Omar Suarez

Ill Bill

ILL Bill keep it real like the '80s when we flooded the projects
Or like Ollie North when he funded the Contras
Like Kody Scott homie we constructed a monster
Holding the Glock posting, as we run for the chopper
It's a black carpet event, martyrs and jets start up a pit
Who the fuck pop off harder than this
When I hit you the impact is like if God had a fist
I'm hollow tip my every molecule is part of the clip
I'm bin Laden part sick show I'm part of the chip
I'm not sure beyond the shadow of a doubt if I exist
Bitch talked up Papi for discount on the brick
Kid walked up cocky got shot in the dick
Finance is a gun, politics is knowing when to pull the trigger
Electric heretic the zig-zag zigga
With the Arm-Leg-Leg-Arm-Head, God descends
Wander spiritually dead, pop the pistol through your head
Brooklyn 1986, Nike sneakers and Beamers
Teenagers buying keys from drug dealers named Jesus
We the reason for the Secret Service
Posted in trees with burners, exploding like a overheating furnace

I seen the truth rise and fall, their eyes were born
Fuck the system, fuck who I offend these whores
Shout words that we live but don't play with it
'Cause when the shit go down you be like they did it

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They call me matzah ball, I mix it with an acetal
Cause Howie told me the proper call when the cops get called
Activist clients forty boxes like rocking tour
From the projects to going hungry selling rocks of raw
Like Nicky Sixx live wire, Spawn born of fire
The two messiahs
Soul of the Elohim and Billy Squier
The body in the trunk, been smelling for a week
What you wanna do, bury it and burn it, then burn leek
Belt Parkway like I'm Roy DeMeo
Chop you in the tub for yayo
Run it by bengals, piano wire, million pesos
If we on the grid we sit with no payrolls
Like Tuddy walk with respect with umbrellas to payphones
I've seen the truth
I got scars from state phones
And dead homies, kissing their casket on final way home
Demented retribution canted with the congregation
Blessed to death, the angel Kabbalah meditation

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That piece of shit up there, I never liked him, I never trusted him. For all
 I know he had me set up, and had my friend Angel Fernandez killed. But that
's history. I'm here, he's not
Do you wanna go on with me, you say it
You don't, then you make a move

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