Circle of tyrants

Circle of Tyrants

Yo, I'm like a dead corpse
Crawling out the dirt, on some zombie shit
Aiming for your neck to bite the flesh where the veins connect
My brains incorrect, traumatize you in a sec
My raps are like crack in a decksotenic intellect
Slaughters you, I got more for you
Gore for you, your flesh is sort of blue
You'll be begging someone to pull me off of you
When I'm stabbing you, I offered you a chance to leave
You'll only understand when you bleed
There's no talking to you
Just shoving a fork in you
Who the fuck you talking to?
Im pure death in a flesh, I'll arrange a coffin for you
My knife packing status, got you shook
A lot of crooks will respect my rep
Step, kid I advise you not to look
Turn your head, or you'll turn up dead
Put you asleep inside a burning bed
Learn from what I said
Im mushing your peeps, and I'm squishing you deep
Beneath, with the deceased, rest in peace[Mr. Hyde]
I.. injure you with ninja crews
Contemplate what's in to do, negotiate with Satan
Cause it's his decision too
Hold a sword like ghost dog
Leaving blood and gross gore
So disgusting that your corpse is not allowed in most morgues
So jagged and decrypted kid, the maggots rejected it
I dumped it in the sea and killed all life except for squid (What)
Walk the wrong path, deviated by demons
While you faggot mother fuckers inegreated by semen
Lure you into my web check the code the boys is red
Then look for you to find you in the mortuary dead
Fill my clip with the lead put the biscuit to the head
After I ripped you up to shreds I'll take a sip of what you bled
Don't ever try and hawk cause I don't wanna talk
Ill play the kind of sport the way you catch a tommahawk
Open up your skull, fragmets fall to the ground

Take a toke and sniff a pull now your drawn to the sound[Goretex]
Thugs cry blood, supported by the hemp and the guns
Y'all tempt me to flip, so morbid when I empty the clip
It's awful how we decorate your coffin, send me the clit
We celebrate with Henney blood shakes that render me sick
Whatever ya fix, get fitted with the milley of chrome
Rap Vinny Jones, I dissatach, snatch from the bone
And ate the last witnesses
K-ed out on medicine
Health nut, crush up my wheat germ
Chase it with heroine
Guerilla biscuits, busting your windpipes into splinters
Another thing that causes pain is the frost in the winter
Circle of tyrants, rocking the inverded crossed iced-out
Blood from em, two in your face
Get erased, lights out
Spikes out for dish rags, keep em on the hit like shit bags
You don't want it fag
Your left in the bubble covered, we'll shoot up fair
State bent, like breathing rubber
So be advised
Lucifer's rising the invocation of my demon brother[Ill Bill]
Splattered in blood, fathom my thoughts patterns with drugs
Morbid visions cadavers ravaged by maggots and bugs
Beetles crawling out of your eyes sockets
Puss pouring out of your mouth on top of dry vomit
Billions of body bags, blood drenched battle fields
Big butcher knives, you fucking faggits
Get your fucking face erased from your cabbage
Tangled and gored on top, half of you're body hanging off the door
Spasm and splash your organs across the floor
Its death.. when the slug hit the bullet proof vest
I took from the police..man after I blew off his head
We knights of Satan serving Satan's sadists
God is an atheist
You fucking idiots, your bitches give brain to us
Save yourself, the altar of sacrifice
We criminally insane, escape form Bellview
Sniffing up cocaine
Don't even try it, its Ill Bill, the gourmet of violence
Donate my brain to science, vacationing insane asylums[Captain Carnage]
Come on come all to my carnival of carnage
Where I'll.. slice and dice and peal off your shell like an orange
I'm too precise not to be nice
I nail you like Christ you'll pay twice the price

I'll put brains on ice
For preparation prepare for the separation
Of your foundation so come get your frown basted
In hot sauce I'll roasted you like hot dogs on an open fire
I'm a trig like Myer
But don't admire the entire picture
Because I hang you like fixture
So when you enter the mixture
Use extreme caution, because it only takes one portion
To perform an abortion with the steel that I force in
You feel lost when you get tossed in the bottomless gorge
The heroin horde got guns and swords swords swords swords

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/