

# Necro, White Slavery

Frank Zito, Tamma, For Ralphus (For Ralphus)  
Natacha Dinatelli, Shout out to Saddam  
do it, (laughing)

(Hook - Necro)

White slavery when bitches get put under seige  
shoved into a van and kidnapped right from the street  
never to be seen again by any of their peeps  
just a victim buried deep in the world of creeps  
who roam through alleyways accociating with freaks  
you'll never be found but cops will be searching for weeks  
looking for leaks, hoping somebody speaks  
while your brain is washed and your memory they delete

(Verse 1 - Ill Bill)

Woman need to be loved, injected with needles and drugs  
subjected to torture and kidnapped they need to succumb  
it's proven, I feed em dog food, they prefer human  
make 'em savagely beat each other bloody for my amusement  
It's all fun and games, I keep 'em handcuffed in chains  
sexually make 'em do the most disgusting things  
starve 'em to cannibals, make 'em eat each others brains  
changed and deranged, stores begin to seem like nothings strange  
while retarded acquaintances get fist fucked and raped  
covered in lighter fluid, lit up and engulfed in flames  
sound proof walls guarantee to muffle your screams  
squirm on a shit stained mattres in a puddle of pee

selling you to the highest bidder for a bundle of D  
and Imma be a scumbag till I'm a hundred and three  
throw you in the back of a van, rag stuck in ya teeth  
smothered in chloroform, you wake up smothered in creeps

(Hook)

(Verse 2 - Necro)

I'm enslaving woman from Ukraine, they don't understand english  
but they understand pain, It's the language of anguish  
your situations hopeless, decieved into dancing topless  
then force you into prostitution with coke heads  
police keep the silence while you sleep with clients  
you protest you won't eat and you get beat like a child does  
and when your destroyed like woman from Latvia  
you'll be sold to the muslim part of Bosnia by the mafia  
from where there is no return forever  
you'll be on ya knees labeled a coffee table in leather  
we have no hearts with mafiosy, evil like Bella Lugosi  
white slavery O.G.'s that own police  
full of hate, Spanish midgets pull you out of crates  
kidnapped woman dangled from chains their fate to be raped  
killers with Frank Zito cuts deliver slaves in vans  
from Iran that's delicacy like a gorilla's liver  
like the stench of a roach

we'll bring it to you critics fowl like a blowgun  
and a naked chick in a trenchcoat  
chopping your feet of, don't shut the beat off  
leave it, believe it we're coming to cut the meat off  
and meat cleave it