



ILLMATIC:



photos by Ian Sami Hajar

Necro, the necromancer, could be short for necrophiliac but ladies ain't feeling that, and what's a pimp without his bitches? Baby Finsta counting dirty money in Bugs Bunny cartoons – what he is to rap, like angel dusted looney tunes in the slums with pirate riches.

An MC whose style is brutality, banned from too many clubs in NYC for the enthusiasm of his entourage; garage producer for cats like Non-Phixion and Al Tariq (Missin' Linx), the jinx like Loki musically. Not to be confused with the Grinch, but malicious, malevolent and sadistic are synonyms for the sound that abounds out and about his cranium, the pain. From the projects Glenwood like Forrest in the Bronx except Brooklyn, be jookin',

erase the race, game remains the same. Like Faces of Death, it's just entertainment. Underneath the surface is the business acumen of a millionaire mafioso or corporate mogul (whichever you prefer). Psycho + Logical is his self-owned record label with fables violent, pornographic that he spits then directs the video. 21st century Hip-Hop Martin Scorsese, low budget gritty reality like FoxTV, the cinemacktic independent was doing this even before Master P. Extreme and disturbing, his short video films be bubbling underground, sold from town to town across Amerikkka by a legion of fans who slang his CD's hand to hand like the dope man, keeping 30% of the profit (approximate). The kingpin gets the rest, god bless, to funnel back into

the operation. You can catch the sensation at necrohiphop.com. The bomb, Imma tell ya, is the twisted poetical masterpiece "I Need Drugs", his release like exorcist; those who feel it, know, word-bond.

The nexus of this earth spins on dirt. This world ain't exactly what they said it would be. Bear witness; you may see his ads in other rap mags written by douche bags who exploit the culture like vultures, claiming purity. Their science rhymes with Germany. This is not prophecy, just a sign of things to come. You wanna cum like Moet gets popped while ghetto children get locked up, navigate the dichotomy with Necro, your pilot, and get your fuckin' head chopped... ya heard?!! -article by Roosevelt Franklin