

Skits0

Bushwick Bill

Yo Bill, what in the f**k you doin here?

Aww shit

I woke up on the wrong side of bed today
Lookin for some homo sapiens to slay
Lost in panicked thoughts, damn
Frantic killings constantly, now I'm sought
Wanted, but I give a f**k, fool I'm the hunter not the hunted
Bushwick the name Geto Boy executioner
Terminator, murder revolutioner
Street stalker, causer - of metamorphosis
Late night rapes, body found in a forest
No clues left behind, a fool from the darkside
Continous killings, many unsolved homicides
No ordinary kid, got a top and no lid holes
Kidnappin child, {?} permanently dispose
The controversy falls around Bushwick's a hacksaw
Command gland slayin, with no flaws
When death knocks on your door and wants to come in
Time to pay up MOTHERf**kERS, these are the wages of sin

Yo Bill, I come to get you out of this motherf**ker
Now I want you to come over here, it's okay
And tell Dr. Lumbar, how good you really feelin ow

PARANOID! Sittin in a deep sweat
Thinkin, I gotta f**k somebody before the weekend
The sight of blood excites me
Shoot you in the head, sit down and watch it bleed to death
I hear the sound of your last breath
Shouldn'ta been around, I went all the way left
You was in the right place for me at the wrong time
I'm a psychopath in a minute lose my f**kin mind
Calm down, back to reality
Don't fear death cause I know that was promised to me
Flashes, I get flashes of Jason
Gimme a knife and many lives I'm wastin
The shadow of death follows me, I don't give a f**k
Pussy play Superman, your ass'll get boxed up
Put him in a straightjacket, the man's sick
This is what goes on in the mind of Bushwick

Aww shit, man you done f**ked up
You done scared the shit out of that doctor
Now that shit you told the lawyer, I don't wanna hear
Man tell me exactly how that bitch set herself up

Lookin through her window, now my body is warm
She's naked, and I'm a peeping tom
Her body's beautiful, so I'm thinking rape
Shouldn'ta had her curtains open, so that's her fate
Leavin out her house, grabbed the bitch by her mouth
Drug her back in, slammed her down on the couch
Whipped out my knife said if you scream I'm cuttin
Opened her legs and commenced to f**kin
She begged me not to kill her, I gave her a rose
Then slit her throat and watched her shake 'til her eyes closed

Had sex with the corpse before I left her
And drew my name on the wall like Helter Skelter
Run for shelter never crossed my mind
I had a gauge, a grenade, and even a nine
Dial 911 for the bitch
But the cops say shit when they're f**kin with Bushwick

You know Bill, this is a bunch of Shirley Temple bullshit
And I know you'd rather be hated for what you are
Than loved for what you not
So the thing you have to do, is tell these motherf**kers, who you are

I'm Bushwick Bill, but call me Chuckwick!
Fifth Ward hard bitch, play hero and f**k me
Cause I'm known to pull your skull out
Grip a motherf**ker by his neck and gouge his f**kin eyes out
I'm insane by a longshot hey
Chuckwick Bill, a.k.a. Charles Libre
A short nigga with some long nuts
Drop you dead in your bed, now I'm ready for a long f**k
Necromance that ass for a minute
And split that motherf**kin clit when I'm finished
You punk bitches be retreatin, check it
Freddie and Jason runnin home with they mouths bleedin
So welcome to the slaughterhouse champs
Fifth Ward Texas, Chuckwick concentration camp
You punk motherf**kers fled
And those who didn't make it got two to the f**kin head!

My nigga, my nigga
Boy you let your nuts hang to the floor
Now let's blow this motherf**ker up, and G.O.