

Scumbags

Necro

Willing to start killin
Cause I got no feelings inside
So what your dead kid, you ain't special
Millions have died
You think shit's funny
You'll laugh in a ditch
After you get your face ripped off
Or your left with half of your lips
Even with a chest strapped with a vest
No one's safe cause this evil infests
And stays trapped in your flesh
I life, you learn it's a risk
You could get burned to a crisp
You won't know, it could be your turn to be stiff

Ronnie called, said we gotta dig a hole for some pigs
Wench in the crib, I smelled her from the stench in his fridge
Keepin' the chicks on booze, they better broke and in debt
Hopeless and stressed, we feed them off coke to forget
Garbage bag em, 20 tacks to the windpipe
Sit tight! my surgical gloves service a midwife
Sprinkled powdered X, trifle on the blonde beaver
Ay yo satans back, and he just made the cover of Don Diva
Some mail order teens, from philippines
Sex puppet, quadriplegic, with bigger tits from Creatine
Thuggin it, me and my drug covenant, we on some money shit
Thorazine, bitches fillet, stay in my dungeon pit

Yo Mitch, we gotta burn a pair of tits
I murdered this fat bitch, now it's time to incinerate her slit
Kid, uncle howie's new girlfriends is a cyborg
Electronical vocal cords, spanish robotic whore
This bitch is kit, howie came over for a hit
He asked me for 10 bucks so he could go shoot up some shit
Put him on a cover, filmed the video, Mordecai was smokin crack
Yamaka and all that, so give him dap
We're takin fat pieces of shits, enslaving them
And attaching them to horses, and cracking 'em with the whip
I got gene computer guys brain fried
Sent him back to the projects with the roaches, so he commit suicide
His mothers obscene, she had a wart attached to her face
The size of a grape, had it cut it off with a laser beams
Put a gun to his head, should of bust a lead
Cause that depressed faggot is cancerous I'm walking dead
Mail and bitches, cockroaches and pictures
Of asian bitches, l with shotties in the mouth I'm sadistic
I had her sucking barrel, flashin crotch
My pornographic thirty two panel insert is hot

We carry heat
Howie rock the whole fleet
Caddy jeeps, heated seats
Party favors, snow, icebergs sheets
I like chicks with over bites, make the urinal sweet
Pullin my meat, bust off we tossin' off on they cheeks
rap sadist, with homemade balze and face lifts
I'm from Brooklyn, home of the beat box and rapists

Now I cruise Cali, fuck Jakes, fakes, and cash whores
Drivin up the coast, cocaine stuck to my dashboard
Y'all bitches nauseate me, knowing that scort is a tool
You mad corny, cause you probably watch porn for the dudes
Sellin' your M3 for AZT in the test tubes
Seconds too late, the man made serum infects you

[Chorus]