

Necro f/ Ill Bill

"Frank Zito"

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[Necro]

I've conducted extensive research
Now every verse is corrupted, offensive to the church
Destructive demented words
You've been instructed by sentences in each word
featured to suck you into a world invented to see you
bleed first
My brutal arm is runnin' through your mind
stabbin' up the cerebrum down to the spine, cut up the
region
My personality represents the worst reality
Ever since a kid I rocked the reverse mentality
I give no apologies for my biology
Don't follow me and I qualified to have my qualities
You're disqualified, you get no equality
Senseless homicide equals Necro psychology
I'm the leading authority in subjects
like beatings that leave you bleeding orally, a part of
me's obsessed
A major label would've been the end of me
I was meant to be an independently runned entity
I've got the illest mind, it's corroded like Philas Villa's
spine
Like thirty eight serial killers combined
It takes one individual act
to stop you from kickin' a pitiful rap, it's a miserable
fact
You'll get visibly hacked into shreds and left for dead
gushing from your head with a pair of scissors
attached
It's wizardry the way you disappear from the earth
physically
covered up exquisitely
Smothered up with pillows militantly
You see, you dyin as quiet as can be is the key
I obtained a sick brain
From the streets of Brooklyn with a need to inflict pain

[Ill Bill]

I smile for the cameras like Berkowitz
You can't interpret this

Murderous, stab you in the face perfect fit
Slice precise like a surgeons wrist
Another verse that slips into the grips of the perverse
and sick
There's nothing worse than this
There's nothin more horrifying than people with the
thirst for piss
and faeces like G G Allin with german chicks
Imagine a minute before a person flips
A minute they be strangled with the blue face the
purple lips
Leaving you lyin' on the cold floor, mouth open
Found you bloated a week later wreakin' of fowl odor
Fuck the fake scriptures
We sacrilegiously sacrifice you in the name of satan
and take pictures
My laboratory table's bottle nosed
It's already too late and you've just noticed that you've
been followed home
Look into my eyes, hollow hole
Ill Bill, cold blooded demon from hell without a soul
I'm responsible for bandagin' the impossible
If you listen to Uncle Howie and Psycho-Logical Lots of
guns, lots of ghouls, gonna cost a fool
We the reason Doctors are appointed at the hospital

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