

Die Hard

III Bill

Yeah, yeah

I'm America's nightmare, smiling face of a gangster nation
Never ask for favours or affidavits
I'm double dutch like Rancid blazing
I'm double clutch like phantoms racing
I'm in the cut like a lacerations tacking paper
Never plan vacations, plan assassinations
Truthfully I'd rather draft a business plan for Satan
Fascinated with hundred million dollar ransom payments
And dancers famous for fellatio like Nancy Reagan
I can't be patient, I doctor passports and fast forward past whores
Guerilla pimp up in this cash war
About to blast off, listen to the fast talk
Breakin the sound barrier and shattering your glass jaw
I'm highly recommended, highly respected
Finely perfected, the ILL Bill virus, find me injected
I leave society infected, I attack with a variety of weapons
Any survivors will be divine intervention

It's impossible to lose
I push death in any enemy's future, we shoot ya
You not the truth
No matter where you're from, you'll be done

I'm cruising with that super bazooka that'll shoot and ruin ya
Fuck with my ruby, you're choosing a future with Lucifer
Sleep with the fishes, troopers will have to SCUBA
To scoop you up and find you in a net like they Googled ya
Who the fuck you think you're playing around with?
Vomit in your ear just to show you I sound sick
My round spit like a pitcher chewing tobacco
Get down quick, I'm wacko like Tyson in round six
My mind and mentality is somewhere around Vick's
Kill you and your dogs, I ain't talking about pits
Who you throwing a tantrum? You ain't talking about shit
Cut your fit out before I cut your outfit
This is how East Side Long Beachers do it
Soon as you run for your car, I'ma beat you to it
Soon as you pop your trunk, I'ma eat your Buick
Then leave you in your own trunk leaking fluid

It's impossible to lose
I push death in any enemy's future, we shoot ya
You not the truth
No matter where you're from, you'll be done