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Necro "Evil Shit"

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This beat's some evil shit to inspire you to start a fire Do something illegal, only thing you require is a wire to strangle someone

Let out your anger, stop buildin up, you're filled up with pain and anguish

Kid do you understand my insane language? Sensus(?), violence, psychology, apprentinces of sickness learnin the art of ballin(?) and robbery with demented insctincts

Cemented in your mental is the exceptional fact that feeling sentimental for humans is detremental I'm experimental in the ways of murderin you hurbs and turds with absurd words and verbs

Would you have perfered being lured into a crucifixed scenerio, were you're eaten by birds? Bein perserio(?) Who's(?) convicted, describing good descriptions Perscribing murder through scribes, and desicrate the bible's vibes

Maggots crawling on this page as I write this rap It's amazing, appalling, I think Satan's calling. I might snap

[Chorus X2]

scarred

Rap, stab, flesh, puke, slip and grab your neck Bludgeon you bloody you buddy, you stupid? What's after death?

Psychological with the demonic pull, reelin you in dis 'n peelin your skin like a psychotic bull

God won't protect your existence, so I dont respect your religion

Visually you reflect a pidgeon, this'll be disected by

Graphic violence the science of a bloodbath is mathematic multiplying of catostrophic dying of vinyll plastic

Or a CD, massive(?), you can't answer whether I'm making sense or not or imitating Manson Preaching the end of God is my mantra. Enter the pod, take a trip into the nucleus of gore where the center is

You'll catch a barbarian beating by convicted thugs

Left in the sanitary, I'm eating perscription drugs
Force me to brutalize, demonstrate to you how I utilize
a butcher knife to computerize your flesh pixelate you
Triple 6 degrade you. You can't quarentine the
therpeutic thorazine for ever putrid horror scenes
That sick cleverly secluded in the origin of this
cerebrum deep-rooted info for the corroner team

[Chorus X2]

Rap, stab, flesh, puke, slip and grab your neck Bludgeon you bloody you buddy, you stupid? What's after death? Psychological with the demonic pull, reelin you in dis 'n peelin your skin like a psychotic bull

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