

# Poetry in the Streets (feat. Ill Bill)

## Necro

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

(Necro)  
Uh  
Peep the killer shit  
Death murder rap shit  
Bitch  
Check itThe press runs to tape-record the bloody mess  
Documentation so the human race can study death  
They'll reach you through your TV speaker  
They'll feature a creature that will beat you to death if he could meet you  
You're executed when you're electrocuted  
Who's responsible for a homeless man that's dead and smells putrid  
We murdered your natural flesh after being thrown in a river  
You will be frozen forever into a statue of death  
A grasshopper in the lab dead  
Stabbed in the head  
Knives are like the hands of a crab  
Jabbing your flab till you wrapped them and bled  
Throw you off a building  
Killing off your children  
Drilling' holes in your corpse till you're spilling the color vermilion  
We'll split your brains  
I'll slit your vein  
The impact of a bat cracked across your back is like getting hit by a train  
I'll stick a fang in your blood bank  
Then strangle my shangle bangle you like the triangle piece of bangle  
I think my shit's too brutal for most  
I might be the only one capable of digesting the dose  
You won't survive a screwdriver driven inside your throat  
Choke on blood and saliva another conniver croaksCHORUS:  
It's poetry in the streets of the big apple  
And a vitality found in few other places  
But look beneath the surface of the city

And you shall uncover a seething cesspool of human emotions

Gone sour

A planet with nightmares that become reality

Witness the brutality

There's poetry in the streets of the big apple

You get tackled

And grappled to the floor, white slaved up and shackled  
I spit on your grave, piss in your mouth, and shit on  
your face

Grind you into slop meat and serve you to your friends

We're moving bad taste

Another brutal shooting rampage

Turning humans to ashtrays

Groupies to crack slaves

And boobies that lactate,

Squirting mad milk, I never have guilt

I have krill's, I'll have you fags killed

In front of your mom and your dad's grill

Splattering both of them

With pieces of your exploding head

Brain fragments staining' clothing red

I make you love the pain, it hurts

We make music for drug addict pieces of shit that love the dirt

It's psychological

I'm like having a rifle shot at you

We're not the type that smile at you

We're the type to body you

Slit your throat with a broken bottle

Pieces of jagged glass stabbing' you through your fucking eyeballs

Have you swallowing cyanide screaming die whores

Watch it kill your physical first, next your minds lost

Leave you in the funeral home you make a fine corpse

Got you splattered across the walls when my nine talks!

Murder you execution style like a crime boss

Travel through time and terminate you like a cyborg

My mentality's grind core

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