

# Necro, Necro

My shit's straight bile  
You're mild, you've got no style  
I won't be impressed  
or you possessed by baliel  
I make beats like surgeons resume  
To stitch up your wounds  
Inside  
the emergency room  
They must work urgently or you'll permanently be in a tomb  
You see in the clergy  
soon  
I'm taking this rap game serious from the start  
Make your chest cut open with scalpel  
holding doctors working on your heart  
Playing f\*\*king God  
Lacerating to pieces to of lard  
Like  
vultures ripping Jesus apart  
You're chopped up and divided in cubes  
My tracks pump like  
blood pumping through iv tubes  
The human body gore who the f\*\*k created it?  
Veins and brains  
are insane and some creative shit  
Satanic organs  
Melodies of morbidity  
Over the ramming  
sword of sicknesses the world's all been dissed  
You rap like a cadaver  
There's no life in  
you  
I should stick a knife in you  
Right through your windpipe will do

(Chorus 2x)  
24 shots  
in your head  
I know you're dead but I want to make sure you're dead  
So I pump 4 more in your head  
With  
the Beretta you're dead but I want to make sure you're deader

(Verse Two)  
My pumping tracks  
hit you like gun shots fire crackers  
And jumping jacks wrapped into one attack  
This year,  
is just another point in time

Another year time devourers the joints in your spine  
Until  
you're stressed  
With no credentials left  
Just your essential breath and the potential  
death  
It's maggots and blindfolds, winter jackets and rifles  
Caught up in the cycle of psychos  
It's  
when your life goes  
I'm done with babbling a kid disses and I grab him then I'm gonna stab 'em  
son  
you're ain't fronting on my album  
Spitting on your bitches tits  
They shift the shit

My pistol  
grip is sadistic like my fistal clique

(Chorus)

(Verse 3)

Not since World War 2 has a rapper  
slaughtered you  
With the impact of Necro's rap  
It's morbid truth, in fact  
Now since the person  
is a poet created grim verbatim like mainguetches  
making the industry cringe  
I've had a profane effect  
My angle has strangled the underground like a noose around the neck  
My first  
radio coverage introduced you to being blugent  
And took you to the brain of a Brooklyn kid  
that was thugging  
Now I've got hundreds loving  
Who would have thought I be considered the  
greatest cat  
spitting the verbal onslaught  
Now everyone's objective is directed towards  
finding a Necro record or a  
freestyle where I wreck the respected

(Chorus)

DIE!