

# Pillmatic

**Boldy James**

No matter what, keep it street  
No matter where the record business is going, or what's trendy or what's hot  
Always stay where the streets are  
I'm Illmatic talking firm biz to you baby  
227, 55th  
Where we at with it?

I'm pillmatic with the lighters and these Loar tabs (Aye)  
I'm real savage on these thotties and these whorebags (You know)  
I'm drillmatic I got shooters and they more than with it (Rrraaaa)  
I'm pillmatic all these bloopers and these orange pillies (It's blocks)  
I'm stillmatic with this MAC and two Russians (Uh-huh)  
A brick of Lenny Kravitz and them magic school busses (Let's get it)  
I'm pillmatic with them Perc 10's and them 80's (Them 80's)  
I'm Illmatic talking firm biz to you baby

I'm talking firm biz to you baby (Talking firm biz to you baby)  
Talking bout the pharm, that is (I'm Illmatic talking firm biz to you baby)  
I'm talking firm biz to you baby  
Talking bout the pharm, that is, that is, that is for real

I'm pillmatic with them smirks and them tangerines (Uh-huh)  
Keep a pill cabinet full of syrup, purple, red and green (At home)  
I'm still trafficking them chirps with the Medellin  
That's highway robbery, Celestine Prophecy (Uh)  
Concreatures, 50 Gwuap the new state property  
Roc-a-fella records with them rocks we a dynasty  
Mr. East, Warren Buffet, Big Daddy Warbucks (Eastside)  
Maxwell, house of double coffee cup from Starbucks (Aye)  
Stack twelve-thousand in Milwaukee when them arms touch  
I need another foreign, couple of sprinters and a tour bus (Cha-ching)  
So we can see a quarter-tick in the next twelve months (Gwuap)  
Big Gun hit me with some shit could put a three on it (Yeah)  
Tell 'em meet me off of Nottingham my nigga E want it  
Ice say that he want everything with a G on it (Pull up)  
Can eat no food on that plate, put some bleach on it (Yeah)  
And anything green with a 15 my nigga Streets want (Bro)

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Silly rich future, piss poor past (Yeah)  
Started with them candy bars and them Loar tabs (Let's work)  
Get it on gone fast, spend a bag then let's sport the loot (I'm on my way)  
Rhymes like a rabbit in the back we whipping turtle coupes (Yeah)  
Businessman and I ball like a hoop in a suit (Ballin)

Bitch asked me "What I do?" I just get to the blue (Yeah)  
She know grind, time to shine, so we knockin' the boots  
Laboring them orange pills I'm enjoying the fruits (Gwuap)  
Mr. Pillmatic, you wanna cook I still got it  
Fly as fuck all my life but I still traffic (I'm trafficking)  
I been getting to the skrill and I'm still active  
Tour coming to your city, called "Pill Traction" (Gwuap)  
Making everything stop when it's go time  
I'm in my bag next to the work- oxymoron  
All this mud in my double I could pour a puddle (Juice)  
Like H1 in the crib, guaranteed to bubble (Bro)

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A hundred hundred dollar bills, five hundred blues (Cha-ching)  
Two hundred hundred morphines, 5 hundred orange (You know)  
So get your umbrellas out cause the coming storm (Aye)  
Never went to college but I cut the blow with the dorm (Blocks)  
Old school pay me to cook up for him  
He know I'mma put on a show in the kitchen when I perform (Skrt Skrt)  
Pull up in Delorean, got these niggas shook off of the shake (Aye)  
Tap dance on them yams, let the soda cook off of the base (Yeah)  
Rock 'em with the MAC, drop 'em in the trap  
Fuck the money, homicide season bodies getting stacked (Doo doo)  
Hully Gully, sliding with the strap, choppa twist his hat, no cap (Click clack)  
Hit him with some shit that stop him in his tracks  
It's the feioso from the six, but I be on siete (Seven)  
Grew up on the one with the Gualas and the Eses (The one)  
Shot a thousand big moons, 40 North of jefe (Uh-huh)  
Free my cousin Spoony, FEDs gave that boy a decade (We still)

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