

Mr. Hyde f/ Necro

"Knife In Your Spine"

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sample

Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, dying time is here

[Necro]

The brutalist rapper on earth will murder you through a verse

Murder you a person personally I personify perversity hurting you

Perfectly powerfully smashing you potently pitching perfect

Pandemonium pleasurable pain I can go to sin

Damnation rap attracts devastation gats levitation

Medication Axe hacks into your back revelation

Premonition demolition death ocks and concoction

Cock the glock back when there's no option for boxin

A representation of hesitation pulling it out

And not using it a disaster waiting for pestilation

Rockin black Reeboks chasing you for 3 blocks

Facing your dead gun smack you and pop you with 3 shots

Evacuating mysteriously seriously

Destroy you deliriously like a conspiracy theory

The spirits are near me don't irritate me

The pirates of violence will ooze the virus of science that created me

The ambassador of massacre mass murderings slurs

Trafficking white slaves in the world this racket occurs

Shot guns with pump action dump fractions of metal shrapnel

Actual caps peeled in your physical capsule

My lyrics actually factually more rugged

Then your average savage of your averaging mathematically

Numerically stickin your wrists with picks

Count Down to the blitz evil like Myxzlplix 666

Death comes in the worst way

Death comes in the worst way through satanic wordplay

Here's a knife in your spine

Death comes in the worst way you can't beat it join it

Death comes in the worst way through satanic
wordplay
Here's a knife in your spine

[Mr. Hyde]

I got the mind of a pacher with the pride of a soldier
Use the lion the cobra I apply when I'm older
See majority council sellin gore by the ounce
Pretty sure the amounts a little more then a douse
You soaked by sickness provoke my instance
You'll be cut to giblets your throat and wrists slit
Jab your jugular it hurts stab your skull until it squirts
Your blood'll burst and add another color to your shirt
Turn your feet to chopped meat you'll be bludgeoning
quick
Leave your teeth in the concrete and your skull on a
stick
All delusions of grandeur get excluded from stanzas
Eluding the panther the ensuing of cancer
You get exquisite visits by blades that make incisions
A vision of you bitches to bitch to get the scissors
Slicin through you fucks will leave a scuff on my sword
Guts will slide across the floor like a puck in shuffle
board
My glock is shot with force leaving you a rotted corpse
100 molotovs to cause a jungle holocaust
Don't fear the reaper cause I'm just a fact of life
You should fear cause once you're dead I'll probably
attack your wife
Give you both somethin to watch puttin roaches in her
crotch
Chop the package into parts and put the postage on the
box
When the chromes clip your dome's split the kiss of
death is blown bitch
Leave you in a cold stiff stinkin like the homeless

[Necro]

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