

## Mr. Hyde

### "Malignant Messiah"

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\*sample\*

She sits on the window sill  
Looking down it's quite a thrill  
In the tree  
Imagining what it is like to be dead  
She walks on the ledge  
Searching for the living end

[Mr. Hyde]

Mr. Hyde your messiah Necro on production brain  
abduction. Check it

[Chorus]

Your messiah's arrived prepare to fire your nines  
Make up your mind and decide if you desire to die  
By the tyrant of knives it's Mr. Hyde and I thrive  
To put you dead in the dirt death acquired your cry

[Mr. Hyde]

I'm the scourge of the earth I've been a merchant since  
birth  
The devil bobs his head to this the detergents of hurt  
One insult is all it takes and my blade assaults your  
face  
I'm feasting on sheep like the ape in Altered States  
You can til I'm rolling hard til my nine explodes and  
charge  
I'm giving broken arms like I practice yoda con  
I'll blast your cabbage on nuthin near your average  
scar  
Leave you for the scavengers a martyr with your  
salvage on  
My evil slang consists I'm from the latin languages  
Vanquish you with bangers after strangle you with  
blankets kid  
Take a piss on you bitch and then I'll lace you with  
phlegm  
Foul like Malaki and Howie puffin base behind a shem  
Leavin you with belly pains headin into hell with chains  
Beat the elderly with canes til I see their smelly brains  
You're seekin to live because you're dreamin it kids

See what the sandman will bring ain't what the demons  
will give

[Chorus]

[Mr. Hyde]

It's Hyde the dream caster hide disease catcher  
Receiving the rash exceed and breath cancer  
Your pain's expected fuckin major wreckage  
When I blaze my tech kid it'll cave your chest in  
My blades connected with your face and left it  
Greatly twisted gotta pay to fix it  
I'll stick you through your scarf leave your neck with  
bloody scars  
Gettin hectic like a baby fallin off the monkey bars  
Anthem shreddin ya'll stuff myself til my lungs bleed  
The jungle predator son I'll hunt better hungry  
Dedicated to sins like separating your limbs  
Desecrating your skin by decorating with pins  
You're undressing confession gettin fucked by a priest  
Ain't no rosary beads will have you touchin his peace  
You keep on steppin to me you'll be receiving some  
props  
I'll let my weapon release and now you're bleeding a lot

[Chorus]

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