

# Necro, Poetry In The Streets (Remix)

(Necro)

Poetry in the streets remix

brand new third verse

Necro and Ill Bill

The press, runs the tape record 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 colour vermillion  
i'll split your brains  
i'll slit your veins  
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 shank will mangle  
you like the triangle  
piece of an bangle  
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 conniver croaked

Remix!

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'll 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 shooting rampage  
turning humans to ashtrays  
groupies 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 dad's grill  
splatter both of them  
with pieces of your exploding head  
brain fragments stainin' clothing red  
i'll 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 to body you  
slit your throat with the broken bottle  
pieces of jagged glass stabbin' you through your fuckin' eyeballs  
have you swallowing cyanide and screamin "die whores"  
watch it 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 when my nine talks  
murder you execution style like a crime boss  
travel through time and terminate you like a cyborg  
my mentality's grind core

#### Chorus

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#### New Verse!

Rescue crews show care for the living  
they'll stick with them but once death is claimed  
paramedics show disregard for the victim  
you command respect when your alive  
but once you die  
your reduced to a bloody nuisance a gruesome sight to the eye  
driven a taxi is a dangerous career  
you might pick up the grim reaper the passenger all taxi drivers fear  
a robber might put a gun in your ear  
and end your life with the twitch of a finger it happens all year  
you going into respiratory arrest  
fire men are pumpin your chest and hope in restoring your breath  
no ones immune to dyin'  
you disagree you're lyin' to yourself in time everything livings history