

Made U Look

ILL Bill

ILL Bill the Cult Leader
Coka season has begun
La Coka Nostra
A Brand You Can Trust in stores July 14th
Check it

The Llama you came to drag me to Hell
Demons attack where sanity dwell
Humanity fell from the mouth of a [?] profanity hill
That was fist-raised jaggedy nail
Illuminati grail, seven seal nations battle Gods where devils kneel
Rebels sprayed by assassins with shells
Crazy adolescents that kill, MAC-11's and pills
Everything William Cooper was talking about then is happening now
Malachi York was way ahead of his time, truth is wild
How both of them have been discredited and edited
Yet Nostradamus a fool [?] irrelevant
There's a reason it's called programming propaganda loop
Random truth, cannibal Xanadu
Channel 2 cameras who multiple panel view
Jumping out of planes without a parachute
Born with an attitude landing at ground zero latitude
That dude got his head smashed in the door
His bitch swore she ate Britney Spears' pussy in the bathroom at Pure
Attention whores always asking for more
Sniff around on all fours acting like she wanna vacuum the floor
A Suicide Girl into Charles Manson and porn
She like Nas so she dance to this song, listen!

Made you
Oh made you look
You a slave to a page in my rhyme book
It's La Coka Nostra
July 14th, the album in store
Stores
Ain't no stores left anyways
Fuck the stores!

Yo my knuckles are sore from
Punching motherfuckers in the jaw
Ruin these jeans, slipping on a slippery floor
They gave me four six figures and Syphilis sores
Walking through the fucking halls balls big as a horse
Sniffing the raw, never made me different before
Now I act like an asshole with the criminal thought
I think when I drink I think I drink too much
These cops always wanna watch me and clink me up
Am I being paranoid? Do I think too much?
While these pussies pushing me and being pink too much
I'm a rebel on the rhythm swinging, sting you up
Be careful and fearful of all the things you trust
Y'all mixed race cats coming to my show shit-faced
Come and get your face fixed, fix face mixtape
All of y'all sucking on my hog, how my dick taste?
Get your teeth displaced if my fucking fist breaks
I'm a beat you down with the elbow or Shell Toe
Forehead, fucking forearm, who the hell knows?

Broken cheeks, backbones, hip disc, crack phone
You can't even walk in the kitchen when you're back home
Imagine if you killed me just how pissed my villains be
How many times your wife will be raped and where all your children be?
I'm a hundred percent, you're a one in a million, G
And you can't fuck with me or my DMS crew neither
You're too pussy and too beaver