

10 Wheel Drive

III Bill

Psycho Realm
Sick Symphonies
What up!

Man, these fools ain't gorillas
They just monkeys that talk
A bunch of liers with no heart
Yo, we line 'em up like cannons but don't none of 'em spark
I can tell they all faggots by the way that they walk
You're like a piece of canvas that ain't got no art
It's plain to see the fantasies I'm ripping apart
They ain't flipping keys, they ain't killing nobody
They ain't really catching cases
Ain't none of 'em popping off

I got a fist full of iron
I pop a bitch in the eye
Admire my sick mind inside design your demise
These little guys, no matter the size, try () ocassion
Receive 5 shots in their ribcages
I spit native so my tongue it flips like it's asian
It's a script, actors, hardbody goverment agents
These record labels set up for federal agencies
They sign you for the information
You go tell the D's
They have these puppets acting like they really are moving D
Maneuver heat in the rap hood
They act like they run the streets
They have more security than Snoop D-Double O-G
In a bulletproof cruiser smoking up all his weed
I'm rolling with young G's, pushing a hundred keys
I'm lying but spit fire then I'll go make a beat
A team but just one could defeat your whole fleet
Famous for exposing the weaks that charge for higher beans

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We are in a terror state
Earthquake but the tremor is great
The future's grim so I bury my safe
I got this art form called rap
They say that I'm great
But the ones cashing out are the femenine and fake
Oh, wait, I don't wanna sound like I hate on the heavyweigths
But it's a burn like drinking vodka and henny straight
The dopest rappers ain't cake, some got raped
They so broke they don't know the sound that a penny makes
I'm getting mine, homie

Hustle all the time, homie
I'm on the grind
Only call me if you got money for me
Being independent since I dropped War Story
And still put bigger crowds in L.A. than the top audi
Cops and feds, they monitor my bread
But mom and pop's shops got more honor than the dead
I got no paper work
Got numbers in my head
You can keep the plaques and the tax
I'm underground instead, yeah!

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This is ILL BILL, homie
Let me tell you something: Where I'm from the value of life is next to nothing
Brooklyn motherfucker plus the west coast is open on me
I'm world-wide with the LC familia army
It bothers y'all that I rep my family
Terror in every barrio, every hood
Every borough, every block that's hot
Street corners resemble the night of the living dead
Junkie track mark, hooker is giving head to the young and restless youth
We blast 'till there is no one left to shoot
Morally bankrupt and destitute
I ain't a prisoner
Shank the windpipe of the warden
Your days are limited
I stab the spin, psych in your jordans
Fling you up
Top of the tier but planted in crisis
Bring you more rock than you clearly had in your life
It's crack music
My mix-down is heroin symphonic
You are an addict, I'm a savage so intelligent and brolic
It's outrageous to the world at large
How I have 4 Aces at the table when I turn back cards
Leave the faces in amazement 'cause I work that smart
Never been a lucky person, yo, I earned the spot
My position is that of a ruler of a kingdom
To raise the underground a hundred thousand feet above the fools
You think it's not over for music with that soul and substance
Laughing while they took all your money and showed you nothing

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