

Necro "Street Veteran"

Visit "[Street Veteran](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

f/ Mr. Hyde

* send corrections to the typist

[Mr. Hyde]

Watch me ignite this shit, like a fiend's pipe hit

Yo I do this for thugs leavin the righteous split

Niggaz turn into dashers at the sight of my blaster

You might be type quick but so my bullets run faster

Bustin off shots, got you clutching ya knot

Try to plug up the holes, the blood is gushing alot

Put on my brass knuckles, hit you wit a jab or two

Now I'm sent to stab a dude, turn him into magget food
Jaggin a magazine, yeah I'll be done with it quick

Watch me empty out clips like a son of a bitch
No remorse in my heart, I've been rotten since birth

Make sure I finish the job, kids I'm plottin a hurt

I'm huntin for a skirt, if she's beautiful, drug her

And if I'm mad ripped I got the louisville slugger

Ken Griffey swing with an axe at ya face

Litter pieces of ya skull all over the place

Attack a chick, maccurate, never miss the target

Open up ya mouth so I use my fist to clog it

Dead a for real, you betta get ya shield
Cause when I get ready to peal,shit you'll be wet as a
seal

Your fleet might be deep, but I'm rollin wit worse thugs

Prone to burse slugs, it's on the first bug

[Necro]

We get in real fights, but I might hit you wit steel pipes

Leave you wit flesh bites, that heal right, if I feel spite

You dick suckin whore, bitch you ain't Chuck Norris

Bullets travel through skulls like fuckin explorers

Evil like the auras and correners, holding foreign
objects

Due process to cut ya screen like sub marine
destroyers

Punches to ya head in bunches

Your goin down like munchkins doin lunges

Rippin through stomach muscles like crunches

Like metal nunchukes, smashin ya ribs till their soft like
sponges

Coughin up a lung of blood cells

All you super guys will get pulverized

When we brawl unsupervised, your eyes are red like
trooper disguise

Like having your pupil stomped by a storm trooper

Brutal demise, repeated pain like I'm loopin up cries

Boxing like romans an ancient greeks, in the middle
ages. creeps

Fought with spiked gloves. youll get dangerously beat

Fuck breaking through floor boards, we're war lords

And maintain jail hard. like chain mail, and broad
swords

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

Street veteran, we crack ya head you need excederin

Aint no fear here

Wit man steps we shreddin none

Veteran, ya gear we reddinin

When the glocks pop, you drop so hard you crack the
cetament
[Mr. Hyde]

A flourish shot, to shank you like a ceratops
Leave you wet like when the bottle of sherry pops in ya
grill
Its phat like little babies licking cock
You disgust me, like old ladies wit chicken pocks
Evil writes, if the bitch steps outta line I'll have to fight
her
Nail the female, I'll drink ya blood like apple cider

Wish master, pulling out my bitch blaster
Your dead and I'm breathin cause I empty clips faster

Thugin it out, my click is obnoxious

We'll jig you wit lock picks and dig in your pockets

Flesh text I wreck, right through your favorite rex

Peirce flesh ya bone as words bless ya dome

I'm dip, if a teets then steal combat boots

In for a fun toot, then cold starve that loose

Cold mersiless, hookers flirt wit this
Nine inch cock I pack just to hurt you bitch
And fuck gangsta rap cause I'll shank ya back

Its hyde hollowtips verse ya'll blanks and caps

All lucky kids that fought me already know
Cause I left her body stinking like courtneys sweaty
hole
You steppin ta us without a weapon ta bust

We'll jack you outcha rangerover, make you trek in the
bus
[Necro]

You'll have your head handed to you, end up a dead
bandit

Slayed by the commander of brutal, you betta
understand it

We using fistacuffs and pistol snuffs

To call ya bluffs, if your full of fluff and think your
mister tough

You'll remain a peasant, pain is unpleasant

Like eating the brain of pheasant

Destroy you like crack cocaine resin
Bring it to you like armored horseman
Like a trauma abortion

This is benly drama endorsment
Smashing you like the arms of four men
A supporter of gore enforcement

Cock, brain splattered on floor cement

Seeing cattle killed is similair to men dying

On eurpean battle fields, shit is that real, I'm not lying

You might be missing, by tradition we try to fight a
fishin

Were like weapons that move fast, like the light in the
prism

Holmes take it off, make a choice, get hit wit bone
Breaking force in ya trachea till you can't make a voice
Enter the prize ring know as the streets

A survive thing if you're weak and we known as
cadaver or meat
[Chorus]

Visit [Necro](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.