

Goretex f/ Necro

"Pigmartyr"

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[Verse 1 - Goretex]

Qaballah visits the bad wizards, my visions are cynic
Women spirits emprisoned, we tuned to the newest
religion
The cruelest incisions, we movin' like licensed
physicians
We add chemistry, now you're out makin' fights and
decisions
200 milligrams, leavin' something nice for the pigeons
Stuck on the drug farm, disassociated from livin'
The hatred escapes and shatters, when I splatter you
fill it
Die in a fuckin' minute, some say I'm selfish and witty
A yo, I'm too satanic, a light a match to the city
50's of sherm, we learn to make grace for the pretty
Slaves for the sickly, dominatrix mind, titties are hind
and pierced up
She likes getting the casket's ears up
The cerimony, authors of sin, Gore to begin
Allucinatin' cyborg, absorbs the poison in skin
Headbands like Jimmy, I turned and rape little Whitney
The priest can suck a dick, we packin' meat cleavers
and phillys
Sanitation's here, stig it to the dump with the morgue
Human dumped here, I probably pump shots in your
corpse
The giggle, return of the scumbags, left with the blood
tricklin'
Gaspin' for air, suffocation's close, the mud's
thickenin'

[Verse 2 - Necro]

You're wishin' that I be dead
So you get to spend the rest of your life in a bed
With a kitchen knife in your head
Bury you deep in mud, we keep it crud
We do worst than beat you up, we graffiti up the streets
in blood
You got beef, you roll deep and you cover with thugs?
You'll be a hundred motherfuckers runnin' from slugs
Why is life a beast? People dyin' for peace?

Full fledged riot fightin' police
Feel the fire, scold your veins
As the flames burn your brain till only charcoal remains
Let my words beat you to death, eat a flesh
Like a million maggots, Brooklyn's streets are
depressed
Bleedin' everyday from the stress
Pick up the tech, stick up your neck, rip up the deck
Necro's verses on cassette strangle you while you
breathe
Victim left with no air in the chest
Giggle inject, then prepare to be bless
Bludgeons your chest, covers your neck
For all of you to front, you cunts
I tell you only once:
You might get punch and squanch into a trunk hunch
Against a pair of lungs and a snitch's tongue
If you feel you're too young don't say something dumb
Cause death is right behind your shoulder
And you can say: I told you!
The climate could get colder, so strive to live older.

DIE!

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