

Necro, Street Veteran

(Mr. Hyde)

Watch me ignite this shit, like a fiend's pipe hit
Yo I do this for thugs leavin the righteous split
Niggaz turn into dashers at the sight of my blaster
You might be type quick but so my bullets run faster
Bustin off shots, got you clutching ya knot
Try to plug up the holes, the blood is gushing alot
Put on my brass knuckles, hit you wit a jab or two
Now I'm sent to stab a dude, turn him into magget food
Jaggin a magazine, yeah I'll be done with it quick
Watch me empty out clips like a son of a bitch
No remorse in my heart, I've been rotten since birth
Make sure I finish the job, kids I'm plottin a hurt
I'm huntin for a skirt, if she's beautiful, drug her
And if I'm mad ripped I got the louisville slugger
Ken Griffey swing wit the knacks atcha face
Litter pieces of ya skull all over the place
Attack a chick, maccurate, never miss the target
Open up ya mouth so I use my fist to clog it
Dead a for real, you betta get ya shield
Cause when I get ready to peal,shit you'll be wet as a seal
Your fleet might be deep, but I'm rollin wit worse thugs
Prone to burse slugs, it's on the first bug

(Necro)

We get in real fights, but I might hit you wit steel pipes
Leave you wit flesh bites, that heal right, if I feel spite
You dick suckin whore, bitch you ain't Chuck Norris
Bullets travel through skulls like fuckin explorers
Evil like the auras and correners, holding for an object
Due process to cut ya screen like sub marine destroyers
Punches to ya head in bunches
Your goin down like munchkins doin lunges
Rippin through stomach muscles like crunches
Like metal nunchukes, smashin ya ribs till their soft like sponges
Coughin up a lung of blood cells
All you super guys will get pulverized
When we brawl unsupervised, your eyes are red like trooper disguise
Like having your pupil stomped by a storm trooper
Brutal demise, repeated pain like I'm loopin up cries
Boxing like romans in ancient greeks, in the middle ladys creets
For a spiked glove youll get dangerously beat
Fuck breaking through floor boards, wit war lords
And maintain jail, hard like chain mail, and broad swords

(Chorus: repeat 2X)

Street veteran, we crack ya head you need excederin
Aint no fear here
Wit man steps we shreddin none
Veteran, ya gear we reddinin
When the glocks pump, you drop so hard you crack the cetament

(Mr. Hyde)

A flourish shot, to shank you like a ceratops
Leave you wet like when the bottle of sherry pops in ya grill
Its phat like little babies licking cock
You disgust me, like old ladies wit chicken pocks
Evil writes, if the bitch steps outta line I'll have to fight her
Nail the female, I'll drink ya blood like apple cider
Wish master, pulling out my bitch blaster
Your dead and I'm breathin cause I empty clips faster
Thugin it out, my click is obnoxious
We'll jig you wit lock picks and dig in your pockets
Flesh text I wreck, right through your favorite rex

Peirce flesh ya bone as words bless ya dome
I'm dip, if a teets then steal combat boots
In for a fun toot, then cold starve that loose
Cold mersiless, hookers flirt wit this
Nine inch cock I pack just to hurt you bitch
And fuck gangsta rap cause I'll shank ya back
Its hyde hollowtips verse ya'll blanks and caps
All lucky kids that fought me already know
Cause I left her body stinking like courtneys sweaty hole
You steppin ta us without a weapon ta bust
We'll jack you outcha rangerover, make you trek in the bus

(Necro)

You'll have your head handed to you, end up a dead bandit
Slayed by the commander of brutal, you betta understand it
We using fistacuffs and pistol snuffs
To call ya bluffs, if your full of fluff and think your mister tough
You'll remain a peasant, pain is unpleasant
Like eating the brain of pheasant
Destroy you like crack cocaine resin
Like a trauma abortion
Bring it to you like armored horseman
Smashing you like the arms of four men
This is benly drama endorsment
A supporter of gore enforcement
Cock, brain splattered on floor cement
Seeing cattle killed is similair to men dying
On euorpean battle fields, shit is that real, I'm not lying
You might be missing, by tradition we try to fight a fishin
Were like weapons that move fast, like the light in the prism
Holmes take it off, make a choice, get hit wit bone
Breaking force in ya trachea till you can't make a voice
Enter the prize ring know as the streets
A survive thing if you're weak and we known as cadaver or meat

(Chorus)