

How To Kill A Cop

ILL BILL

Awwwwwwwwwwwww shit!
Eat it out, eat it out, no doubt, no doubt
Check it out, yo
The year 2000 begins a new age for the cop killers
Know what I'm saying?
The saga of the ILL BILL continues
The flavor's Non Phixion y'all
Get with it, check it out, check it out

Check out this new ILL BILL gimmick that's splendid
Since you're down with other shit let's see if you're down with this
It's about strictly trying to kill a cop
Once you get the hang of it
After you blast one, you steal his Glock
First of all you need a fat bag of dust plus the biscuit
Any local store sells the shit, friend
Purchase a milli, not that bitch Millie Jackson, silly stunt
I'm talking about the nine millimeter gun
Pick up the gat and scratch the serial numbers off
No fingerprints, surgical ones are my gloves of choice
All of these other cop killers be thinking guns are toys
And when these cats get caught, they snitch on all they boys
I kill a cop on a solo mission, without a pair of gloves
Shot him in the face with a stolen biscuit
Then wiped my fingerprints off real careful
If you don't think you ready yet dog, just let the song prepare you

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

That's how you kill a cop - Peace to Necro!
That's how you kill a cop - Peace to Necro!
That's how you kill a cop
Let's all kill a cop, and get locked up

The second paragraph might make you laugh
When a cat try to kill a cop and catch a plunger in the ass
That's when you know you got to take the gun from him
Cause you bout to get snubbed next, and you hyped up
So fucking running!
And now the real fun begins, son
You kill these ten cops, the best part, you walk away with ten guns
Now you the one that's taking gats from pigs
Imagine one gang, consisting of the Bloods, Crips and Latin Kings
That's when you start to realize what the police is
Government funded gang-bangin thugs, that's what beast is
They say I'm evil, I'm the most righteous
Run up in precincts with assault rifles, kill police and throw Bibles
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!