

(Clip From movie "Maniac")

Necro:

I've conducted extensive research
now every verse is corrupted, offensive to the church,
destructive, demented worse.
You've been instructed by sentences in each
verse featured to suck you into a world invented to see you bleed first.
My brutal rhyme is running through your mind stabbing
up the cerebrum, down to the spine
Cut up the region.
My personality represents the worst reality,
ever since a kid I rocked a reverse mentality.
I give no apologies for my biology.
Don't follow me you're not qualified to have my qualities.
You're disqualified you'll get no equality.
Senseless homicide equals Necro's psychology.
I'm the leading authority in subjects like beatings
that will leave you bleeding orally, a part of me is obsessed.
A major label would have been an end to me I was meant to be an
independently runned entity.
I got the illest mind it's chored like phyllis' spine,
like 38 serial killers combined.
It takes one individual act to murder to for kickin' a miserable
rap it's a pitiful fact.
You'll get visibly hacked into shreds, left for dead, gushing
from your head with a pair of scissors attached.
It's wizardry, the way you disappear from the earth physically,
covered up exquisitely. Smothered up with pillows militantly.
You see you dying as quiet as can be is the key.
I obtained a sick brain, from the streets of Brooklyn with the
need to inflict pain.

Ill Bill:

I smile for the cameras like Berkowitz, you can't interpret this,
murderous, stab you in the face perfect fit.
I slice precise like a surgeon's wrist, another verse that slips
into the grips of the perverse and sick.
There's nothing worse than this.
There's nothing more horrifying than people with the thirst for
piss and feces like GG Allou and German chicks.
Imagine a minuet before person flips.
A minuet later you're strangled with the blue face and purple lips.
Leaving you lying on the cold floor, mouth open, found you bloated
a week later, reekin' of foul odour.
Fuck the fake scriptures, we sacrilegiously sacrifice you in the
name of Satan and take pictures.
My laboratories table's bottle nosed.

Its too late if you just noticed that you've been followed home
.Look into my eyes, hollow holed, Ill Bill, cold-
blooded demon from hell without a soul.
I'm responsible for managing the impossible, if it isn't Uncle
Howie its psychological.
Lots of guns, lots of ghouls, got a casa full.
We the reason why doctors will report at the hospital.