

Junior M.A.F.I.A. F/ Lil' Ceasar, Notorious B.I.G. "Underground"

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[sung]

I keep straining my ears to hear a sound
Maybe someone is digging underground
Or have they...

Yo man motherfuckers are clowns man; Hip-hop's too
nice
It's too pretty
What are you gonna do to it Necro?
Take a razor, and slice it!

[Necro]

Yo, peep this shit like this
Kill the head, kill the body, and knows who I'ma ruin
When I float like a dead body and sting like peroxide
on wounds
I'm rollin a fatty like death is comin believe it
Recognize the chain of command I deliver the pain
you're receivin
Brain washing has officially begun
Kid you peep a psycho holdin a butcher knife dancin
like Re-Run
It's rainin, as God pisses on earth
I drop bile like a vagina dismisses at birth
Devour my shower that's golden
I'm puffing the sacks, rolled in
smoldered flesh, holding the fresh, cancer-infested
colon
How can I make my point to you fools?
I'll drop a dead A&R off a roof
and on his chest it'll say, "Necro rules!"
I'm above the constitution
My shit stays bubblin like burnt flesh
My rhymes are acid in Clorox solution
Your eyes will burn once the acid hits
You'll be blinded like Rosie O'Donnell
jumped up ten feet in the air and flashed her tits
Life is shady G in 1976 my parents created me
I've been flippin since 1983
I always took pain as a game
When I was six I cracked my head open

and looked in the mirror to see my brain
Wonder why I'm like an icicle?
At five I was hit by a car ridin my tricycle, a hit and run
son
Mad young in the hospital receivin stitches made me
vicious
Peeping cretons with Mephisto in their eyes made me
suspicious
Runnin through Glenwood PJ's, as a young buck
I didn't dance that fresh, I burnt ants to death
Taste me you will see more is all you need
Dedicated to how I'm killin you!
You're unhealthy you're a felon P.O. checks your
bladder
You're an addict; if you beat me I'll deliver you death
on a platter
The customer's always right but this time the
customer's left
on a stretcher gaspin for breath
The cipher flows like roly polly, kill yourself slowly
Plus you're already dead if you're homely
So bitch, there's a little red dot on your skull, so pray
Most of New York's population is filled with mental
patients
pretendin to be normal, pretendin to be mental patients
Gotthem got rapists by the pile
Watch out for goons of vile infested smiles
and dreams of molestin your child
You gotta pack a black, glock, with, the,
extra clip when shit gets thick
You gotta punch a kid, dead, in the, nose,
if he ever tries to front and diss
You need to puff a bag, of, dro's, when,
listening to brutal shit like this
You gotta rock a lamb, skin, with, the,
spermicide for a nasty bitch
Make sure your girl's syphilis clean
before I slide my tongue up in her
Don't you darrrrrrre ruin my dinner!
My ventriloquism hits you like ism
Sprayed with raid mixed with pissim mixed blades
butchery sadism
I rip your gat, when I twist my wrists
1 finger, 2 finger, 3 fingers, 4 fingers fuck it the whole
fifth
Ran up your wife's ass gets murdered type fast
Blast scum up on your BC mask and dirty flash pipes
flash
Call, plumbing we're coming inside like sluts like
Kimberly Drummond
You know the steez, I slay my prey, day by day

Kill yourself, on some euthanasia shit
Rockin Timb's with razors on the tip
Today's the day to flip on a decapitation tip
I'm fascinated with, leavin you lacerated split
on point like an assassination hit your knot
Some one to have patience with, I'm better off lettin off
two clips at you face set it off to decide who's better off
deaded off
Inject 'til you feel correct, feel the effects of my hex
Force you to have sex with techs, chopped at funeral
next
Buy my poison I got triple six in my beeper
I talk to myself cause giving my own self therapy's
cheaper
The violence hits you like a spliff filled with some holy
pot
Penetrate your skull like an obituary riff from "Slowly
We Rot"
You'll soon be fractions and numerator
of a denominator when I play dominator
When you're dead your brain's embalmed with data
Peepin Vietnam through Vader, futuristic butcher CD-
ROM cremator
Your - spine cracks in 3-D like Imax
You won't be Superman no more feel the pain climax
No anesthesia, even if the doctor takes some codine
and combines crack
that's fine packed and mixed with phenobarbital liquid
and a Raid sprayed dime sack, nuttin numbs your
future sums
I threw you in a wheel chair you're a crumb
A pebble, a worm, a snail
I'll be a mental patient with a red afro on thorazine
when you inhale
Uhhhhh, uhhhhhhm uhhhhhh, another blunt filled with
dust
And another blunt filled, and another blunt filled
And another blunt filled with dust
Last week someone tried to put me in a coffin
That's the second time a nigga tried to kill me
I'm starting to feel important
For some cats smilin ain't their style
But there's something so evil about seeing a
murderous smile it's vile
Gore is a tattoo on your mind, suicide's a laxative
It'll eat you up inside like you swallowed maggots by
accident
I main..line to main-tain
I'm fightin the biggest fight of my life
You gotta pack a black, glock, with, the,
extra clip when shit gets thick

You gotta punch a kid, dead, in the, nose,
if he ever tries to front and diss
You need to puff a bag, of, dro's, when,
listening to brutal shit like this
Yo you gotta rock a lamb, skin, with, the,
spermicide for nasty bitch..
You fuckin dirt bags, word is bond

[sung: repeat until fade]

I keep straining my ears to hear a sound
Maybe someone is digging underground

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