

## Necro "Circle of Tyrants"

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Yo, I'm like a dead corpse  
Crawling out the dirt, on some zombie shit  
Aiming for your neck to bite the flesh where the veins  
connect  
My brains incorrect, traumatize you in a sec  
My raps are like crack in a decksotenic intellect  
Slaughters you, I got more for you  
Gore for you, your flesh is sort of blue  
You'll be begging someone to pull me off of you  
When I'm stabbing you, I offered you a chance to leave  
You'll only understand when you bleed  
There's no talking to you  
Just shoving a fork in you  
Who the fuck you talking to?  
Im pure death in a flesh, I'll arrange a coffin for you  
My knife packing status, got you shook  
A lot of crooks will respect my rep  
Step, kid I advise you not to look  
Turn your head, or you'll turn up dead  
Put you asleep inside a burning bed  
Learn from what I said  
Im mushing your peeps, and I'm squishing you deep  
Beneath, with the deceased, rest in peace

[Mr. Hyde]

I.. injure you with ninja crews  
Contemplate what's in to do, negotiate with Satan  
Cause it's his decision too  
Hold a sword like ghost dog  
Leaving blood and gross gore  
So disgusting that your corpse is not allowed in most  
morgues  
So jagged and decrypted kid, the maggots rejected it  
I dumped it in the sea and killed all life except for  
squid (What)  
Walk the wrong path, deviated by demons  
While you faggot mother fuckers inegreated by semen  
Lure you into my web check the code the boys is red  
Then look for you to find you in the mortuary dead  
Fill my clip with the lead put the biscuit to the head  
After I ripped you up to shreds I'll take a sip of what you  
bled

Don't ever try and hawk cause I don't wanna talk  
Ill play the kind of sport the way you catch a  
tommahawk  
Open up your skull, fragmets fall to the ground  
Take a toke and sniff a pull now your drawn to the  
sound

[Goretex]

Thugs cry blood, supported by the hemp and the guns  
Y'all tempt me to flip, so morbid when I empty the clip  
It's awful how we decorate your coffin, send me the clit  
We celebrate with Henney blood shakes that render me  
sick  
Whatever ya fix, get fitted with the milley of chrome  
Rap Vinny Jones, I dissatach, snatch from the bone  
And ate the last witnesses  
K-ed out on medicine  
Health nut, crush up my wheat germ  
Chase it with heroine  
Guerilla biscuits, busting your windpipes into splinters  
Another thing that causes pain is the frost in the winter  
Circle of tyrants, rocking the inverded crossed iced-out  
Blood from em, two in your face  
Get erased, lights out  
Spikes out for dish rags, keep em on the hit like shit  
bags  
You don't want it fag  
Your left in the bubble covered, we'll shoot up fair  
State bent, like breathing rubber  
So be advised  
Lucifer's rising the invocation of my demon brother

[Ill Bill]

Splattered in blood, fathom my thoughts patterns with  
drugs  
Morbid visions cadavers ravaged by maggots and  
bugs  
Beetles crawling out of your eyes sockets  
Puss pouring out of your mouth on top of dry vomit  
Billions of body bags, blood drenched battle fields  
Big butcher knives, you fucking faggits  
Get your fucking face erased from your cabbage  
Tangled and gored on top, half of you're body hanging  
off the door  
Spasm and splash your organs across the floor  
Its death.. when the slug hit the bullet proof vest  
I took from the police..man after I blew off his head  
We knights of Satan serving Satan's sadists  
God is an atheist  
You fucking idiots, your bitches give brain to us  
Save yourself, the altar of sacrifice

We criminally insane, escape form Bellview  
Sniffing up cocaine  
Don't even try it, its Ill Bill, the gourmet of violence  
Donate my brain to science, vacationing insane  
asylums

[Captain Carnage]

Come on come all to my carnival of carnage  
Where I'll.. slice and dice and peel off your shell like an  
orange  
I'm too precise not to be nice  
I nail you like Christ you'll pay twice the price  
I'll put brains on ice  
For preparation prepare for the separation  
Of your foundation so come get your frown basted  
In hot sauce I'll roasted you like hot dogs on an open  
fire  
I'm a trig like Myer  
But don't admire the entire picture  
Because I hang you like fixture  
So when you enter the mixture  
Use extreme caution, because it only takes one portion  
To perform an abortion with the steel that I force in  
You feel lost when you get tossed in the bottomless  
gorge  
The heroin horde got guns and swords swords swords  
swords

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