

Senseless Violence

Necro

You stupid, cocksucker son of a bitch
We'll mutilate you
It's Necro, at his finest
Don't make me get violent, 'cause I like that shit
You fucking pussies will get deaded 'cause you're spineless!

We'll fuckin' bring it to you, buck you
What the fuck you think you doin'? Fuck you faggot
Cut you into pieces, stuff you into plastic
Rush you with an ambulance
Gamblin' with your life, stranglin'
You like serial killers to hookers that resemble Amber Lynn
Before dismemberment, remember this: kid, don't forget
We rep this to the death, respect us or you'll vex us and we'll step
And when we step you'll regret when we met
'Cause when I set the shit off you could bet you'll get hit off
With dosages of death - you know the rest
And if you don't, you'll find out quickly cause we're kinda sickly
Ripley's Believe It or Not!
Bitch, please, you're bleeding a lot
We keep it hot with ultra-violent raps that insult ya, repulse ya
'Til there's no pulse in ya, that's when vultures appear
To eat your ligaments - I got an itchy trigger for a snitch, dig
A ditch for a bitch big enough that the rest of their family could fit!
You barely could hit, I could beat you fairly
I should keep you barely alive after I beat you
So you could see we're really scary

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Senseless violence
Simplistic, but technical like multiple bitch-slaps
Across your face with the back of my hand
Cause you're vulnerable kidnapped
Click-clack - push your shit back, bastard
A piece of shit packed in a casket
Reeking like fish 'cause the gat blasted
Redundant 'cause hundreds need to get murdered
Repeat myself; there's always someone new that never heard a
Word I said
Double barrel-shotty hidden under apparel for trouble
Prepared to kill like Gotti, forbidden paws like a werewolf
Tear you to shreds, you're scared to be dead
I dare you to do what you said, I'll put voodoo on your head
Doo-doo on your bed 'til fourteen, you poor thing
You're not built for the streets
You'll get killed, better off in ya building cleaning your sheets
Swing a machete at your throat, a deadly proper stroke
Decapitating slash
When you drop and croak we'll take your cash
Make it fast before some coppers poke their nose
Into some business that ain't theirs and we leave 'em with
Blood-soaked clothes

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