme
It's all dirty money so wash your hands after you calculate the cream
Peep me if you like smoke
You wanna fight loc?
You walkin' a tight rope
You get cut like coke
Someone's lust, is someone's win
Love consumption, opposite hell production, self destruction
Brain cell abduction
Vein corruption
Cocaine production
Your brain gets sucked in
Keep your stash tucked in the balls at all times
And when pigs ask you about me, yo you better catch allzymes
Which means never talk to cops
So these fiends can continue to snort the crop
But yo we gotta make cream, so yo we water crops
Down with vitamins, and all sorts of slop
But don't tell nobody!
Ripper you got a fetish for paralyzin' your dome often
When you isn't got enough cream to pay for your own coffin
You got a problem no one cane solve
So sniff and let the snow dissolve
Life is a cipher I'll let the flow revolve

(Chorus x 2)

Drug dealing
For money, we do deals and illegal shit
Drug dealing
Weighin' shit up on the scales, for crack addicts rippers and potheads

(Verse 2)

Making dough is the intent
For sick men, that stash crack ?and bit pens, and fit gems?
Are you a victim?
Today's deal, sell some blow, eat a gourmet meal and stay real
Nobody will be able to find your bones
My business feeds your business, so mind your own
Sellin' stuff to skeezers
Before I saw Jeez for makin' beats, I sold weed to creeps
How bout that girl Annette, from Brooklyn
She had pimples on her ass and mad problems
I sold her grass
They all got ripped off, even the hard rocks
I swore they were trife, but never saw a scale in their life
Tellin' this kid about grams and how much and quality and my count sucks
But you smoked every ounce up
Perpetratin' like you a dealer, but you an addict
Smokin' every sack before you made your money back
I was seventeen, sellin' green weed
To grown men who'd fiend to get dirt inside their spleen
How bout the fifty year of twats

That light up by smoking pot
Was no cops, as long as I delivered it hops

(Chorus x 2)

Drug music
Brand new Necro, exclusive
Pick up brutality part one, September
It's a bundle of crack
And you'll smoke it
You bitch!