

The Pre-Fix for Death

Necro

Yo, yo the mater of puppets catch burning your corpse in acid in buckets, attracted to ruckus, like magnets, like cro magnis, im bangin saint agnes satin the baptist, sacrilegious, like charlie rugged, like Harley Davidson bikes, fourth Larry kings bikes, to show no mercy, iller than percey, its millions to reverse me, necro logical psycho, burning you with highly lethal nitro, glycerin your Michael on a motorcycle, interesting a programmable micro, chip attached to the back of your neck, some cheap shit, brain washing you like crazy silo cuz you weren't appreciative, and your to PC to live, couple days curacy of the way toy dog I will destroy god, Ill walk with any other man from Messiah you created, to control me its all gone like a point guard, I stay rebellious like pipe bombs been thrown at the police in well-fest youll be known as ceased after we bust you with heavy metal like kel-tec

Crushing yous my mission to leave you a morbid stiff, bludgeon you beyond recognition with distorted riff, technical drums, and rugged bass rip through your flesh, contrantor sickness, classical acid is the prefix for death. crushing yous my mission to leave you a morbid stiff, bludgeon you beyond recognition with distorted riff, technical drums, and rugged bass rip through your flesh, contrantor sickness, classical acid is the prefix for death

Some reulphish shit, gouging eyes like a doctor on a Malpractic trip, chopping at the head of your coat, stomping your mentor with a foot note, and a astrolis, filthy like Madonnas bum, be at you like toma drums when the drama comes, hydrochloric more blood yours conflict, similar to the ones from drama funds, metal hip hop the fusion of real rap with real guitar shit no illusions, no fake shit I live both cultures so when I make shit the result is gruesome, hustler I use to sell home grown weed, now proceed for put in my time into moving CDS and ima roller grinding like ima on my fourth nose bleed, carve ye, I began to glove ye, but now im your father on the cover of a revolver, deva stated you like a Antonia Tovar, disintegrate you who made you desolve you, I got bitches and slaves in cargo, my shits brutal like Dave Labrado, on a drum kit my voice is in sync like a dumb porno like Manson Murano. crushing yous my mission to leave you a morbid stiff, bludgeon you beyond recognition with distorted riff, technical drums, and rugged bass rip through your flesh, contrantor sickness, classical acid is the prefix for death. crushing yous my mission to leave you a morbid stiff, bludgeon you beyond recognition with distorted riff, technical drums, and rugged bass rip through your flesh, contrantor sickness, classical acid is the prefix for death. The prefix for death