

# First Blood

## Necro

[Verse 1:]

Special forces, professional with a four-fifth  
Congressional medal shit, aggression will get you split  
Avoid explosions with agility, mentally exploit the vulnerabilities of my enemy  
Last survivor, a master diver, fastest driver, liver than MacGyver on [?], aye aye sir  
Flashbacks of blasting gats, flack jacket backpack fuck you bastard, attack  
Guerrilla tactics, military practice, boobytrap set, get the match lit  
Don't get captured, fuck George W on a voyage for POWs destroyed villages  
Rubble, pillaging trouble, killing children villains with submachine guns, generals drilling them  
A grunt can't front, there's no where to run to, war hero like DeNiro in Deer Hunter

First Blood

[Chorus:]

I draw first blood, it's over with and that's that

(It's over!)

(Nothing is over!)

It's similar to Vietnam

(You just don't turn it off! It wasn't my war! You asked me and I didn't ask you! Who are they  
to protest me, huh?) I draw first blood, it's over with and that's that

(It's all in the past now.)

(For you!)

It's similar to Vietnam

(For me civilian life is nothing! I was in charge of million-dollar equipment! Back here I can't  
even hold a job parking cars!)

I draw first blood, it's over with and that's that

[Verse 2:]

Missing in action, I'm a get you back soon

Interactions like shrapnel fractions that hack limbs

Nam jungles holding guns in holes, lungs full of smoke, shooting mongrels

Your son got killed, parachute down and shoot down enemies

Nothing cute, brutal like a barracuda frown

Knives, bows and arrows penetrate bone marrow

You're leaking hemoglobin marinara

Commando send shocks like [?] bucking to kill

Cut up your grill like [?]

Killing enemy troops, many in groups

Approach em like roaches

Ho Chi Minh trail, hit em with explosives

Buenas noches, no chance to live, brains on the floor looking like poached eggs

Torturous punishment, banana clips, helicopter gunships, veteran friendship

I'm a get you

[Chorus]

[Outro:]

My friend is all over me! I've got blood and everything and I'm tryin' to hold him together! I'm  
puttin'... the guy's fuckin' insides keep coming out! And nobody would help! Nobody would  
help! He's saying, sayin' "I wanna go home! I wanna go home! " He keeps calling my name! "I  
wanna go home, Johnny! I wanna drive my Chevy! " I said "With what? I can't find your  
fuckin' legs! I can't find your legs! "

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