

Necro, Morbid

My practical solution to shmucks beefin' is sinkin' my teeth in the flesh of ya neck like Dracula seducin' sluts

And bite a piece of flesh off, but now you could have aids, I'd rather make you a cadaver with blades

I write the followin' raps to you cats that bite swallow and jack, and recite rhymes on the mic without aknowledgin' facts

I won't be reluctant to pull out the knife tucked in...my waste, up in the place, leave it stuck in ya face, fuck em

I find it difficult, to not be dispicable to minds that are typical

Fuck financial assistance, a man's existence revolves around survival that evolves into a hustler with substantial buisness

My attitude is improper, like a skin popper, stickin' a blade on the top of a skull of an imposter

Since created at birth, I've hated the earth, livin' in a society of anxiety makes it worse

(chorus) Morbid, like Mordrid holdin' a chainsaw kid ready to do a gore bid
We keep it morbid, off some more shit, get ya jaw split with blood drippin'
outta ya forehead - repeat

Its worth while, for you to peep a verse thats vile, you could learn something from watching a perverted person's style

My versatile verses are like curses that give you wild urges to worship belile

Beef with me you cant stay the same, you'll have to change ya name, change ya sex, rearrange ya frame

Take a plane to somewhere strange if you plan on keepin' ya cranium containin' ya brain

Your fuckin' dome will give in, with the turnakit wrapped around ya, you're underground kid, ya the artist formerly known as livin'

You're the past like yesterday, blast ya chest away, your positive HIV test is gay

And stop hip hoppin, you're dick jockin', you stick cock in ya mouth and rock chick stockings

So die, its all about evil raps and weapons, money and sluts, with gats strapped by the intestines