

Death Rap

Necro

For death rap shit
Word up
Bump this
Some evil shit
Check it
Fuckin faggot

It starts with your intestines and germs
Next you're a centavo infested with worms
Man destiny is best that he learns
My accent divines hacking through your veins
Like you're in between the rail road track and the train
A bullet in the back of your brain simple and plain
Like back in the days when cats didn't play they would wack you and not explain
Demeaning Jesus, you're ripped to pieces by hyena, your teeth like tweezers
I speak death like seniors with diseases
Packing Satan gun's that you're like Hussein's son
Don't fuck with me I only say it once
Like the end of casino two bats in your spine gory
Every bone in your body broken like you dropped nine stories
Insane like the brain misconvict
You're dead after we buck you in the head like that famous Vietnam pick
Honor you hate this, god couldn't save us
Performing autopsy on you like Chris refrent and Jonathan Davis

Death rap that's the rap I kick don't ever confuse it with others there isn't nothing like this
Death rap I be the most morbid after we finish with you kid you need a closed coffin
Death rap not just on this track it's a movement I represent much more rugged then you
Death rap am the last of a dying breed diss me you must be dying to bleed

I walk with the living dead
Witness the digits that bitches that the red description
Is the picture of witches and women giving head
I think ahead and analyze minds like a psychologist
Regardless if the topic is necrodapist or sabacolypse
The logic is am played or a shot to your esophagus
Remove you from the earth you get hurt for popping shit
What about clips in there basics slap the shit out of racists
Crack your teeth on the curve spit and piss in there faces
I got clips in the basement guns and plenty ammunition
If you push the wrong button you going to send me on a mission
And if that's the case am a bash your face
Then reverse the positive become a basket case

I blast for days am a burn down your house
That's the way I get down when you take food out my
mouth
I got my revolutionary ways, fighting to eat
For being poor back in the days and surviving the
streets

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I represent the death rap with your head cracked open
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