

## Green Lantern Freestyle

III 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