

# 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)