

# Necro, The Real Reality

INTRO (Charles Manson):

The parole board's a bunch of stupid bureaucrats men, who are laying up on the dollar bill: Take th

VERSE 1:

Cut through you're flesh  
With sharp knives  
Blast you to death  
Laugh in You're face; I'm as trife  
As it gets  
When I said it, leave you to pass  
Like archives  
Forget it, you better walk that stat  
When the berretta sparks, click clack  
Get back  
More pieces of you're grill  
Will be shot off; kid I keep it ill  
Death rap mastery  
In crib bumpin  
Battery thumpin  
With anyone that has it in for me  
Dump a clip o' dum-dums in a dummy  
Then dump him in the dumpster  
I talk so much crazy shit  
There's a chance  
You just might not believe me until I punch you  
In you're f\*\*kin face kid  
Face it  
I'ma have to demonstrate shit  
Some demented hate shit  
Then some young impressionable kid'll watch me and emulate it  
The cycle o' psychos never ends  
Malevolence  
Continues  
Through venues  
Ever since I got banned from knitting factory on wetlands  
CHORUS:

Hustle Like a sicko  
Cause I got money comin to me  
There's enough of it out there for Necro to snatch 50 Mill  
I won't stop til I have it  
Cause I'm ambitious  
And maliciously vicious  
Enough to kill  
Anyone in my way better move  
We came from nothing  
And now our foundation is strong  
I will rep my own shit  
F\*\*k what you do  
You can't do what I do  
Gores of original so it's on

VERSE 2:

Jabbin you  
Or stabbin you up  
Pick one  
Grabbin you up  
Quick son  
Snuffed up  
Bucked up  
You a f\*\*kin victim

Necro be the representative of Brooklyn, New York: that's where I live  
Gats to your rib  
Robbin you blindly  
Find me  
Back in the crib  
Chillin iller with a bitch  
That's willin and able to strip  
On the table for a villain with a goal  
I'm makin a million before 30 years old  
I keep shit real when I step  
If my reputation's at stake  
No hesitation  
When I break faces  
Whippin out  
Razors  
Flippin out  
Logical psycho Necro  
Astronomical sicko  
The last of a dying breed  
I'm the master  
Of sick bastards  
I'm indeed  
Pump this loud til you're eardrums burst  
My verse  
Comforts you like techno  
And beef when ten cats step  
And they get mirked

CHORUS