

Golan & Globus

III Bill

Spit real game
I'll blast on you as you pass on through
Catch you right where you stand
Come on

Yo, yo, yo
Leave you FUBAR
Quicker than eager shooters
Some bleeding tumors
Squeezing screaming UZIs
Some scheming losers at Peter Luger's
Goons with AK's and SUVs, creeps with eagles and Ubers
Shoot and cruise in blue Subarus
Pursuing you with Rugers
This is, slasher flicks with masochistic asshole britches
Gritty, pretty, big titty
Sarcastic bitches with the flashing nipples
Ask my fist don't walk upon the blasting pistols
Embrace Your Satan like when Metallica, moved the band to Frisco
I spit murder like the ghost of Cliff Burton
Rockin' a Rickenbacker, catch some bodies, intense like a pistol popper
Surrounded by savage clones and assassin drones
Laughable, just stay flammable like acetone
Made by Yakub high in his laboratory
The crafted leather suicide is mandatory
Sharper than Capricorn horns and Manowar swords
G's overseas like a Hasselhoff song

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Yo it's a war and I was born for it
Rugers will turn your soul to ether
Smash your motherfucking bones in half like when you fold a pizza
Have to hold the heater
'Cause I blast when I'm in Rome with Caesar
On the road to Giza, beautiful like Testarossta features
Told the oldest teacher that control the only holy creature
Blow the fucking speaker with a vocal of a soulless leader
My guest the only feature, my rap's a Mona Lisa
A wack verse of me is as likely as a cold Ibiza
You got a .22 but do a lotta chopper talk
Me, I'm armed to the teeth, I let this fucking chopper bark
You make pill-popping music, pussy, knock it off
Beat him to submission and then kick him like a soccer ball
Having everybody watching him bleed
Have to teach you motherfuckers how to talk to your seed
I'm from where young boys stash crack in they socks
And pop out on motherfuckers like a Jack in a Box, dummy

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