

## Skull & Guns

### III Bill

Every Kennedy was assassinated by the Illuminati  
They should've went to Yankee Stadium for Giuliani  
Said Halliburton impersonated Sunni jihadits  
Or at the Black Sabbath show pulling UZIs on Ozzy  
Experts in judo and karate, shooters with shotties  
Use computers to rob commodities, abuse technology  
Produce monopolies, Google and Youtube robbery  
Automatic, in other words these goons shoot constantly  
Starting innocent enough until the militants come  
Bringing bow and arrow nukes and guerrillas with guns  
But sometimes it's like killing a cockroach with a sledgehammer  
Buying black market hummingbird stealth-cameras  
Beyond the gates through the eyes of horror  
Walk the seven churches channeling a fiery aura  
Cautionary tale, extraordinary rendition  
Torture me in jail and then the warden went missing

Yo we just talking, conversations with God  
Shout at the Devil, hundreds of rebel martyrs assemble  
Under a black flag with the white skull and guns on it  
Drink vodka straight out of the bottle and puff chronic

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Yeah I can feel the fire again, the clench in my jaw  
The rage in my chest, the stress in my palm, the pressure is on  
The message is still reckless, my death-wish is gone  
My focus is back, I'm sharp and obsession is strong  
Critics told me that my message was wrong, they wasn't listening right  
Poetic prophet with the petulant storm  
With the testament torn, smoking angel dust inside of Bible pages  
My records was born from passion and survival rages  
From people seen passing locked inside of cages  
Running streets and hiding gauges, I'm performing live on stages  
As positive as it can be for me  
It's my prerogative, are you sure you want to beef with me?  
Nah you too chickens are too fishy, smelling faggoty and trashy and maggoty  
Holding the liquor bottle nothing can stagger me  
People love to hear stories of riches to raggedy  
But what about the snitches and bitches always nagging me?

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I don't sleep, I don't rust, in God I trust  
Got a blood, got a cash, got a power lust  
Got a bag of trick knowledge and an eye that's all-seeing

While you're waiting on the comeback of your supreme being  
Master technician of the superstition  
Doctor and a scholar, apocalyptic horror  
Since Genesis I spit Revelations  
Within infinite patience I United Nations  
I'm the rising sun, I'm the new tomorrow  
I'm the skull on the gun, I'm the song of sorrow  
I'm the thirteenth hour, I'm the wisest owl  
I'm a soul-eating predator, I'm on the prowl  
I'm the stolen land, the wisest man  
I'm the hidden hand, I'm the oldest plan  
I'm the shifting shape, I'm the changing form  
I'm the novus seclorum, I'm the coming storm

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