

# Push It to the Limit (feat. Jamey Jasta)

## Necro

We'll push it to the limit like a tourniquet crushin' your cranium  
Mushin' you, murder you, burnin' you to a crisp live on uranium  
Maintainin' sins like Iranians holdin' grenade pins  
Blazin' your skin, stomp you with a whole parade of Timbs  
Put a gemstar to your flesh pa, the emperor  
Of demented sentences with a temper, your mentor  
Demonic like Skeletor, Destro, 'Deceps'  
Criminal corrupted culprits'll beat you to death  
Keep your head up or you'll get your head cut off  
Your whole life shut off with a knife, wipe the blood off  
My perspective is respect this or expect  
To be left with a neck full of stitched up imperfections  
Cause you bitched up, in retrospective your collective  
Woulda switched up if you knew what a bunch of sick fucks  
We are when we get hectic too late, drama, we all up in it  
Go all out, push it to the limit  
Push it to the Limit, walk along the razor's edge  
Don't look down, just keep your head up till you're finished  
Up and up the limit, past the point of no return  
Reach the top, but you gotta learn how to keep it  
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Reach the top, but you gotta learn how to keep it  
Attack you like an evil gargoyle with swords  
Burn you like radiation, leave you a charbroiled corpse  
We represent every satanic element, I'm malevolent  
Murder you, you're gettin' sent to where the Devil went  
If I'm wrong you could be dead right  
When you pass you'll be forgotten cause I'm rotten like the website  
We get ogrish, poisonous like a cobra's kiss  
Demonic, like when the last day in October hits  
You're miserable, livin' trapped in your bed  
You should be clapped in your head cause you'd be happier dead  
You little pussies get choked to death with a Kotex  
You're dying little by little, every second, go check your Rolex  
You're not living forever, I'll bet you  
How much you wanna put up? For the right price somebody'll dead you  
No cushion for lyrics, mushin' you if you're timid  
Extreme rap, explicit, we push it to the limit  
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You tremble from the brutality  
Make you resemble George A. Romero character in reality  
Bring your big posse see  
You'll be a bunch of fertilized faggots, like Versace and Liberace  
Get killed in a building, smashing you like Zildjian  
Cymbals, buckin' you like Brazilian children  
Write your will out to your attorney  
After a weekend at Bernie's you'll be deceased, dead on a gurney  
I rip the beat like the contours of your flesh stripped  
As you stare, pump gore, it's a trip  
Can't think about food with bullets buried in your belly  
But notice bloody flesh looks like blueberry jelly  
You're repulsively corrosive  
Your mother taught you not to get involved with explosives  
Skull opened like Iron Maiden Eddy, kaput, finished  
Wanted excitement, you died for it, you pushed it to the limit  
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