

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

"Violins of Violence"

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(Intro):

Go home

Go now, in peace

If you do not go now, you will be buried in this field

I've seen enough.. blood

But if you want more, I can't stop you

I can only warn you, that it will be your blood, not ours

(Necro):

Evil is anointed, get disappointed

Guillotine to your spleen

You'll get defeated, you can't beat it, join it - what

Death comes in the worst way, through satanic

wordplay

Here's a knife in your spine, happy birthday - bitch

Bile Lubrication, crack vial rejuvenation

Subdue my patient, pursue cremation - ahhhhhh

Insert a lance in your back through the circumstance

You're dead, over your corpse I do a murder dance -

hahahaha

I'm on some stab you with a shank shit

My language is filled with frankness, and anguish,

you're anxious

Greetings to all cretins, to those bleeding from

repeated beatings

I'm like a snake at Eden - sssssssssssssssssssssssssss

You're down with Necro, be loyal

Or get strangled with a scarf til you barf

What goes around recoils

My conversation dissects you like operation

My obligation is to kill nazis with concentration - kill

'em!

Romance, ain't a slow dance

It's a slut with no pants, suckin and holdin my dick with

both hands - slut

Put a gun to your pockets

My steez would blind the eyepiece of a high priest like

the sun to his sockets

(Mr Hyde): x2

Violins of violence will thrive off destruction

It's Necro abduction with Hyde corruption
You flirt with escape but that's in the clip
Cause happy endings are not in the script

(Necro):

I drop english vocab distastefully, gracefully
With a machete strapped on my hip i'm in the place to
be
Reppin brutality faithfully
My religions sin
Bash a pigeon in, i'm belligerant
Peace to all midgets in america
With short ligaments, do your thing
Size dont mean shit, any nigga could win
Talkin out your ass is great
You'll get drastic hate
Force you to masticate, a fuckin plastic plate
I got your brain through acquisition
Mow youre on the streets smokin crack on a mission
Lookin like an apparition
Your death is like angelic
The splatterin of your guts makes a beautiful pattern -
It's psychadelic
Kiss your last hundred dollars bye - Your wallets mine
Scream holler cry you've been disqualified
My demented thoughts need to be vented and
sacramented
Your tendons blended are splendid

(Mr Hyde): x2

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