

Morbid

Necro

My practical solution to shmucks beefin' is sinkin' my teeth in the flesh of ya
neck like Dracula seducin' sluts And bite a piece of flesh off, but now you could have aids, I'd rather make you a
cadaver with blades I write the followin' raps to you cats that bite swallow and jack, and recite
rhymes on the mic without aknowledgin' facts I won't be reluctant to pull out the knife tucked in...my waste, up
in the place, leave it stuck in ya face, fuck em I find it difficult, to not be dispicable to minds that are typical Fuck
financial assistance, a man's existence revolves around survival that
evolves into a hustler with substantial buisness My attitude is improper, like a skin popper, stickin' a blade on
the top of a
skull of an imposter Since created at birth, I've hated the earth, livin' in a society of anxiety
makes it worse (chorus) Morbid, like Mordrid holdin' a chainsaw kid ready to do a gore bid We keep it morbid,
off some more shit, get ya jaw split with blood drippin'
outta ya forehead - repeat Its worth while, for you to peep a verse thats vile, you could learn something
from watching a perverted person's style My versatile verses are like curses that give you wild urges to worship
belile Beef with me you cant stay the same, you'll have to change ya name, change ya sex, rearrange ya
frame Take a plane to somewhere strange if you plan on keepin' ya cranium containin'
ya brain Your fuckin' dome will give in, with the turna kit wrapped around ya, you're
underground kid, ya the artist formerly known as livin' You're the past like yesterday, blast ya chest away, your
positive HIV test is
gay And stop hip hoppin, you're dick jockin', you stick cock in ya mouth and rock chick stockings So die, its all
about evil raps and weapons, money and sluts, with gats
strapped by the intestines

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