

F@ck Outta Here

III Bill

He's indeed a foe worthy of my metal
But he must be defeated
Fly, my enchanted mallet!
Seek out the enemy!

I put the H in heavy metal like the hammer of Thor
ILL CANNI-BILL, way before Cannibal Corpse
These baby teen homos, I'm like a '83 Kronos
Pay Lionel Richie with bricks to lay promos
I hover vertically, Clockwork Burgundy
Seven thirty on your block like the murder spree instant
Secure the gas mask on the infant
Then analyze the galaxy with practical instinct
Stay sharper than zombie weapons
My wolves of war are savage
Bark at the Moon like a Ferrari engine
Pack a burner blacker than Nat Turner
Jackson with the stacks like Hank Sherman
Track three thousand of black turbans
Lions roar comfortable amongst the crime lords
Walking through the firestorm like the time before
Talk it like "I am the law" with a giant jaw
Chop off your motherfuckin' dome with Goliath's sword

Y'all bring that shit to Brooklyn?
The fuck outta here!
You wanna get the jewelry taken?
The fuck outta here!
Y'all wanna bring it to Philly?
The fuck outta here!
And get yourself bodied for really?
The fuck outta here!
Y'all bring that shit to Brooklyn?
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See it's black now, everything can go in a glance
I was raised right, I'mma let you know in advance
This the BILLY bad knife work, rolling with Ganz
And the pea coat laser MAC show you the dance
I'm talking everything, even shell cases is black
And the chopper lay him down like he taking a nap
Cut his body in sixteen like we playing the DAT
And if I ever gave you anything, I'm taking it back
You lazy and wack, just call me Glen Rice, I'mma shoot a man
I'mma peel his motherfucking lid like a tuna can
Chest poked out, talking shit like "Who the man?"
Body work had his pussy breathing like a hookah, fam
It's a lotta dead bodies everywhere that Vin rides
Smiling on the outside, dying on the inside
Y'all are high, y'all just brought some blues in this bitch
But me and BILLY ride, we just brought the tools in this bitch

Muerte!

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