

Belligerent Gangsters

Necro

[Hook: Harley Flanagan]

I'll fuck you up, go ask about me (N)
We're legendary, so kid don't doubt me (Y)
Brooklyn to L.E.S, itching to smack you (H)
New York City, belligerent gangsters (C)

[Verse 1]

The most savage rapper to ravage your clique
Clapping your cabbage quick
Demolish, polish the gun off
Get one off in your back when you jet
Tried to run off
Caught you, put you in a mortuary
Unfortunately for you, you get buried
Sepulturaed, I rep the purist, putrid music
Death rap, the new shit
Ground breaking, breaking you down
Rapists, like Kevin Bacon get drowned
Truncate you, punk, hold my own kid
Like a drunken monk, blindfolded
Piercing your armor, transfixion, transfusion
Transport corpse in quicksand
Sick diction, infliction, conviction
Cryptic encryption, rip shit
Uncontrollably, my goal will be to put a gun hole in your globe
You'll fold easily
A pugilist, using my fist to bruise you up
Kid if you insist, the brutalest

[Hook]

[Verse 2]

Hi me, meet the real me
A misfit with a biscuit, you feel me?
Bombard you, dissect you, carve you
Let off the guard-u, connect, blow your head off
Make fragments of your do-rag son
Necro and Flanagan, we're Cro-Magnons
Banging like gang members, hanging with wranglers
Hard rocks like Kerrang!
Dice appendages into percentages
People shook ever since we entered the biz
Curtains, a hurtin' for certain
Blood squirting, alertness, advertence
Necromantic, pop you like a zantac
Leave you dead like Ahmet from Atlantic
Frantic, tic tic tic tic, tock
Click clack, Glock, pop
Street justice, squeezing muskets
Keep it gully like Ceaser Agustus
Never compromise, stomp the competition into submission, I'm on the rise

[Hook]