Devil's Rebels

Ill Bill

Outside the 83rd precinct station house, members of the Devil's Rebels threa
tened to kill the police who were holding the three gang members. Some of th
e police ignored the gang's taunts but others did not...

I be the triple six OG homie, melt you like cheese on pepperoni
Death to phonies, the resurrection of Tony
Like Dr. Malachi York in his heyday I'm Dre Day
My brains spray like Jeru when he dropped on Payday
My brainwaves are rocket ships and space planes
Better yet freight trains, better yet AKs
Rainy days make me think about my grandmother and my uncle in the jungle
With a bundle and the junkie gets the hunger
When the humble seen the rumbles in the big park
Cats'll run up on you for a parka, my projects was Clive Barker
It was markers, monsters, and conquerors
Corner liquor store robberies, shoot-outs in front of my school constantly
Kicking over displays in the Milky Way the filthy way
Fuck around you catch a buck-fifty in your face
5714 Farragut, don't ever come around here on no motherfucking faggot shit
Beat you in the face with the ratchet, kid
Leave you resting in peace on some forever after shit
We them Heavy Metal Kings, let the hammers click
Ready to handle shit, we talented homie, hand me that banana clip

This is books of blood, nothing surrounding me but crooks and thugs
Drinking forties, smoking wakata, cooking drugs
My shit harder than liquor that you would put in pubs
I got Sierra ballistics that you could put in plugs
I put my hand on the Bible, lie to the judge
I didn't even mean to be high, but I was
I guess it's just a procedure to ride with my thugs
I guess I'm just a believer in God just above
Yeah, run up on your car for cream
Alauddin on his deen, na'mean?
I ain't fucking with small shit, only thorough heaters
The ice grill get you robbed, Sergio Martinez
Your whole clique a bunch of broads, y'all all divas
Y'all on some Kanye faggot shit, all skeezers
I always handle the rock, y'all all defense
Dim Mak hit your chest, your heart weakens

We critically acclaimed, lyrically we reign
Clinically insane, Heavy Metal King, Official Pistol Gang
I distribute pain, what seems to be the issue mane?
My main issue is y'all lame, we ain't the same
So we ain't on the same page, we a different book
You's a gimmick, type-gay, that's a different look
Trust nobody, loyalty is forbidden
So when a nigga turn his back, Paz four-fifth him
Everybody rah rah I just say they talk
But never sneak the fifty on me like I'm AJ Hawk
Killadel, Pistolvain, let the melee spark
They barely scratching the surface, how they claim they sharp?
Temple of Doom, goon platoon, we just take their heart
Your shit is terrible, your excuse? You claim it's art
My presence in the vocal booth is like that of God
I try to school them but society is brainwashed

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