

The Most Sadistic (Necro)

Necro

Yo, yo, yo, check this shit bitch
For all you slime buckets, all over the land, peep itYo, I'm dancin' on your grave like Borishnikov
 'll rip you off
Leave you in the desert 'til the vultures strip your corpse
 Then rape your fuckin' wife until my dick is soft
 'Til the flesh is pealin' offI'm a devil consealed in cloth
 Walk, walk or get stabbed with a fork
 You got a hole in your stomach
 Yo plug it up with a cork, you dork
Lots of blood loss, red crossCouldn't help your dead boss cut his head off
 Brutal, sadistic, the only way
 I'll be remembered, after I'm dismemembered
 And my bones decay, a rap legend
Feel the aggressionary sessionMy inventions of tension and powerful progression
 It's time for sick rhymes, lunatic lines
 Hit your mind like in someones strict-nine
 For all the shells, clips and glocks
 You step to me with a weapon
You'll be reppin' your click in a boxThe most sadistic, you think not?
 You might get shot, put 'em in a box
 We ain't playin', we ain't rhymin' for nothin'
Yo this shit is our life, so let me tell you somethin'If you ever diss me I'ma bring it to you
 Got a crew of psychopaths that'll stab you up too
 Now say violence, death
 (Violence, death)
Yo there ain't nothin' left to say, this shit's freshI'll kill, you could be my latest victim
 I'll take a shit on your brain and make you sniff it
 Piss on your bitch's tits and make you lick itYou fuckin' maggot
 You probably fucked one hundred fagots
You're a gay thug that loved jail and love gettin' your ass rippedCome around here actin' hardcore
 You never did dirt, you gonna get yourself hurt
 Pull up your pink skirt
Your pink panties'll get your wig damagedGo eat a dick sandwich
 I can't stand this motherfucker
 Make this bitch vanish from the planet
 I'll hit you like a ton of graniteGet your blood splattered
 Face bashed in, you can't win
 I'll stab you in the head wit Shishkebab sticks
While watchin' mob flicks, nasty like armpitsWhen I be suckin' on you mom's tits

She my bitch, she on my dick
Tell that trick to stop callin' my crib
Why'd you say she wanted to kill the bitch?Smokin' green clove
Walkin' around town flossin' the free clothes
Doper than Special K
Explodin' in the fiend's noseThe most sadistic, you think not?
You might get shot, put 'em in a box
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Songwriters

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