

# Circle of Tyrants Freestyle 1

Necro

Necro's up in here  
Brooklyn in effect, jux you in the neck  
Disrespect the clique we'll step to you, mush you, put you in check  
We stay evil, I don't play with people  
Don't sleep on me cause I made it legal  
Whip the Desert Eagle out - come see me kill  
Whenever, whatever you want kid;  
Step up, head up, dead up ya butt  
Thirty year old men turn into sluts when they get snuffed  
You jock the custom Necro chain  
You sit in disgust in ya crib cause you can't hustle like the best  
Death Rap entrepreneur pushin' the violence  
On CD's, like krills from Millz it's only about what I think  
Fuck approval seekin, dead body disposal removal creepin'  
Ya vanish, missing - they can't even find you on Google  
Hold the bronze kronze Ruger like Hans Gruber  
Rippin' through flesh like a cougar, attackin' like ex-cons couped up  
Peep the rugged cause you love it  
Sick sadistic, sadomasochistic skitzo flips it intricately  
Infinitely ripped it

ILL Bill bag females ILL-Town to Illinois  
Ya'll faggots bag trannies from the back of the Village Boys  
I'm callin' you out, put the .44 in ya mouth  
Pull the trigger and splatter your brains on the walls of your house  
I'm empty inside, don't know what remorse is about  
I roll thick like strippers at shopping malls in the south  
Hit the studio with a eight-ball and an ounce  
Chop up lines, record eight songs and I'm out  
So flavorful, fuck up ya face - give you a razorful  
Your life and a pile of shits' interchangeable  
We top-shelf; won't stop 'til we paid in full  
I Reign In Blood, my destruction is unobtainable  
We morbid thieves in Jordan 3's, we attack you like swarming bees  
We all creeps  
I flip drugs and pimp sluts and spit dust  
And distrust anybody that isn't us  
What!?!

Enter the sickly hip hop vic with the slick stee  
Rollin' thick and grippin' pistols - click, kid you're history  
Hyde: the field general of axe-wielding sentinels  
Ventricles pumped with poison, you need Benadryl  
Ain't nobody rocking me, I'm boppin' with the Glock on me  
Boxin' me and winning; your chances are slim like lottery  
Behave yourself coming at me sideways  
Better rephrase yourself, or be left dead in ya driveway  
The cops can't can us so we kill and take advantage  
The equivalence to my trigger finger is magnani (mou) s  
Yo, I'll snuff you more than once  
And open cuts up just like cunts  
Son, our punches come in bunches, crunch  
And make ya lose your lunch  
I be the brass knuckle-wearing, bad box you up like Tetris  
Right cross or left, bitch - both hands are ambidextrous  
Your death is on my checklist, your respiratory's breathless  
Exorcist specialist with natives that are restless

Circle of tyrants album, droppin' this summer  
Necro! ILL Bill, Goretex and Hyde!