## Necro, Poetry In The Streets

(Necro)
Uh
Peep the killer shit
Death murder rap shit
Bitch
Check it

The press, runs the tape records the bloody mess documentations of the human race, can study death they'll reach in through your TV speaker they'll feature a creature that'll beat ya to death, if he can meet ya your executed when your electrocuted who's responsible for a homeless man thats dead and smells putrid we murdered your natural flesh after bein thrown in a river you'll be frozen forever into a statue of death a grasshopper in the lab dead stabbed in the head knives are like the hands of a crab jabbin your flab till you wrapped them and bled throw you off a building killin off your children drillin' holes in your corpse till your spillin' the colours of a million i'll split your brains i'll slit your vains the impact of a bat cracked across your back is like gettin hit by a train i'll stick a fang in your blood bank then strangle my shangle bangle you like the triangle piece of an angle I think my shit's too brutal for most I might be the only one capable digesting the dose you won't survive a screw driver driven inside your throat choke on blood and saliva another kaniver croaks

## CHORUS:

It's poetry in the streets of the big apple and a vitality found in few other places but look beneath the surface of the city and you shall uncover a steamin sesspool of human emotion

gun sour, a planet, where nightmares that become reality witness the brutality its poetry in the streets of the big apple you get tackled and grappled to the floor, white slaved up and shackled

I spit on your grave, piss in your mouth, and shit on your face grind you into slop meat and serve you to your friends we movin bad taste another brutal shootin rampage turnin humans to ashtrays doobies to crack slaves and boobies that lactate, squirtin mad milk, i never have guilt i have krills, i'll have you fags killed in front of your mom and dads grill splatterin both of them with pieces of your explodin head brain fragments stainin' clothing red

i make you love the pain, it hurts
we make music for drug addicts, pieces of shit, that love the dirt
its psychological
i'm like havin a rifle shot at you
we not the type that smile at you
we the type that bite at you
slit your throat with the broken bottle
pieces of jagged glass stabbin' you through your fuckin eyeballs
have you swallowin cyanide screamin die whores
kill your physical first, next your minds lost
leave you in the funeral home you make a fine corpse
got you splattered across the walls with my nine tongs
murder you execution style like a crime boss
travel through time and terminate you like a cyborg
my mentallity's grind core

Chorus