

BORA BORA AURA

III Bill

Mr Briganti, there's a problem with Mr Kleinfeld
What kinda problem?
He's in the bathroom, fuckin' Stef! (Hahaha)
So what's the problem? Good for him!
Oh! Oh! Oh!
Yeaah! We back motherfucker!
Oh!
Bill, talk to 'em!

Take your Jesus piece truck jewels
Gucci links, my shooters blaze through
But they don't give a fuck who they hit
The mop long like the scope on a street sweeper
With the robe of the Grim Reaper
Gorilla Pimp Preacher spit ether
Revolver twirling flash like a curse murder cats
This happen when murder raps converge with Lysergic tabs
A Brand They Can Trust, doing something satanic on dust
And they don't pay the ransom they fucked
Give me extra gray gold
Spray chrome on plain clothes
Save hoes with shotgun shells the size of eggrolls
Minus the duck sauce
Get your face sliced the fuck off
Like it was in the yard up north, tryin' to pop off
Phil Leotardo a problem doin' molly in Cabo
Smoke pot with McConaughey, bobbing on bongles
Hawaiian monologues, flying tomahawks, cyborgs
The skies is blinded up with guide dogs and fiery flyin' swords

Nothin' but gang police at them funerals
I wanna pay my respects but I ain't comin' through
Revenge kidnap your daughter, I'm in Bora Bora
Niggas be on live, I got a different aura
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Yeah - You got the aura of a sixty year old dyke
I got the aura of a twenty three year old Mike, walkin' to the fight
Was on my feet, twenty three year old Mike
This the big Gorilla, Fuck Ya Life
I'm the nicest comin' out of this new shit (That's a fact!)
Oh you think you wavy, throw you off of a cruise ship
Right hook, left hook, boom, bipp, oh shit!
Punch you in your face you'll fuck around and do two flips (Goddamn!)
Off a balcony (Yup!) You never could amount to me (Never!)
My chain cost two birds (What's that?) Call that Falconry (Yup!)
Gorilla Monsoon then Gorilla Twins
How the fuck is you still doubting me?
Your girl put her mouth on me (Gunther!)
Yeah I had that bitch swallowing sax (Rah) (Facts!)
And I don't even follow her back (Rah) (Wooh!)
You at the gym shootin' 'roids in your
I'm at LMB's gettin' fat (Rrrraaaah!)

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Thirty rounds go into the MAC
And if you not set one you walkin' into a trap (Stupid muhfucka)
I give you a choice pussy, stool pigeon or rat
It's a harbinger of death to hear the clickity clack
Y'all is always sayin' somethin', y'all swear y'all scrap (Nah)
And I'm tired muhfuckas and the graveyard packed (It's bodies everywhere)
Take ya body, make it handicapped
Ten toes down, ain't movin' from where I'm standin' at (Nah)
Put a rack on his head, I'll toupee ya (Hahaha)
Ides of March Julius Cesar the Soothsayer (Yeah)
I tried to help you out and do you a lil' favor
Now you get a shot to the stomach, induced labor
(Boom, boom boom, boom)
It's hard to breathe here, need a oxygen blast
Have you hooked into a breathing tube, oxygen mask
I got some muhfuckas eager to clap (We got the shooters)
It's dirty inside this muhfucka, clean up your act
Toma!

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Motherfucker!
ILL Bill, Gorilla Motherfuckin' Nems, Vinnie Paz, Tony Yayo
Brrrrrrrrraaao!