

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]