

Nebular Moon

"Burn The Groove To Death (Nail 'Em To The"

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[Necro]

Yo, insult the colt ya future casket, Ima break a cassette tape and stab you with the plastic, so bleed beautifully. roll up your shirt, strap on a belt, start shootin me, but draw no blood, creep like a water bug, peep the gore you bled. roll with a hord of thugs, necro's the lord of drugs. pay me for death till you got no brains cell left. no fib, your in a prison up in your crib, yo you dead kid, no brass, no tassel left. I'll leave my beef bloody, I cook it red, your future is as good as dead, I'll shove my blade in, so you could fade out. your trapped in a time that's played out, go check the date out, you're a pussy that no one ate out, while my brains on fast foward, you're a victim and you don't even know it, the evil poet, you got no hand, you can't catch it when I throw it. depression makes you copp dimes, until your brain crashes like the streets without traffic signals and stop-signs. cause everyday, is judgment day for me, cause humans that don't know me get scared and run away from me. it's trife, hate, holds the control to life, channel your energy, cut through your foes like a soldier's knife. while the average front, I'm on a never-ending scavenger hunt, I'd rather be blunt so violate the fact you wanna die is great, watch me annihilate, I got insanity inside a jar and I'm dropping it off the empire state. cause you touching the mics, injustice, so muskets we trust kid, so bust clip, the verbal sultan, my philosophy is molten, cause my pupils can only peep a world, unwholesome, insulting, repulsive, revolting! let's risk it for piles of green, with, sadistic violent schemes, twisted like silent screams. I have a determination in, seeing your termination through extermination. cold like a frozen igloo, your rubber room is closing in on you, the chosen jig you, death, is, fucking you insane. you'll get nothing from my pockets, the only thing you got sewn up is your eye sockets. so play dead as I color you blood red, give up the bread or I'll put a hole in your fuckin skull, large like a huge alien head. incinerate the beat, till it's six feet deep, then do a jesus on em, to the crucifix, repeat, now watch me.

[chorus](sample)

Burn the groove to death kid...nail em to the cross
yeah, yeah, yeah
Burn the groove to death kid...nail em to the cross
yeah, yeah, yeah

[Necro]

The hour glass is filled with blow, sniff your time away,
sink into the snow and suffocate your fate, the mind
decays. strain the brain the spine will pay, there's no
verbal vermin vaccination, Im doing a life bid in
imagination. bitch I don't gotta answer you, how bout I
cancel you? Bury you with satan, smoke up and do a
dance for you. morbid shit. peep me poppin on ya guts
G, watch step, it's slippery when bloody. Im bleedin sin,
there's cancer in the air, you'll breathe it in, my whole
scheme is to achieve a win, slice you, leave you with
un-even skin. it's apparent your transparent you can't
conceal your lies, your synthetic like women that are
really guys, you got Jeff Heely's eyes. fuck you in your
cunt group, I'll bring murder right to your front stoop,
touch you in a commatosin caress, I'll propose a toast
to your death, I hope you'll decompose with one breath,
I suppose I'll infest, I doubt ya fly, peep the poison
heres enough for an amount to die, and the holes in ya
body you aint got enough fingers to count that high.
after you lose, sparin my team for green you'll be
crying, so much your putrid smelling body will be
washed clean. rippin the mics a lot to do with pride, it's
necessary, to bury involuntary, like mandatory suicide.
government style. there's nothing more fresh than a
stove covered with flesh, I'm dressed not to impress,
I'm cold laughing G. Im so fly the SWAT teams after
me, cause everywhere I go I bring a blood bath with
me, peep the creep, creep, yo hemaglobins cheap, just
look for it it's skin deep, each nigga next to you got
eight accessible pints you can keep. peep the black
market, ya girl and there aint nothin but a target. I'll
gem star you up, mark you with an exclamation, joox
you the jug, and I don't need no explanation, it's all
exploitation, my slang has no expiration. bloodied up
you're a sight for sore eyes, you'll be screaming for me
when your cuts get basted in sodium chloride. I'm
pulling your cards kid, I see the Ace of Spades, death
is in your future watch it parade to your face with
blades. the reals reviled, your face in the jiffy bag is
sealed. wouldn't kiss up to deseased, I'm on a H.G
Louis blood feast, I rome with the insane type, your life
is like water floating down the drain pipe. a scream or
cries, cracked feind demise, open up your eyes and

read between the lines, a flick, imagine, light up a kit,
the whole drum kit, till there's no life in it, despite them
two good pieces of crooked wood, now beat me.

[chorus]

(sample)

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yeah, yeah, yeah

Burn the groove to death kid...nail em to the cross

yeah, yeah, yeah

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