

# Necro "Drugdealing"

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NECRO "Drugdealing" LYRICS

Drug dealers  
What, what  
Hustlers  
Psychological, Necro, Street Villains  
Volume 1  
Uh

(Verse 1)

Welcome to my world where DT's eat faeces  
Hookers with moustaches will suck your cock for a free  
piece  
If you're broke, you de cease to jerk  
So you gots to lurk through the streets, do some of the  
devil's work, then murk  
It feels good son, it's great to scheme  
It's all dirty money so wash your hands after you  
calculate the cream  
Peep me if you like smoke  
You wanna fight loc?  
You walkin' a tight rope  
You get cut like coke  
Someone's lust, is someone's win  
Love consumption, opposite hell production, self  
destruction  
Brain cell abduction  
Vein corruption  
Cocaine production  
Your brain gets sucked in  
Keep your stash tucked in the balls at all times  
And when pigs ask you about me, yo you better catch  
allzymes  
Which means never talk to cops  
So these fiends can continue to snort the crop  
But yo we gotta make cream, so yo we water crops  
Down with vitamins, and all sorts of slop  
But don't tell nobody!  
Ripper you got a fetish for paralyisin' your dome often  
When you isn't got enough cream to pay for your own  
coffin  
You got a problem no one cane solve

So sniff and let the snow dissolve  
Life is a cipher I'll let the flow revolve

(Chorus x 2)

Drug dealing  
For money, we do deals and illegal shit  
Drug dealing  
Weighin' shit up on the scales, for crack addicts rippers  
and potheads

(Verse 2)

Making dough is the intent  
For sick men, that stash crack ?and bit pens, and fit  
gems?  
Are you a victim?  
Today's deal, sell some blow, eat a gourmet meal and  
stay real  
Nobody will be able to find your bones  
My business feeds your business, so mind your own  
Sellin' stuff to skeezers  
Before I saw Jeez for makin' beats, I sold weed to  
creeps  
How 'bout that girl Annette, from Brooklyn  
She had pimples on her ass and mad problems  
I sold her grass  
They all got ripped off, even the hard rocks  
I swore they were trife, but never saw a scale in their  
life  
Tellin' this kid about grams and how much and quality  
and my count sucks  
But you smoked every ounce up  
Perpetratin' like you a dealer, but you an addict  
Smokin' every sack before you made your money back  
I was seventeen, sellin' green weed  
To grown men who'd fiend to get dirt inside their  
spleen  
How 'bout the fifty year of twats  
That light up by smoking pot  
Was no cops, as long as I delivered it hops

(Chorus x 2)

Drug music  
Brand new Necro, exclusive  
Pick up brutality part one, September  
It's a bundle of crack  
And you'll smoke it  
You bitch!

