

The Most Sadistic (remix)

Necro

(Necro)

Yo, yo, yo, check this shit bitch,
For all you slime buckets, all over the land, peep it

(Necro)

Yo, I'm dancin on your grave like Borishnikov
I'll rip you off
leave you in the desert 'til the vultures strip your corpse
then rape your fuckin' wife, until my dick is soft
'til the flesh is pealin' off
I'm a devil consealed in cloth
walk, walk or get stabbed with a fork
you got a hole in your stomach
yo plug it up with a cork, you dork
lots of blood loss, red cross
couldn't help your dead boss cut his head off
brutal, sadistic, the only way
I'll be remembered, after I'm dismemembered
and my bones decay, a rap legend
to the aggressionary session
my invention of tention and powerful progression
it's time, for sick rhymes, lunatic lines
hit your mind like consumin stricchnine
for all the shell, clips and glocks
you step to me with a weapon
you'll be reppin' your clique in a box

(Chorus)

The most sadistic, you think not?
You might get shot, put 'em in a plot
We ain't playin, we ain't rhymin' for nothin'
Yo this shit is our life, so let me tell you somethin'
If you ever diss me I'ma bring it to you
Got a crew of psychopaths that'll stab you up too
Now say violence (violence), death (death)
Yo there ain't nothin left to say, this shit's fresh(III Bill)
I'll kill, you could be my latest victim
I'll take a shit on your brain and make you sniff it
piss on your bitch's tits and make you lick it
you fuckin' maggot
you probably fucked one hundred faggots

your a gay thug that loved jail and love gettin' your ass whipped
come around here actin hardcore
you never did dirt, you gonna get hurt
pull up your pink skirt
your pink panties'll get your whig damaged
go eat a dick sandwhich
I can't stand this motherfucker
make this bitch vanish from the planet
I'll hit you like a ton of granite
get your blood splattered
face bashed in, you can't win
I'll stab you in the head wit shishkebab sticks
while watchin' mob flicks, nasty like armpits
when I be suckin' on you mom's tits
she my bitch, she on my dick
tell that trick to stop callin' my crib
why'd you say she wanted to kill the bitch?
smokin' green clove, walkin' around town flossin' the free clothes
doper than Special K explodin' in the fiend's nose(Chorus) { *fades out with gatling gun sounds* }

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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