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"Poetry in the Streets"

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(Necro)

Uh

Peep the killer shit

Death murder rap shit

Bitch

Check it

The press, runs the tape records the bloody mess
documentations of the human race, can study death
they'll reach in through your TV speaker
they'll feature
a creature that'll beat ya to death, if he can meet ya
your executed when your electrocuted
who's responsible for a homeless man thats dead
and smells putrid
we murdered your natural flesh after bein thrown in a
river
you'll be frozen forever into a statue of death
a grasshopper in the lab dead
stabbed in the head
knives are like the hands of a crab
jabbin your flab till you wrapped them and bled
throw you off a building
killin off your children
drillin' holes in your corpse till your spillin' the colours
of a million
i'll split your brains
i'll slit your vains
the impact of a bat cracked across your back
is like gettin hit by a train
i'll stick a fang in your blood bank
then strangle
my shangle bangle
you like the triangle
piece of an angle
I think my shit's too brutal for most
I might be the only one capable digesting the dose
you won't survive a screw driver driven inside your
throat
choke on blood and saliva another kaniver croaks

CHORUS:

It's poetry in the streets of the big apple
and a vitality found in few other places
but look beneath the surface of the city
and you shall uncover a steamin sesspool of human
emotion

gun sour, a planet, where nightmares
that become reality
witness the brutality
its poetry in the streets of the big apple
you get tackled
and grappled to the floor, white slaved up and
shackled

I spit on your grave, piss in your mouth, and shit on
your face
grind you into slop meat and serve you to your friends
we bringin bad taste
another brutal shootin rampage
turnin humans to ashtrays
doobies to crack slaves
and boobies that lactate,
squirtin mad milk, i never have guilt
i have krills, i'll have you fags killed
in front of your mom and dads grill
splatterin both of them
with pieces of your explodin head
brain fragments stainin' clothing red
i make you love the pain, it hurts
we make music for drug addicts, pieces of shit, that
love the dirt
its psychological
i'm like havin a rifle shot at you
we not the type that smile at you
we the type that bite at you
slit your throat with the broken bottle
pieces of jagged glass stabbin' you through your
fuckin eyeballs
have you swallowin cyanide screamin die whores
kill your physical first, next your minds lost
leave you in the funeral home you make a fine corpse
got you splattered across the walls with my nine tongs
murder you execution style like a crime boss
travel through time and terminate you like a cyborg
my mentallity's grind core

Chorus

