

Nebular Moon

"The Real Reality"

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INTRO (Charles Manson):

The parole board's a bunch of stupid bureaucrats men, who are laying up on the dollar bill: "Take that poison and€ and€ and die in that cell; or say you're full of shit and we'll let you go." You know?! So the parole board wants me to go in and count down to their reality and say that their reality is the real reality and my reality is really the stuoid, dumb reality.

VERSE 1:

Cut through you're flesh
With sharp knives
Blast you to death
Laugh in You're face; I'm as trife
As it gets
When I said it, leave you to pass
Like archives
Forget it, you better walk that stat
When the berretta sparks, click clack
Get back
More pieces of you're grill
Will be shot off; kid I keep it ill
Death rap mastery
In crib bumpin
Battery thumpin
With anyone that has it in for me
Dump a clip o' dum-dums in a dummy
Then dump him in the dumpster
I talk so much crazy shit
There's a chance
You just might not believe me until I punch you
In you're fuckin face kid
Face it
I'ma have to demonstrate shit
Some demented hate shit
Then some young impressionable kid'll watch me and
emulate it
The cycle o' psychos never ends
Malevolence

Continues
Through venues
Ever since I got banned from knitting factory on
wetlands
CHORUS:

Hustle Like a sicko
'Cause I got money comin to me
There's enough of it out there for Necro to snatch 50
Mill
I won't stop 'til I have it
'Cause I'm ambitious
And maliciously vicious
Enough to kill
Anyone in my way better move
We came from nothing
And now our foundation is strong
I will rep my own shit
Fuck what you do
You can't do what I do
Gores of original so it's on

VERSE 2:

Jabbin you
Or stabbin you up
Pick one
Grabbin you up
Quick son
Snuffed up
Bucked up
You a fuckin victim
Necro be the representative of Brooklyn, New York:
that's where I live
Gats to your rib
Robbin you blindly
Find me
Back in the crib
Chillin iller with a bitch
That's willin and able to strip
On the table for a villain with a goal
I'm makin a million before 30 years old
I keep shit real when I step
If my reputation's at stake
No hesitation
When I break faces
Whippin out
Razors
Flippin out
Logical psycho Necro
Astronomical sicko

The last of a dying breed
I'm the master
Of sick bastards
I'm indeed
Pump this loud 'til you're eardrums burst
My verse
Comforts you like techno
And beef when ten cats step
And they get mirked

CHORUS

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