Garbage Bag '94

Necro

[Necro]
Err my castration hand is steady
So bitch are you ready, to get your dick chopped off with a macheteWhen it comes to inflicting pain I'm creative
You're gonna need a saditive when you get tortured by this fucking native
My animosity for a female never quits
So I hang you to die - on two hooks through your fucking tits (*Echoed* OWWWW!)
Nigga you get jooxed with a spike
And me and my homeboys dig in your stomach and take the posse lice
Termites and cockroaches get chewed
My knife cuts your cranium open to get to your brain for food (Tasty!)
You get buried in dry mud when you suffocate in the high flood
When I'm sad I fuckin' cry blood (*Crying*)
Then I eat kneecaps and shins, when I look into your eyes I'll make you cough up your organs
Plus, you'll cringe - when you get pinched with my siringe
Then fall asleep and become chow for my flesh eating binge
Then I go to a Bordello, open up the mouth of each bitch and dismiss the liquid thats yellow
And the backside of each cunt I'll be arching - I'm like a soldier
Back from the dead Storm Trooping in Monschau
Here's another bite for spite
My drill bit goes through the left side of your face and comes out the right
So watch out for the army of bugs, it's the blizzard of maggots
So duck down or get covered with slugs
[Chorus]
I got a garbage bag wit'chya name written on it (4X)[Necro]
Motherfucker!
Kill yourself is what you should do
Cause I'll make you go through, more terror than the terror that Bobbit's gone through
And if you're down with that bullshit Nazi lie talk
Nigga you'll wake up with your fucking dick on the sidewalk
You're castrated dry park and left over skins
So get stomped bloodless, by fuckin' heartless pedestrians
Every fucking memory, of your death I savor, so I soak your fuckin' brains in blood for flavor
And cook up, a spectacular meal
It's funny, even in the winter time I find there's flesh appeal

And when you died I thought what a pity, that you had to die with
electricity goin' through your tittie (Hah!)
And I like, all types of fish, so I'm soona
Sharpen my blade, and stick my knife up your bitches tuna
The catch of the day, I caught a big one
Dispose of the body, grab the shovel for graves and dig one son
And hop inside it, take a dead female corpse and rot it
Trust me, it's great - I've tried it!
[Chorus][Necro]
I got cholesteral cause I eat human remains fried
Niggas get buried at the beach then drowned at the tide
So to choke, I'll make you sell your fuckin' soul
My Challacal 22 turned the asshole into charcoal
I pull out, machetes in public
I get sick, and put a dead fuck in the dump quick
They stutter and prick, the murdered (D-d-d-d-don't kill me!)
I never confess never will the bodies, George Estaciano couldn't even guess
I'm here forever, yeah forever like a scar
I sortet your guts in my gourmet appetar
Cause I grin when I sin, I'll wear your fuckin' skin
I stick big fuckin' knives in your rotting abdomen
Dead man, your bodies chopped up in ten different cribs
A million motherfuckin' cockroaches eat your ribs
And I got teeth, I got tonsils, and tounges
I got arteries, and blood filled maggots in my lungs
So motherfuck saliva, I got blood glands
I'm so uncivilized I eat human guts with my hands
And as it stands, I'm heated so I bathe in ice
I'm God's gift to the Devil, so call me the human sacrifice
The fuckin' nigga that objected to your marriage
And I'm foul like a dead fetus in a miscarriage
My tanto knife is always sharp, never dull
The Vietnam veteran got a metal plate in his skull
Plus, I stick my blade in, your guts I ninjugated
Put a screw in your head like Eddie from Iron Maiden
And, in a pool of blood is where Necro swims
I got stains on my timbs, I'm steppin' on your severed limbs
There's no need to discuss, the scab filled with puss
Guns 'R Us (*Gun cock*), so bury me and my sarcophagus
Then I'm on fuckin' hearts, and body parts get torn
The Angel of Death kills the first born, with the blood from a lamb
The Pentogram is on your grave, I'm a type of nigga Jesus could never save
Cause I'm coughin' out fresh, fresher then David Koresh
I chop up niggas and then recycle there fleshnecro owns your soul nigga DIE
[Chorus]Necrophiliac black

Necrophiliac black
Necrophiliac black
I'ma fuck your corpse
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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