

## License to ILL

III Bill

I landed on top of the buildin, jumped out and exploding helicopter  
Draggin the pilot by his jaw  
Used his body to break the fall  
He died on impact, blood splattered his back was broken  
Bounced wit a slight limp cause my ankle was swollen  
Get your ass up and lets get ill  
I landed on top of the buildin, jumped out and exploding helicopter  
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Bounced wit a slight limp cause my ankle was swollen  
Cia assassin turncoat, burnin toke it serve coke  
The worst, loke the fuck out we burst chrome  
Double agent CIA merk both sides, and low ride  
I'm so high, I can touch the sky  
Fuck wit mine you get your head, bust wit 9's  
Splattered like 10 pump out of our bathroom floors  
Blast you whores, the dead mans the last who draws  
I be the first one to let off  
Gun slinger with the done figure throw ya head off  
Gun slinger with the done figure throw ya head off  
Gun slinger with the done figure throw ya head off  
Like guillotenes I eat dog  
Like the phillipeans through leg work I creep dog  
Like a millipede, it's military 9 millimeter's pop off  
9 millimeters that wave to your dome will drop off  
A hollow tip package, slit cabbage  
Get your wig handed to the coroner and examine  
Life is for real, I deal wit the license to Ill Ill  
It's Ill Bill, wit a rifle and the license to Ill  
[Chorus]  
Get your ass up and lets get ill  
Ill Bill wit a rifle, and the license to Ill  
I seen the president get shot at point blank range  
Slipped thousands of people drinks and made em act strange  
Had my gat in a hollowed out book in the last page  
Silliwetter and dessert eagle to splash brains  
I'm in the fast lane with cats that high-jack planes  
Murderous wit terrorists they know what cash means  
I'm sellin candy to these billion dollor crack feinds  
Dont even ask me what my path be  
Run up on your family wit a gat blastin  
Top of the pile, rockin like nigel withal  
I turn you out like a virgin wit a cock in ya mouth  
Wit a gun to ya head, they find you ina trunk of a benz  
Chopped into thousands of little pieces next to one of your freinds  
America pimp, my first ho was a married bitch  
Now I'm pimpin the first ammdement like larry flint  
A true hustla wit a license to kill  
It's Ill Bill, wit a rifle and a license to ill  
[Chorus: continues until end]