## **First Blood**

## **Necro**

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Special forces, professional with a four-fifth
Congressional medal shit
Aggression will get you split

Avoid explosions with agility, mentally exploit the vulnerabilities of my enemy Last survivor, a master diver, fastest driver, liver than MacGyver on visor Flashbacks of blasting gats, flack jacket backpack fuck you bastard, attack Guerrilla tactics, military practice, boobytrap set, get the match lit Fuck George W on a voyage for POWs destroyed villages

Rubble, pillaging trouble

Killing children villains with submachine guns, generals drilling them

A grunt can't front, there's no where to run to

War hero like DeNiro in Deer Hunter

I draw first blood, it's over with and that's that - [[Prodigy]]

It's similar to Vietnam

(You just don't turn it off! It wasn't my war! You asked me and I didn't ask you! Who are they to protest me, huh?)

I draw first blood, it's over with and that's that

(It's all in the past now.)

It's similar to Vietnam

(For me civilian life is nothing! I was in charge of million-dollar equipment! Back here I can't even hold a job parking cars!)

I draw first blood, it's over with and that's that

Missing in action, I'm a get you back soon

Interactions like shrapnel fractions that hack limbs

Nam jungles holding guns in holes

Lungs full of smoke, shooting mongrels

Your son got killed, parachute down and shoot down enemies

Nothing cute, brutal like a barracuda frown

Knives, bows and arrows penetrate bone marrow

You're leaking haemoglobin marinara

Commando send shocks like Pendo(?) bucking to kill

Cut up your grill like Nandos

Killing enemy troops, many in groups

Approach em like roaches

Ho Chi Minh trail, hit em with explosives

Buenos noches, no chance to live

Brains on the floor looking like poached eggs

Torturous punishment, banana clips, helicopter gunships, veteran friendship

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