

Green Lantern Freestyle

ILL Bill

Ayo I plan to be a billionaire, God forgive me for my evil
For doing really fucked up things to good people
I rob a rich man, try to make the world equal
To buy my moms a crib dog, I'm down to hurt people
I got ten pounds of shrooms on my kitchen table
Just sniffed an eight ball out my bitch's navel
Satellite dish, watch the Exorcist on cable
Compare what I do to the evil that they do
I save you like Jesus and them latter-
day saints, splatter their brains
Take their platinum chains and their Charlie Brown leather straight
Let me get that, Psychological Records death rap
Necrodamus make the best tracks
My music make you want to sell crack
I turn invisible and breeze through
I rob drug dealers just like DT's do
And body DT's same as drug dealers do
So fuck feeling you, I'd rather bust three in you
Exploding school buses, Jews, Muslims, Christians
What the fuck's the difference? We all want money, drugs, and bitches
Let's keep it real, even television's a drug
If weed is a drug a Green Lantern CD is a drug
I speaks in tongues, my peeps is all thieves and thugs
Creeps with guns, Crips, Latin Kings, and Bloods
We generous with the heat but we cheap with love
Arrest me? Never that, the police is dumb
I was born to die, walk around high
This piece of shit planet got my mind designed to rhyme about the mad
ness
Closed caskets, prostitutes and crack heads
We battle much, respect the cash gets, been a savage ever since
Read a lot of books, threw a lot of right hooks, stuck up a lot of cr
ooks
I represent Brooklyn when I'm out the hood
Now the whole world's captivated, gang related
See me in my video being assassinated
I'm like the seventies when everybody sniff coke
Slit throats, spit quotes, expensive like mink coats
Why I'm so fucked up only my shrink knows
Dr. Tenenbaum, a small guy with a big nose
I've seen it all in my short life, me and my peeps is all trife
If we ain't sticking your moms then we fucking your wife
If it ain't weed in my blunts then there's dust in my pipe
If it ain't slugs in my guns then there's blood on my knife
I put you to sleep, now you just a cousin of life
ILL Bill motherfucker make you jump in a fight
This is for the streets, I could give a fuck what you like
Even my freestyles could fuck up any shit that you write