

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

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