

Offensive Lines

III Bill

Come on, with me

They say this story is a myth and they bore my with they if's
They can never understand me, notorious is is
A fighter fallen deep into the warriors abyss
I got a mixed up past, it warrants me to flip
I got my dick sucked fast, in the sixth grade from a bitch
With a switchblade who used to twist up grass
She never learned nothing cause' the bitch cut class
I never learned nothing either, but puffin reefer and stuffing beaver
I grew into a sick fuck fast
An unstable addle
My dumb neighbors taddle
Cops knocking on the door, I do my thing no hassle
I'm saying I ain't playing
I am the king of this castle
The casa of the asshole
The cash when you passcode
You little local rappers back off, I'm international
Stamps in my passport
Billboards in Moscow
Phone ringing off the hook
I can't answer it, not now

Come on, with me

So they told me, they never disown me and I believed it
The gold oakley lenses reflecin' and deceivin'
Chicken shit, fucking pussy, asshole
If not for me, you wouldn't even have a cash flow
Never held a gun but you blast though
Haha stupid
I'm in there getting money
You in there playing cupid
I'm coming through in a coupe without the roof in
Bitch by my side with the ass strictly for boofing
Enough of that though, never judge a book off a first look
Just a cook off the first tote
If its right then you sell it, get a good boat
And if ya lucky, get a shorty with a wood throat
No yeast, you fucking with the three beasts
Deca Durabolin shooting three CC's
Get off the wenis, make her kiss the rim
Sour intravenous, piss away the sin

Come on, with me

Yo, they say this story is a myth
But I'm gloriously sick, Ill Bill, I'm like a walking emporium of piff
I abacinate, poke you in the cornea with spliffs
I assassinate, smoke you and your shorty with the fifth
I will lacerate, cut you up and throw you in the car trunk
Ask who's great, you could be the last thing these maggots taste
Tie your feet and hands with tape, dead rats stuffed up in ya' mouth
Lock you in the casket, now you can't escape
Homie you a bitch, throw you in the ditch
Smother you in dirt, with the worms, now you don't exist

Murder is my favorite thing, body everything
Pull out the chopper like Harley Davidson and start spraying things
We La Coka Nostra, gun jam, beat you with the broken toaster
Leave you in the dumpster in the back of Roll-N-Roaster
On Emmons Avenue, splatter you, having you crying to Zeus like Olivia New, X
anadu

Come on, with me, set your self free
Let the music take you away