

## Poetry in the Streets

Necro

(Necro)

Uh  
Peep the killer shit  
Death murder rap shit  
Bitch  
Check it

[Necro]

The press, runs to tape record the bloody mess  
Documentations so the human race can study death  
They'll reach in through your TV speaker  
They'll feature a creature  
That will beat ya to death, if he can meet ya  
You're executed when you're electrocuted  
Who's responsible for a homeless man that's dead  
And smells putrid  
We murdered your natural flesh after bein thrown in a river  
You'll be frozen forever into a statue of death  
A grasshopper in the lab dead  
Stabbed in the head  
Knives are like the hands of a crab  
Jabbin your flab till you wrapped them and bled  
Throw you off a building  
Killin' off your children  
Drillin' holes in your corpse till your spillin' the colour vermillion  
We'll split your brains  
I'll slit your veins  
The impact of a bat cracked across your back  
Is like gettin' hit by a train  
I'll stick a fang in your blood bank  
Then strangle  
My shangle bangle  
You like the triangle  
Piece of an angle  
I think my shit's too brutal for most  
I might be the only one capable of digesting the dose  
You won't survive a screw driver driven inside your throat  
Choke on blood and saliva another kaniver croaks

[Hook - Necro]

It's poetry in the streets of the big apple  
And a vitality found in few other places  
But look beneath the surface of the city  
And you shall uncover a steamin sesspool of human emotion  
Gone sour, a planet, where nightmares  
That become reality  
Witness the brutality  
Its poetry in the streets of the big apple  
You get tackled  
And grappled to the floor, white slaved up and shackled

[Ill Bill]

I spit on your grave, piss in your mouth, and shit on your face  
Grind you into slop meat and serve you to your friends  
We bringin' bad taste  
Another brutal shootin' rampage  
Turnin humans to ashtrays

Groupies to crack slaves  
And boobies that lactate  
Squirtin' mad milk, I never have guilt  
I have krills, I'll have you fags killed  
In front of your mom and dads grill  
Splatter both of them  
With pieces of your explodin' head  
Brain fragments are stainin' clothing red  
I make you love the pain, it hurts  
We make music for drug addicts, pieces of shit, that love the dirt  
Its psychological  
I'm like havin' a rifle shot at you  
We not the type that smile at you  
We the type that body you  
Slit your throat with the broken bottle  
Pieces of jagged glass stabbin' you through your fuckin eyeballs  
Have you swallowin cyanide screamin' "Die whores!"  
Kill your physical first, next your minds lost  
Leave you in the funeral home you make a fine corpse  
Got you splattered across the walls with my nine tongues  
Murder you execution style like a crime boss  
Travel through time and terminate you like a cyborg  
My mentality's grindcore

[Hook]