

Circle of Tyrants Freestyle 2

Necro

Circle of Tyrants!

Brand new album droppin' this summer

Verse after verse of violent shit from New York's best

Cop it like a bundle!

Now get ready for a highly potent dose of Death Rap...

I know you hate me - so screw 'em, run up on 'em, kill 'em

Break limbs Gracie, we stay putrid like a H.G. Lewis film

Color you blood-red: a bedridden tradition

Deliver you forbidden hidden written scrolls of dead Egyptian M
agicians

Each word attacks you like a savage venom

You're average - you're a waste like a beautiful cadaverous wom
an

Watch out when I get inspired

I'm liable to start a religion; fried pigeons and blood dipped
bibles

Rebellious out the womb, brainwashing the wack

Insult us and we'll bring it you like a posse of bats

Moshin' to the track

Split you in two like mathematicians do

I'm casting for corpses and I'd like to audition you!

Keep it very gully like Chazz Palminteri

In 'Bronx Tale' - you're buried, we cut through pulmonary

Gothic-Rap, Agnostic is probable

If God's an alien Jesus is impossible gospel

My goons leave you with jagged wounds, crime is organized

We get better; we metamorphosize like maggot cocoons

Your blood is butter on my pancakes

Twist you like a staircase

Suffocate ya face, you'll feel how breathing without air tastes

Brain's temperamental, very Dario Argental

Hyde: you've heard of me - I'm vengeful

Murder-spree central

Neurotic, despotic, got a taste for the psychotic

My home is a hole with hungry rats like Colonel product

Pints of termites, and mice and Tyson meat are right

I keep my sights on bludgeoning like eighties Mike Tyson fights

Rape and pop ya cherry, ho

We bury foes in stereo

To me your life expectancy's predicted to be very low

The Circle of Tyrants closing in like hungry hawks

Sick murderous pirates comin' for ya mother's corpse