

Drugdealing

Necro

NECRO â?? DRUGDEALING LYRICS

Drug dealers

What, what

Hustlers

Psychological, Necro, Street Villains

Volume 1

Uh

(Verse 1)

Welcome to my world where DT's eat faeces

Hookers with moustaches will suck your cock for a free piece

If you're broke, you de cease to jerk

So you gots to lurk through the streets, do some of the devil's work, then m
urk

It feels good son, it's great to scheme

It's all dirty money so wash your hands after you calculate the cream

Peep me if you like smoke

You wanna fight loc?

You walkin' a tight rope

You get cut like coke

Someone's lust, is someone's win

Love consumption, opposite hell production, self destruction

Brain cell abduction

Vein corruption

Cocaine production

Your brain gets sucked in

Keep your stash tucked in the balls at all times

And when pigs ask you about me, yo you better catch allzymes

Which means never talk to cops

So these fiends can continue to snort the crop

But yo we gotta make cream, so yo we water crops

Down with vitamins, and all sorts of slop

But don't tell nobody!

Ripper you got a fetish for paralyzin' your dome often

When you isn't got enough cream to pay for your own coffin

You got a problem no one cane solve

So sniff and let the snow dissolve

Life is a cipher I'll let the flow revolve

(Chorus x 2)

Drug dealing

For money, we do deals and illegal shit

Drug dealing

Weighin' shit up on the scales, for crack addicts rippers and potheads

(Verse 2)

Making dough is the intent

For sick men, that stash crack ?and bit pens, and fit gems?

Are you a victim?

Today's deal, sell some blow, eat a gourmet meal and stay real

Nobody will be able to find your bones

My business feeds your business, so mind your own

Sellin' stuff to skeezers

Before I saw Jeez for makin' beats, I sold weed to creeps

How 'bout that girl Annette, from Brooklyn

She had pimples on her ass and mad problems

I sold her grass

They all got ripped off, even the hard rocks

I swore they were trife, but never saw a scale in their life

Tellin' this kid about grams and how much and quality and my count sucks

But you smoked every ounce up
Perpetratin' like you a dealer, but you an addict
Smokin' every sack before you made your money back
I was seventeen, sellin' green weed
To grown men who'd fiend to get dirt inside their spleen
How 'bout the fifty year of twats
That light up by smoking pot
Was no cops, as long as I delivered it hops
(Chorus x 2)
Drug music
Brand new Necro, exclusive
Pick up brutality part one, September
It's a bundle of crack
And you'll smoke it
You bitch!