

# Death Rap

Necro

For death rap shit  
Word up  
Bump this  
Some evil shit  
Check it  
Fuckin faggot

It starts with your intestines and germs  
Next you're a centavo infested with worms  
Man destiny is best that he learns  
My accent divines hacking through your veins  
Like you're in between the rail road track and the train  
A bullet in the back of your brain simple and plain  
Like back in the days when cats didn't play they would wack you and not explain  
Demeaning Jesus, you're ripped to pieces by hyena, your teeth like tweezers  
I speak death like seniors with diseases  
Packing Satan gun's that you're like Hussein's son  
Don't fuck with me I only say it once  
Like the end of casino two bats in your spine gory  
Every bone in your body broken like you dropped nine stories  
Insane like the brain misconvict  
You're dead after we buck you in the head like that famous Vietnam pick  
Honor you hate this, god couldn't save us  
Performing autopsy on you like Chris refrent and Jonathan Davis

Death rap that's the rap I kick don't ever confuse it with others there isn't nothing like this  
Death rap I be the most morbid after we finish with you kid you need a closed coffin  
Death rap not just on this track it's a movement I represent much more rugged then you  
Death rap am the last of a dying breed diss me you must be dying to bleed

I walk with the living dead  
Witness the digits that bitches that the red description  
Is the picture of witches and women giving head  
I think ahead and analyze minds like a psychologist  
Regardless if the topic is necrodapist or sabacolypse  
The logic is am played or a shot to your esophagus  
Remove you from the earth you get hurt for popping shit  
What about clips in there basics slap the shit out of racists  
Crack your teeth on the curve spit and piss in there faces  
I got clips in the basement guns and plenty ammunition  
If you push the wrong button you going to send me on a mission  
And if that's the case am a bash your face  
Then reverse the positive become a basket case

I blast for days am a burn down your house  
That's the way I get down when you take food out my  
mouth  
I got my revolutionary ways, fighting to eat  
For being poor back in the days and surviving the  
streets

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I represent the death rap with your head cracked open  
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