

III Bill

Get with it, check it out, check it out

If you don't think you ready yet dog, just let the song prepare you

Let's all kill a cop, and get locked up, what

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Walked out the precinct leaving no survivors

Half his decapitated wig splattered across the precinct driveway
The watts was stuffed up his body, jerk and gyrate
Shoot him ten more times, then I merc off on the highway

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Last but not least, ILL BILL like to say peace
To all the cop killers, from the Tri-State to the Middle East
And gimme some dust when I kick the bucket
Pistol or no pistol, when high I'm the wrong to be fucked with
So everybody put they gun up in the air
Cock it back and lick a shot like you just don't care
So pump up the volume, screaming out "Fuck cops!"
I'm out, peace to my pops, I'm off to the dust spots

Yeah, ILL BILL's in the house
Yeah, Goretex in the house
Yo, peace to my motherfucking fam Non Phixion
Yo, I'm out
Yo Necro, turn that shit off, man
TURN THAT FUCKING SHIT OFF!