

## Mr. Hyde "The Crazies"

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[feat Goretex, Ill Bill, Necro]

The Crazies, live in the subways  
Completely control the underground  
They're Night Raiders

[Mr. Hyde]

Yo

Don't be concerned about what you heard about me  
word of mouth

Facts I'll take the burner out and blow your fucking  
sternum out

I'll keep the fragments, little pieces of your clavicle

In my cabinets to prove you 'aint shatter proof

Put the four fifth to you, let all four clips in you

Pain experience is like a Pitch George grip to you

Now you scarecrow dead, watch me tear whole heads

Off at their shoulders I cough as you smolder

Fresh ash particles contaminate the sky

From your flesh barbeque, inhale it to get high

Or pull the tool in your bless, leave you laying on the  
deck

fuck your bullet proof vest son, I'm aiming for your  
neck

Now your beautiful jugular is soaking up my rug

'Aint no crews rugged'er, I'll prove it with a slug

See, we psycho+logical your team's methodical

We back slap fag rappers like bitch prostitutes

Scream, and pray its only a nightmare

And hope your gaping throats really only a slight tear

In truth you slice right with the nice nine inch knife

Every trife rhyme I write ignite twenty-five alike

[Goretex]

Barn of the naked dead

Garnish your flesh, carving your head

Me and the Covent starve women till there orange and  
red

Take creep pictures, renounced, I'm the young Keith  
Richards

I'll turn a MILF evil, feed her some speed with killer  
mixtures

Riding Bibles like a man tongue  
We slime buckets, where sluts get gutted, fucked and  
punched  
With there tampons, a blood fetish  
A monstrous grimace like Al Fish  
A moment of silence the count is about to affix  
Playing God is such a thrill for me  
My young ministry with six women become un-inhibited  
they kill for me  
The God of love, I leave scars and misery  
See letting these women go don't make sense, it's a sin  
to me  
The night surgeon, I flip it like a Christ diversion  
Welcome to Hell, selling souls right in person  
The gore merchant, murder for pigs is always worth it  
Expressed male, set my panties and bloody curtains

[Ill Bill]

Call me the sad wings of destiny  
Spread across the planet like leprosy  
Destroying your entire life's legacy  
Nuclear priest, fire storm, human defeat  
My goons are elite, murdering you with the tools of the  
street  
The morbid sorcerer, forty four magnum officer  
slaughterer  
Calling your coroner, crash street at the corner of  
Lauberman  
Jumping the L, between cars puffing the L  
Robbing you on the way to Carnarsie for something to  
sell  
And I will strike down upon the with great vengeance  
and furious anger  
Burying you with illirious bangers  
A total nightmare, chrome nines appear  
Walking with no sign of fear  
Designed to tear you with this piece of these vagina  
scare  
Pussy clot, ill guerilla pimp make the pussy pop  
Another rookie cop got shot another pussy drop  
Either we mad men or mysterious villains  
Or billionaires, sociopaths, or serial killers

[Necro]

Murder rappers with a shooting titanium microphone  
Bullets in your brain rip threw cranium like Styrofoam  
Four thugs who step to me who catch belly slugs  
Now your four faggits dead laid out in a row covered in  
smelly rugs  
Dieing to meet ya, slice up each feature  
Your grill's a bloody mess, your face looks like a piet

pizza  
Like bleeding pimples, we hold katanas  
The scientist analyst, I'm breeding pit bulls and  
piranhas  
The messiah, I 'aint nothing but a creep in a trench  
They found Jesus downtown Brooklyn sleeping on a  
bench  
Lobotomy class, we experiment cut and stitch  
Open your brain up and analyze it to find out why your  
such a bitch  
Put gats to you  
Throw you in a lake naked with a block of cement  
attached to you  
I don't sweat to shoot you (uhn uh)  
Rather cut your spleen on screen like a Tom Savini  
scene  
Execute you

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