

Street Veteran (feat. Mr.Hyde)

Necro

f/ Mr. Hyde* send corrections to the typist[Mr. Hyde]

Watch me ignite this shit, like a fiend's pipe hit

Yo I do this for thugs leavin the righteous split

Niggaz turn into dashers at the sight of my blaster

You might be type quick but son my bullets run faster

Bustin off shots, got you clutching ya knot

Try to plug up the holes, while blood is gushing alot

Put on my brass knuckles, hit you wit a jab or two,

Now I'm set to stab a dude, turn him into maggot foodJack in a magazine, kid I'll be done with it quickWatch
me empty out clips like a son of a bitch.

No remorse in my heart, I've been rotten since birth

Make sure I finish the job, kids I'm plotting to hurt

I'm hunting for a skirt, if she's beautiful, drug her

And if her man riffs, I got the louisville slugger

Ken Griffey swing with an axe at ya face

Little pieces of ya skull's all over the place

Attacking shit I'm accurate, never missed a target

Open up ya mouth son I'll use my fist to clog it.

Dead up for real, you better get up ya shield

Cause when I set up to to peel shots you'll be wet as a seal.

Your fleet might be deep, but I'm rollin with worse thugs

Prone to burst slugs, like Stalone in First blood![Necro]

We get in real fights, but I might hit you wit steel pipesLeave you wit flesh bites, that heal right, if I feel spite

You dick suckin whore, bitch you ain't Chuck Norris

Bullets travel through skulls like fuckin explorers

Evil like the auras and correners, holding foreign objects

Due process to cut ya screen like sub marine destroyers

Punches to ya head in bunches

Your goin down like munchkins doin lunges

Rippin through stomach muscles like crunches

Like metal nunchukes, smashin ya ribs till their soft like sponges

Coughin up a lung of blood cells

All you super guys will get pulverized

When we brawl unsupervised, your eyes are red like trooper disguise

Like having your pupil stomped by a storm trooper

Brutal demise, repeated pain like I'm loopin up cries

Boxing like romans an ancient greeks, in the middle ages. creeps

Fought with spiked gloves. youll get dangerously beat

Fuck breaking through floor boards, we're war lords

And maintain jail hard, like chain mail, and broad swords[Chorus: repeat 2X]

Street veteran, we crack ya head you need excederin

Aint no fear here

A man steps we shreddin himVeteran, ya gear we reddining

When the glocks pop, you drop so hard you crack the sediment[Mr. Hyde]

A flurry shots, will shank you like triceratops

Leave you wet like when a bottle of sherry pops in ya grill

Its foul like little babies licking cock

You disgust me, like old ladies with chicken pocks

Equal rights, if a bitch steps outta line I have to fight her,

Male or female, I'll drink ya blood like apple cider

Wish master, pulling out my bitch blaster

Your dead and I'm breathing cause I empty clips faster

Thugin it out, my click is obnoxious

We'll jig you wit lock picks and dig in your pockets

Blast teks directly through you Avirex,

Peirce flesh and bone Earth worms bless ya dome.

I'm dipped in fatigues and steel combat boots

Aim for your front tooth and co stomp that loose!

Cold merciless , hookers flirt wit this,

Nine inch cock I pack just to hurt you bitch

And fuck gangsta rap cause I'll shank ya back

Its hyde hollow tips vs. your blanks and caps

unlucky kids that fought me already know,

Cause I left their bodies stinking like courtney's sweaty hole.

Aye yo You steppin to us without a weapon to bust,

We'll jack you out your range rover, make you trek in the bus![Necro]

You'll have your head handed to you, end up a dead bandit

Slayed by the commander of brutal, you betta understand it

We using fistacuffs and pistol snuffs

To call ya bluffs, if your full of fluff and think your mister tough

You'll remain a peasant, pain is unpleasant

Like eating the brain of pheasant

Destroy you like crack cocaine resin

Bring it to you like armored horseman

Like a trauma abortion

This is benly drama endorsment

Smashing you like the arms of four menA supporter of gore enforcement

Cock, brain splattered on floor cement

Seeing cattle killed is similair to men dying

On euorpean battle fields, shit is that real, I'm not lying

You might be missing, by tradition we try to fight a fishin

Were like weapons that move fast, like the light in the prism

Holmes take it off, make a choice, get hit wit bone

Breaking force in ya trachea till you can't make a voiceEnter the prize ring know as the streets

A survive thing if you're weak and we known as cadaver or meat[Chorus]

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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