

Junior M.A.F.I.A. F/ Lil' Ceasar, Notorious B.I.G. "Do the Charles Manson"

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[Chorus]

I'm all about America...
Do the Charles Manson
Do the Jeffrey Dahmer

Do The Charles Manson
Do The Jeffrey Dahmer

Do The Charles Manson
Do The Jeffrey Dahmer
Oh, OH
I'm all about America...

[Necro]

It's the corpse winder ya can't handle my rugged rape
I shut bitches off, with strips of masking tape
Ever since the pestilence invaded me
I started to decapitate, motherfuckers that hated me
And, I'll murder you in cold blood for your rent
Taxin' so many people, niggas think I'm the president
So vote, or kid I'll cut your throat with the scalpel
Then feast on the human flesh of a priest in a chapel
Filled with ghouls, your blood crunches
I'm body baggin', niggas in my +Dungeons and
Dragons+
Adventures, a fuckin' sicko on the sickest possible level
I'll eat your colon, 'cause I'm rollin' with my mother's
enavel
I had sex with all my ex hoes
Then I chopped off there legs and are
Now all I got are human torsos
With a chainsaw, made for gore
To clean up the blood
I'll use your fuckin' face to mop the floor
So...

[Chorus x2 (Chorus missing the first "I'm all about
America")]

[Necro]

I cannibal leaf a maggot

I gay bash a faggot
I knock boots with dirty prostitutes than Jimmy
Swaggart
Yo, I'm incurable like AIDS
I can't wait to self-mutilate myself with razor blades
Blood and guts, blood and guts, Mooney's body
baggin'
They're comin' to take me wah-ahah!
Straight to the Patty wagon
Because they found my dead body shredded
Now I'll be blunt and your killing's tended
Well I'm sending some letters
To your family kid, letting them know I got rid
Of your body after I chopped you like a squid
Then straight to the garbage bag, another dead fag for
the garbage man
So carry the body to the garbage can
When it comes to another murderer kid I'm gorier
The Warriors, leavin' niggas in a state of euphoria
Back in the days when it came to punks I stick them
But nowadays the Ghoul eat the flesh of his victim
So, word to the lizard, this nigga's absurd
From January to December
I'm leavin' niggas dismembered
Bitches get beaten, long live the cretin
Got dead bodies rot and cured ready to be eaten
With a knife and a fork, for any punk in New York
Take mine, and I'll have to outline your body in chalk

[Chorus x2 (Chorus missing the first "I'm all about
America")]

[Necro]
Mad Mooney's mecol
I got the ski mask, I'm wonderful
I'll rob; I'll come through your sink like the fucking Blob
The silent, violent, Ghoul is cruel
My mind is darker, then Clyde Faulker
The motherfucking stalker, sporting a parka
Blood stain where human remains
A Teck-9 I pack when I hijack planes
So ashes to ashes, dust to dust
I'll admit, I'll shit, and I'll spit on your grave in disgust
So rest in pain, the human may main releases
The type of shit to leave any nigga resting in pieces
I clock loot, like a punk playing a guitar
While girls loose their virginity in the backseat of my
car
I went to Killers Anonymous, for my addiction
I'm Santa Clause wishin' you a Merry Crucifixion

[Chorus (Chorus missing the first "I'm all about America")]

[Necro]

Mad Mooney kid

Mad Mooney kid

Mad Mooney kid

Mad Mooney kid

Mad Mooney kid

Mad Mooney kid

I'm gonna chop you up

I'm gonna chop you up

I'm gonna chop you up!

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