

Poetry in the Streets (feat. Ill Bill)

Necro

(Necro)

Uh

Peep the killer shit

Death murder rap shit

Bitch

Check itThe press, runs the tape records the bloody mess

documentations of the human race, can study death

they'll reach in through your TV speaker

they'll feature

a creature that'll beat ya to death, if he can meet ya

your executed when your electrocuted

who's responsible for a homeless man thats dead

and smells putrid

we murdered your natural flesh after bein thrown in a river

you'll 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

jabbin your flab till you wrapped them and bled

throw you off a building

killin off your children

drillin' holes in your corpse till your spillin' the colours of a million

i'll split your brains

i'll slit your veins

the impact of a bat cracked across your back

is like gettin hit by a train

i'll stick a fang in your blood bank

then strangle

my shangle bangle

you like the triangle

piece of an angle

I think my shit's too brutal for most

I might be the only one capable digesting the dose

you won't survive a screw driver driven inside your throat

choke on blood and saliva another kaniver croaks

CHORUS:

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 steamin sesspool of human emotiongun sour, a planet, where

nightmares

that become reality

witness the brutality
its poetry in the streets of the big apple
you get tackled
and grappled to the floor, white slaved up and shackled
I 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 movin bad taste
another brutal shootin rampage
turnin humans to ashtrays
doobies to crack slaves
and boobies that lactate,
squirtin mad milk, i never have guilt
i have krills, i'll have you fags killed
in front of your mom and dads grill
splatterin both of them
with pieces of your explodin head
brain fragments stainin' clothing red
i make you love the pain, it hurts
we make music for drug addicts, pieces of shit, that love the dirt
its psychological
i'm like havin a rifle shot at you
we not the type that smile at you
we the type that bite at you
slit your throat with the broken bottle
pieces of jagged glass stabbin' you through your fuckin eyeballs
have you swallowin cyanide screamin die whores
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 with my nine tongs
murder you execution style like a crime boss
travel through time and terminate you like a cyborg
my mentallity's grind core

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

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