

Push The Button

Ill Bill

[Verse 1: Ill Bill]

My motivation's between a stairway to Heaven and road to Satan
Meantime stay the f*ck out of my immediate location
The personal space, burn you at the stake, murder you for cake
Turn you into bait and feed you to sharks or birds of prey
Vultures of every culture, predators, pimps, and senators
Presidents and porno mag editors
Runaways at bus stations begging for enemas
Spread eagle on the best ecstasy begging for ten of us
Wall Street terror come in strange packages
Double plane massacres scar brains and fracture us
Attention deficits create chemical pestilence
That's why the CIA creates the most intelligent of terrorists
My tactics put you underneath the maggots
Underneath a few tons of dirt, a reef of granite
Change your opinion like media deceives the planet
Making the Godliest of beings appear Satanic
Why is it often that lives end so weird and tragic?
Why's it often the good die young
And so many pass with no justice, no peace, no redemption
I carry a four-fifth with a chrome extension
We men of a thousand or more faces
Proud assassinations across nations
Producing shockwaves that cause hatred
And start revolutions, burn constitutions
Burn literature, bomb institutions
Burn children's hospitals, bomb police stations
Bombs under cars that explode and leave craters
Seize data, freeze bank accounts and assets
Then buy nuke weapons for exclusive access

[Chorus x 2]

Cause a nuclear apocalypse, push the button

It only takes one dickhead to push the button
Go ahead and press your luck, push the button
Holy shit we're all f*cked, someone pushed the button

[Verse 2: SKAM2]

I am not now nor ever been part of the human race
Not that it matters, earth's days are numbered anyway
My sound waves will melt flesh and burn right through your face
Shrivel you up like white blood cells when they're stricken with AIDS Soon a
s I push the button I release the sickest plague
To make Ebola seem like a sip of lemonade
Simple minded fools think my moves for getting paid
Soon as I get the money I'mma do the shit anyway
You say you can't take it with you, my words paint a picture
Vivid genocide, prophesize on some major scriptures
Written on other planets where they don't know what man is
There's no such thing as money and aliens mind their manners (excuse me)
Homie we off the scanner, check your weekly planner
I predict ground zero to be somewhere in Indiana

Two weeks from tamara I mean tomorrow
A lot of horror emanating that's stretching from the
La Coka numbness to my own world of darkness
Been through so much dumb shit we done turned heartless
But now the bottom is on top and running shit
Peep the diabolicness of my brother anonymous
Chip off the old chopping block bout to run the spot
Welcome to modern day anarchy, f*ck the cops
I f*ck shit up from here to where Bush be
Trust me, you think not, p*ssy? Then push me

[Chorus x 2]