

Glove

"Push it to the Limit"

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[Necro]

We'll push it to the limit like a tourniquet crushin' your cranium

Mushin' you, murder you, burnin' you to a crisp live on uranium

Maintainin' sins like Iranians holdin' grenade pins

Blazin' your skin, stomp you with a whole parade of Timbs

Put a gemstar to your flesh pa, the emperor

Of demented sentences with a temper, your mentor

Demonic like Skeletor, Destro, 'Deceps'

Criminal corrupted culprits'll beat you to death

Keep your head up or you'll get your head cut off

Your whole life shut off with a knife, wipe the blood off

My perspective is respect this or expect

To be left With a neck full of stitched up imperfections

'Cause you bitched up, in retrospective your collective

Woulda switched up if you knew what a bunch of sick fucks

We are when we get hectic too late, drama, we all up in it

Go all out, push it to the limit

[Chorus 2X: Jamey Jasta]

Push it to the Limit, walk along the razor's edge

Don't look down, just keep your head up till you're finished

Up and up the limit, past the point of no return

Reach the top, but you gotta learn how to keep it

[Necro]

Attack you like an evil gargoyle with swords

Burn you like radiation, leave you a charbroiled corpse

We represent every satanic element, I'm malevolent

Murder you, you're gettin' sent to where the Devil went

If I'm wrong you could be dead right

When you pass you'll be forgotten 'cause I'm rotten like the website

We get ogrish, poisonous like a cobra's kiss

Demonic, like when the last day in October hits

You're miserable, livin' trapped in your bed

You should be clapped in your head 'cause you'd be
happier dead
You little pussies get choked to death with a Cotex
You're dying little by little, every second, go check your
Rolex
You're not living forever, I'll bet you
How much you wanna put up? For the right price
somebody'll dead you
No cushion for lyrics, mushin' you if you're timid
Extreme rap, explicit, we push it to the limit

[Chorus]

[Necro]

You tremble from the brutality
Make you resemble George A. Romero character in
reality
Bring your big posse
You'll be a bunch of fertilized faggots, like Versace and
Liberace
Get killed in a building, smashing you like Zildjian
cymbals, buckin' you like Brazilian children
Write your will out to your attorney
After a weekend at Bernie's you'll be deceased, dead
on a gurney
I rip the beat like the contours of your flesh stripped
As you stare, pump gore, it's a trip
Can't think about food with bullets buried in your belly
But notice bloody flesh looks like blueberry jelly
You're repulsively corrosive
Your mother taught you not to get involved with
explosives
Skull opened like Iron Maiden Eddy, kaput, finished
Wanted excitement, you died for it, you pushed it to
the limit

[Chorus]

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