

Sicko Freestyle

Necro

Sick
Psycho+Logical, Street Villians Volume 1
Brand new shit
ILL BILL and Necro!
Check it out
Brand new, exclusive shit
Pay attention

The music business is morons, faggots, and idiots
Flamers like Branch Dividians
Pussys bleeding through pants from periods
We're street villians just another word for goons
Big black gats and braincells burned from shrooms
The future speaks now or forever hold your heat close
Meet ho's with pretty faces and deep throats
Blow a load, leave 'em alone, I sell 'em some blow
And when they ask me for free coke, I'm telling 'em "no"
Telling your story walkin, banging in your Sony Walkman
Catch me walking with porno bitches often
The swordsman
Circle Of Tyrants, the gore-met of violence
At your position
Wilding like Howie on a ten year mission
My music for scumbags, murderers and mobsters
Violent monsters, cop killers, live in concert
So much weed
Call us to joint the chiefs of staff
Creeps with masks
Murder you for no reason, fag

I strut up freaking different voices
Rocking a wig
It's America so I can snuff you or shoot you
I got choices with the freedom
To reach in to my holster and unleash dumdums
That'll fling you into the air higher then Hashish
So move your frame back
Fuck capisce 'cause I'm down to flex
Bringing burners to studio sessions for sound effects
Rocking a disguise, incognito
Code of bushido
Revenge attack, torpedo
Blasting your broken bones, Aikido
You can't decipher it
Why would I bludgeon my enemy's skull and stick a knife in it?
'Cause for this Hip-Hop shit I'll die for it
Without music I'm dead
Only thing that calms my head
Except receiving head
We see from bread sleeping in bed
I was born bent
See more death then a corpse
My brain's been warped
Way before you knew what the word meant
Shocking you like electricity through the tits
I'm on a deathbed with ten diseases
Now who is sick?