

# 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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