

Necro "Scumbags"

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(feat. Goretex)

[Chorus: Necro]

We're gonna start killin
Cause I got these feelings inside
So what your dead kid, you ain't special
millions have died
you think shit's funny
you'll laugh in a ditch
after you get your face ripped off
or your left with half of your lips
Even with a chest thats strapped with a vest
No one's safe cause this evil infestes
and stays trapped in your flesh
And life, you learn its a risk
you could get burned to a crisp
you won't know, it could be your turn to be stiff

[Verse 1: Goretex]

Ronnie call, said we gotta dig a hole for some pigs
went to his crib, I smelled 'em from the stench in the
fridge
keepin' the chicks on booze, they better broken in debt
hopelessness stress, we feed them more coke to
forget
garbage-bag em! 20 tecs to the windpipe
sit tight! my surgical gloves, surface the mid-whipes
sprinkle powdered X, triple on the blonde beaver
Aiyyo satans back, and he just made the cover of Don
Diva
some mail order teens, from philippines
sex puppet, congapegic, with bigger tits from Creatine
Thuggin it, me and my drug covenant, we on some
money shit
Thorazine, bitches fillet, stay in my dungeon pit

[Verse 2: Necro]

Yo Mitch, we gotta burn a pair of tits
I murdered this fat bitch, now its time to incinerate her
slit
kid, uncle howie's new girlfriends is a cyborg
a electronical vocal cords, spanish robotic whore

this bitch's kit, howie came over for a hit
he asked me for 10 bucks so he could go shoot up
some shit
put him on the cover, filmed the video, (?) was smokin
crack
yamulka and all that, so give him death
we're takin fat pieces of shit, in-slavin' them
and attaching them to horses, and cracking 'em with
the whip
I got gene, computer brain fried
sent him back to the projects with the roaches, so he
commit suicide
his mothers unbsene, she had a goiter attached to her
face
the size of a grape, had to cut it off with a lazer beam
I put a gun to his head, should of bust a lead
cause the depressed faggot is cancerous as walking
dead
mail em bitches, cockroaches and pictures
of asian bitches, with shotties in the mouth, I'm sadistic
I had a second barrel, flashin crotch
my pornographic dirty two panel is HOT

[Verse 3: Goretex]

We carry heat
Howie rock the whole fleet
caddie jeeps, heated seats
party favors, snow, icebergs sheets
I like chicks with over-bites, make the urinal sweet
pullin my meat, we bust off we tossin' off on they
cheeks
so rap saners, with homemade balze and face lifts
I'm from Brooklyn, home of the beat box and rapists
now I cruise Cali, fuck Jakes, fakes, and cash whores
drivin up the coast, cocaine stuck to my dashboard
y'all bitches nauseate me, knowing that scort is a tool
you mad corny, cause you probably watch porn for the
dudes
sellin' your M3 for AZT and the test tubes
seconds too late, the man made serum affects you

[Chorus]

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