

# The Most Sadistic (Ft. Ill Bill)

## Necro

Yo, yo, yo, check this shit bitch  
For all you slime buckets, all over the land, peep it Yo, 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' off I'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 cross Couldn't help your dead boss cut his head off  
    Brutal, sadistic, the only way  
    I'll be remembered, after I'm dismemebered  
    And my bones decay, a rap legend  
Feel the aggressionary session My 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 box The 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 fresh I'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 it You fuckin' maggot  
    You probably fucked one hundred fagots  
You're a gay thug that loved jail and love gettin' your ass ripped Come 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 damaged Go 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 granite Get 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 armpits When 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  
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 fresh

Songwriters

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