

# Necro

## "24 Shots"

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[Verse One]

My shit's straight bile\*  
You're mild, you've got no style  
I won't be impressed til your\* possessed by balie!  
I make beats like surgeons resume  
To stitch up your wounds  
Inside the emergency room  
They must work urgently or you'll\* permanently be in a  
tomb  
You see in the clergy soon  
I'm taking this rap game serious from the start  
Make your chest cut open with scalpel holding doctors  
working on your heart  
Playing fucking God  
Lacerating to pieces \*of lard  
Like vultures ripping Jesus apart  
You're chopped up and divided in cubes  
My tracks pump like blood pumping through iv tubes\*  
The human body gore who the fuck created it?  
Veins and brains are insane it's some\* creative shit  
Satanic organs  
Melodies of morbidity  
Over the ramming sword of sicknesses the world's all  
been dissed  
You rap like a cadaver  
There's no life in you  
I should stick a knife in you  
Right through your windpipe will do

[Chorus 2x]

24 shots in your head  
I know you're dead but I want to make sure you're dead  
So I pump 4 more in your head  
With the Beretta you're dead but I want to make sure  
you're deader

[Verse Two]

My pumping tracks hit you like gun shots fire crackers  
And jumping jacks wrapped into one attack  
This year, is just another point in time  
Another year time devourers the joints in your spine  
Until you're stressed

With no credentials left  
Just your essential breath and the potential death  
It's maggots and blindfolds, winter jackets and rifles  
Caught up in the cycle of psychos  
It's when your life goes  
I'm done with baffling a kid disses and I grab him then  
I'm gonna stab 'em  
son you're ain't fronting on my album  
Spitting on your bitches tits  
They shift the shit  
My pistol grip is sadistic like my fistal clique

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Not\* since World War 2 has a rapper slaughtered you  
With the impact of Necro's rap  
It's morbid truth\*, in fact  
Not\* since the person is a poet created grim verbatim\*  
like me which is making the industry cringe\*  
I've had a profound\* effect  
My angle has strangled the underground like a noose  
around the neck  
My first radio coverage introduced you to being  
bluging  
And took you to the brain of a Brooklyn kid that was  
thugging  
Now I've got hundreds loving  
Who would have thought I be considered the greatest  
cat  
Explaining the verbal onslaught\*  
Now everyone's objective is directed towards finding a  
Necro record or a  
freestyle where I wreck the respected

[Chorus]

DIE!

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