

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 dismembered, 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. Skeezeing 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, Man
gnanimous, kill you like Euronymous then walk off anonymous A
Malcolm 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 comply.
Assault ya, rude behavior, flavor like salt on ya food, enslave ya,
on the altar subdued. The sinning, atheist, demented, winning, sadist,
I can see the inner traces of resentment on your 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 quintessential,
villain in-effect, chin check you diligently. Good hearted 'til the hood
scarred it, I wish you would start it, spark 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, motor skills nil. My
crooked path is straight, took her on a date, making a hooker masturbate
with my .38. My machete will slash ya, deep gashes, your heart beats
faster, get ready to meet your master