

# Necro, Frank Zito

(Necro)

I've conducted extensive research  
Now every verse is corrupted, offensive to the church  
Destructive demented words  
You've been instructed by sentences in each word  
featured to suck you into a world invented to see you bleed first  
My brutal arm is runnin' through your mind  
stabbin' up the cerebrum down to the spine, cut up the region  
My personality represents the worst reality  
Ever since a kid I rocked the reverse mentality  
I give no apologies for my biology  
Don't follow me and I qualified to have my qualities  
You're disqualified, you get no equality  
Senseless homicide equals Necro psychology  
I'm the leading authority in subjects  
like beatings that leave you bleeding orally, a part of me's obsessed  
A major label would've been the end of me  
I was meant to be an independently runned entity  
I've got the illest mind, it's corroded like Philas Villa's spine  
Like thirty eight serial killers combined  
It takes one individual act  
to stop you from kickin' a pitiful rap, it's a miserable fact  
You'll get visibly hacked into shreds and left for dead  
gushing from your head with a pair of scissors attached  
It's wizardry the way you disappear from the earth physically  
covered up exquisitely  
Smothered up with pillows militantly  
You see, you dyin as quiet as can be is the key  
I obtained a sick brain  
From the streets of Brooklyn with a need to inflict pain

(Ill Bill)

I smile for the cameras like Berkowitz  
You can't interpret this  
Murderous, stab you in the face perfect fit  
Slice precise like a surgeons wrist  
Another verse that slips into the grips of the perverse and sick  
There's nothing worse than this  
There's nothin more horrifying than people with the thirst for piss  
and faeces like G G Allin with german chicks  
Imagine a minute before a person flips  
A minute they be strangled with the blue face the purple lips  
Leaving you lyin' on the cold floor, mouth open  
Found you bloated a week later wreakin' of fowl odor  
Fuck the fake scriptures  
We sacrilegiously sacrifice you in the name of satan and take pictures  
My laboratory table's bottle nosed  
It's already too late and you've just noticed that you've been followed home  
Look into my eyes, hollow hole  
Ill Bill, cold blooded demon from hell without a soul  
I'm responsible for bandagin' the impossible  
If you listen to Uncle Howie and Psycho-Logical  
Lots of guns, lots of ghouls, gonna cost a fool  
We the reason Doctors are appointed at the hospital