

## I'm Surrounded

III Bill

Yo, it's Necro your father, ILL BILL album coming soon!  
You better cop it or you get deaded!

I'm surrounded by hatred and lust, angels in dusk  
Cocaine and sluts, dangerous thugs  
Blaze you with guns, lace you with drugs  
Murderous cyborgs disguised as blind men with guide dogs  
Design war, final call, homicidal core  
Torture chambers and rape rooms  
The same goons, drinking Grey Goose and grape juice  
What's really good or bad, it's relative  
Never been begun neutral  
But if you fuck with my family I shoot you, I'm too crude  
My apologies, got me bugging, committing armed robberies  
Most likely to probably die violently  
Who the fuck are you stupid, I carry two clips  
One to murder you, the other to shoot pigs  
We're like Miami Beach on New Year's Eve  
Blindly singing rush rush, give me yayo hanging with the gypsy  
kings  
I spit these stings, make a business man spit phlegm  
Kicking these raps or kick you in the face with Timbs  
Full up on your desk, 4000 square foot office supplies  
Fought to survive, torture your mind  
Car chase, two cop cars survived  
Hundred bill parkway, I'm rhyming for the cop killer to die  
Nothing sacred any more, take your last breath  
What I am, what I want, I'm only after death, I'm obsessed  
If superheroes were real, they'd be evil  
So all board to Tel Aviv, take the shit over and never leave  
America's dream, bleed like an elephant fiend  
Heavy Metal heroin scene, forever intrigued  
Caught you with your guard down and your pistols up  
Hit you with the 4 pound and you spit some blood  
Faggot!