

## Necro "I'm Your Idol"

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I'm Your Idol

I rock a pair of butter Nikes  
And blood drips on my kicks when the boxcutter strikes  
- your flesh  
Your skin is tender, it's shredded like it's in a blender  
The red drips from your head, in the tint of magenta  
You're left gory, cats that be thugging or bugging  
if they bring it towards me, reverse it  
Take a walk back, rehearse it, think it over, direct it  
at someone else that will flip on you and stab you for  
respect kid  
Your idol, your average psycho, I'll leave you  
bludgeoned  
I pack a rifle listen up cousin I'll leave you stuffed in - a  
coffin  
Cut up like diamonds, shut up when I'm rhyming "or get  
or get  
Your mouth blown off don't get me upset  
You walking vaginas, talking like miners, you're  
spineless  
Looking for Necro's, looking for trouble "you'll  
find it  
So die quick, you bitches need the Heimlich  
From sucking my dick, now drop the recital "I'm  
your idol  
When I rhyme - fuck it, I kick raps like a slime bucket  
I kick back getting blown by a dime - suck it  
You think whack, while me - my minds rugged  
I see it's my time to bludgeon "I take a nine and  
buck it  
You suckers, die slowly, respect me like I'm holy, Godly  
- the one and only  
Hardly able to be played, I'm from BK  
I need blades for he-say, she-say, you should be afraid  
If you talk shit about me you can't relate  
I'm a teacher - I'll beat ya - I got a degree in hate  
So kill yourself, before somebody else  
Kills you - before you get the chance to, you should be  
dealt "  
The cause of death, by your own flesh  
You want to kill yourself now kid? I won't argue with

you, you know best  
There's no test " I haven't passed  
You test me you'll be the past - you'll be a walking  
cadaver fast  
That's what you want, that's what you get  
wana get cut off? We'll cut off your head  
I offer instead the chance to turn your body around in  
the stands  
Now facing me you must learn to follow my commands  
Fuck back packers! You fudge-packers  
shout outs to thugs and cats that pack axes  
Death to new jacks, you're gassed 'cause you made a  
track  
Your ass, you get played and cracked and the blade'll  
be shoved in your back  
Break his fucking face!! Now kid  
bash it, smash it, he asked for it " slash it  
But I might get caught? So what?  
Do it anyway, bring the onslaught " everyday  
It's like I gotta kill somebody, now matter how hard I try  
to be good  
I can't, you won't let me - now start getting deadly  
Grab the buck knife - fuck life  
fuck him, fuck you - now tell me what's the price!?  
25 to life or you living? I'd rather you see dead  
Good riddance - your head fucking splitting  
Release aggression, swing a fist  
blast a gun, crack a bat - over somebody's back  
I'll never be done " ever - that's how Satan made it  
Created all of us to be filled with hatred  
Pain and anger " buck off the banger  
Fuck off you piece of shit I'll strangle ya'  
You getting cracked in the face with brass knuckles on  
my fist  
Fuck you - you're a bitch - I should stuff you in a ditch  
So puff a spliff - smoke your shit to this  
Get you open like a clitoris " shove a knife in your  
tits  
Its not simplistic it's technical  
when someone sadistic stabs you in your ventricles  
Mad thought takes place " should I stab him in the  
face or in the waist?  
You get replaced and erased  
Now face the burners G " one hundred bullets  
enter your body  
Now you're dead for eternity " you can't come  
back  
When you're stabbed like a thumb tack " I'm  
addicted to gats  
Like uncle Howie does crack " so spark the stem  
And I'ma teach you kids why your carcass is a gem

Study the bloody " my butcher knife lingo  
Rips you to pieces " unos, dose, tres, quatro,  
cinco " holes in your back  
Burn you to death " charcoal - black ashes attack  
your soul with an axe  
Jus' because you're dead " doesn't mean you're  
really dead  
I'd rather kill you in the afterlife instead  
You ain't getting no peace " but rest in peace  
Pieces " one thousand parts at least " the  
maggots in hell will feast  
You'll be deceased at least three times before the pain  
begins to decrease...

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