

Nebular Moon

"Wsou Seton Hall 89.5 Live Freestyle '99"

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Terrorize your whole click
Make you suck on your own nips
Now spit the cancer out
Grab a glock, call me sir manson alot
Blow your brains on the seat
Vericose veins on the street
Cocaine dust and weed
Kill you slowly it's a must you bleed
Pop a vein in your skull from the stress
Feelin numb in your chest
Anxiety attack
Murder you with a variety, an axe
A mack, a blackjack, a back crack
Right upside ya damn head
For talkin shit about this kid
You bled sadistic and red
My bicuit pumps led
Cock it, obnoxious
Your chopped up in boxes
I'm toxic, my topics are gothic
Morbidity, you can't rid of me
The reason is humanity is spit to me
So kill yourself and write a note
Right before the noose wraps tight around your throat
Your windpipe is choked
New York is full of tranvestites in coats
Trenches, wenches controlled and sacirficing goats
It's death, 42 street, tearin it
Reppin it, sellin shit, melivilent
I got 3 in the fam, me and my man
Will beat you with hands
Leave you beneath the sand
Your sinkin, quickly
I'm thinkin, I'm sickly
I need medication the cadavers are gettin stinky
Your weaker than a pinky
Strangle you wit a slinky
DIE!!!

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