

# Burn the Groove to Death

Necro

Yo, insult the coat you'll fit this casket  
I'ma break a cassette tape and stab you with the plastic  
so bleed beautifully, roll up your shirt strap on a belt  
start shootin' me but draw no blood  
peep like a water bug  
peep the gore with blood, roll with a horde of thugs  
necro the lord of drugs  
pay me for death till you got no brains cells left  
no fit, rippin' a prison up in your crib  
yo you dead kid, no brass or tassel left  
I'll leave my beef bloody  
I cook it red, your future is as good as dead  
I'll shove my blade in, so you could fade out  
your trapped in a time that's played out, so check the date out  
you're a pussy that no one ate out, while my brains on fast forward  
you're a victim and you don't even know it  
the evil poet, you got no hands  
you can't catch it when I throw it  
depression makes you cut dimes  
until your brain crashes like the streets without traffic signals and stop-  
signs  
cause everyday, is judgment day for me  
cause humans that don't know me get scared and run away from me  
it's trife hate, host the remote control the life  
channel your energy cut thru your clothes like a soldier's knife  
while the average front, I'm on a never-ending scavenger hunt  
I'd rather be blunt so violate the fact you wanna die is great  
watch me annihilate  
I got insanity inside a jar and I'm dropping it off the empire state  
cause you touchin the mics in justice, in muskets we trust kid, so bust clip  
the verbal open, my philosophy is molten  
cause my pupils can only see a world unwholesome, insulting, repulsive, revo-  
lting  
let's risk it for piles of green, with, sadistic violent schemes  
twisted like silent screams, I have a determination and  
seeing your termination to extermination, cold like a frozen igloo  
your rubber room is closing in on you  
the chosen jig you, death, is, fucking you insane  
you'll get nothing from my pockets  
the only thing you got sewn up is your eye sockets  
so play dead as I color you blood red  
give up the bread or I'll put a hole in your fuckin skull large like a Huge  
alien head  
incinerate the beat till' it's six feet deep  
then do a jesus on em, like the crucifix, repeat, now watch me

Better give it up kid, burn the groove to death say yeah yeah  
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The hour glass is filled with blow, sniff your time away  
sink into the snow and suffocate your face, the mind decays  
string the brains the spine will pay, there's no burden vermin vaccination  
I'm doing your life's bid and imagination, BITCH I don't gotta answer you  
how bout' I cancel you? Bury you with Satan, smoke up and do a dance for you  
morbid shit, keep me poppin' on your guts G  
watch your step its slippery when bloody, I'm bleeding sin  
its cancer in the air, you'll breathe it in

my whole scheme is to achieve a win  
slice you leave you with un-even skin  
it's apparent your transparent you can't conceal your lies  
your synthetic like women that are really guys  
you got Jeff Heely's eyes, fuck you in your cunt group  
I'll bring murder right to your front stoop, touch you with a comatosin' correct  
I'll propose a toast to your death, I hope you'll decompose with one breath  
I suppose I'll infest, I doubt your mine  
peep the poison here's enough for an amount to die  
and the holes in your body you ain't got enough fingers to count that high  
after you lose, swallow my chief of rings you'll be crying  
so much your putrid smelling body will be washed clean  
rippin the mics allowed to do with pride  
it's necessary to bury involuntary like mandatory suicide, government style  
there's nothing more fresh than a skull covered with flesh  
I'm dressed not to impress I'm cold laughing G  
I'm so fly the SWAT team's after me  
cause everywhere I go I bring a blood bath with me  
peep the creak creak, yo hemaglobin's cheap  
just look for it it's skin deep  
bitchnigga next to you got eight accessible pints you can keep  
peep the black market, your girl and there ain't nothin' but a target  
I'll Gin start you up mark you with an exclamation  
jig you the jug and I don't need no explanation  
its all exploitation my slang has no expiration  
bloodied up you're a sight for sore eyes  
you'll be screaming for me when your cuts get basted in sodium chloride  
I'm pulling your cards kid, I see the Ace of Spades  
death is in your future watch it parade to your face with blades  
the reels reviled your face in the jiffy bag is sealed  
would it kiss up to disease, I'm on a H.G Louis blood feast  
I run with the insane type your life is like water floating down the drain pipe  
a scream or cries cracked feind demise  
open up your eyes and breathe between the lies  
a flick, imagine light up a kid a whole drum kit  
till there's no life  
and theres a spike infested with 2 pieces of crooked wood now beat me

burn the groove to death kid, gonna burn the groove say yeah yeah  
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