

# 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 food  
Jack in a magazine, kid I'll be done with it quick  
Watch 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 pipes  
Leave 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 him Veteran, 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 Avrirex,  
 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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