

# Necro, Wsoul Seton Hall 89.5 Live Freestyle '99

Terrorize your whole click  
Make you suck on your own nips  
Now spit the cancer out  
Grab a glock, call me sir manson alot  
Blow your brains on the seat  
Vericose veins on the street  
Cocaine dust and weed  
Kill you slowly its a must you bleed  
Pop a vein in your skull from the stress  
Feelin numb in your chest  
Anxiety attack  
Murder you with a variety, an axe  
A mack, a blackjack, a back crack  
Right upside ya damn head  
For talkin shit about this kid  
You bled sadistic and red  
My bicuit pumps led  
Cock it, obnoxious  
Your chopped up in boxes

I'm toxic, my topics are gothic  
Morbidity, you can't rid of me  
The reason is humanity is spit to me  
So kill yourself and write a note  
Right before the noose wraps tight around your throat  
Your windpipe is choked  
New York is full of tranvestites in coats  
Trenches, wenches controlled and sacirficing goats  
It's death, 42 street, tearin it  
Reppin it, sellin shit, melivilent  
I got 3 in the fam, me and my man  
Will beat you with hands  
Leave you beneath the sand  
Your sinkin, quickly  
I'm thinkin, I'm sickly  
I need medication the cadavers are gettin stinky  
Your weaker than a pinky  
Strangle you wit a slinky  
DIE!!!