

## Mutilate the Beat

Necro

My character traits, I consider attractive, hate, bitterness  
Proactive with blades, grittiness, transform, activate  
Like a general, official, hit you with an enemy missile  
My extended pistol is beneficial to the issue  
I'm hot tempered, the red dot's centered, leave you shot and Di  
smembered, you blood clot, you got dented  
Spiritual healing, satanic, walking on ceilings, warped appeal,  
cold Like a corpse with no feelings  
Gang territorial, squeeze a banger at ya in a state of euphoria  
, Leave you bleeding like Fangoria. Skeezing Eva Longoria  
Slaughter ya, get gorier than Korea, see ya  
Bedridden, head bitten. By a kitten  
Bred with rabies, shitting out red, left dead sittin'  
Lacking awareness, in all fairness, you're wack, clapped  
And left physically impaired pissed, see a therapist  
It's natural for me to flip, come at ya with a bat and split  
Ya head open, or catch you with a clip. The.44 magnum spits, Ma  
gnanimous, kill you like Euronymous then walk off anonymous A M  
alcolm McLaren rebel, you're on the low baron level  
With a piece of shit on your head like Aaron Neville  
Forever death like Trevor Peres, if my endeavor's are slept on,  
Never-the-  
less, sever the flesh. You gotta die, laws of the Bible  
Do not apply, say goodbye to my rivals, you should try to compl  
y. Assault ya, rude behavior, flavor like salt on ya food, ensl  
ave ya, on the altar subdued. The sinning, atheist, demented, w  
inning, sadist, I can see the inner traces of resentment on you  
r faces. A proper amount of fucked up lines, you can't possibly  
count, buck up ya spine with a nine, shot to the ground

Mutilate the beat. Mutilate the beat. Mutilate the beat

The skills of my intellect, allow me to kill you in a sec, fill  
you up with Percoset, power drill  
You in the neck. Brilliantly like when Quentin directs, the qui  
ntessential, villian in-effect, chin check you diligently. Good  
hearted 'til the hood scarred it, I wish you would start it, s  
park it, the death of you we could market. A bad dude, with an  
attitude like Zab Jud, I'll pull a gat on you, give you a stab  
tattoo. You worship idols, strip ya titles, rip ya vitals, grip  
pin' tools, attack like fighting bulls. My motivating factor's  
to kill like operating tractor trailers, drunk as a sailor, mot  
or skills nil. My crooked path is straight, took her on a date,  
making a hooker masturbate with my.38. My machete will slash y  
a, deep gashes, your heart beats faster, get ready to meet your  
master