

Manson vs Berkowitz

III Bill

Dirty hands over a sacrificial lamb
I got mad issues so I'm snatching the pistol fam
The green trees got me into orbit
Where I found the skeletal remains of a mafia informant
I'm from Gravesend, where from out of the playpen
You could get paid from filling the graves with made men
No remorse like the end of a nasty divorce
Marshall versus the sleestak with her hand on the torch

Land of the Lost, hit you with chrome barrels
Or with stone arrows
Could turn your oceans into blood like Mo told Pharaoh
They exit Egypt thousand years before the death of Jesus
Millenniums before these devils invented diseases
Creators of AIDS, ice-cold like vapors in space
Institutionalized like hiding razor blades in cakes
Incarcerated Scarfaces that'll rape your face
To let you know what fucking time it is like Flava Flav

We burn it up
Like Manson versus Berkowitz
We turn it up
Like acid versus Percocets
We serve it up
Like assassins that flirt with death
We sherm it up
Like gangsters versus stick-up kids

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This is the mind of violence with a designer virus
Screw on the silencer in time so you can die in silence
Capital-Q decapitate capitalist rappers
I put a cap in they back after I turn my cap backwards
The blood on the hands of Pontius Pilate
Dwell on the underworld's of the city where the monster's hiding
The mind of Heath Ledger with a handful of pills
My face covered in makeup and a plan for the kill

The massacre's real, like crackheads dancing for krills
A hairy situation like a tarantula's meal
I'm like a cross between a scorpion and Kevorkian
My impact will flatten a skyscraper like an accordion
Award-winning war villains
Playing hopscotch across buildings
And toss trucks like Matchbox cars at your children
Homie, I square off like a Sicilian
Fuck priceless, cause every word I write cost a million

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