

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!