

Nebular Moon

"The Most Sadistic 12"

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[Verse 1]

Ahhhhhh, necro!
Yo, the most morbid overdose off it
Like cindy crawford's baby comatose in the coffin
I'm awful, often unlawful
Crack you with a softball in your skull
Until you've lost all your memory, every morsel
Mutilate the beat, rejuvenate the street
While you duplicate, repeat
Leave you lookin like bloody lubricated meat
I've got a gun to pull
And I'm comfortable
Pumpin a full clip into the wonderful front of your skull
Your life is not refundable, stumble into the underworld
Where bigger hoes than you didn't come to your girl
Bustin off like I'm huntin for squirrels
A bullet hits you ripping your muscle like a hundred
curls
And that's that, you bullshit artists
Can catch an ascap when you clap right through your
knapsack backpack
Through an intruder's chest right through the flesh
Shove the knife in deep coz life is cheap
Like hookers from Budapest

Chorus:

You're dead dead, you're dead dead, you're dead
dead
Dead
You're dead dead, you're dead dead, you're so dead
And that's what I said
You're dead dead, you're dead dead, you're dead
dead

Dead
You're dead dead, you're dead dead, you're dead
dead
(So dead) that's what I said

[Verse 2]

Ill Bill's seen demons in back of taxi cabs

My thoughts attack me like a bad acid tab
Or a crack drag or Black Flag
Tales from the darkside, mandatory suicide
You and I collide, member suit and ties arrive
Driving medicated, then the thoughts within the dream
accelerated
Then some other motherfucker levitated
Talkin bout some vampire shit like he's dedicated
Decapitated that fuckin faggot then I celebrated
Fuckin with me you fuckin with psychos
Gunshots and knifeholes, walk on my tightrope, you
know how life goes
It's like a dice roll, I love the drama, my mind is set to
kill you
Spill your blood everywhere, like the broken glass of
wine
And under the path of disaster of a bastard by design
the blast and I
Fuck these bitches, love the cash and cry
And we all sick, quick to torture you,
Cut off your balls and stuff em down your throat
Like you sniffed a pound of coke, you're startin to
choke

Chorus

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