

Poetry In The Streets (Feat. Ill Bill)

Necro

(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 vermillion

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 shackledI 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 dads 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

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

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