

Street Villains

III Bill

What it do, what it don't, got krillz, got coke
Got everything you need
Got pills, got smoke
I'm a street villain, I'm a street villain
What it do, what it don't, got weed, got dope
Got everything you need
Got speed, got dro
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The king of the underground, I stick my dick up in your mother's mouth
La Coka Nostra lock the whole fucking summer down
You's a faggot that run with birds and turds
Nerds and herbs, lookin all concerned, you're scurred
You're full of shit, talking that gangsta gangsta
Send your fam a tape of you duct taped and wrapped up
No respect, I humiliate 'cause when laughter's attached to pain
No one ever forgets, it's really great
I'm a do it to death, this goon's on the set
I scream on you like a dude with Tourette's
ILL BILL, veteran soldier, vengeance is mine
I'm a General, you either have respect or die
I'mma either get really really rich or locked up
But fuck jail, you'll catch me iced out and rocked up
I'm a brand name, my customers trust my product
Satisfaction guaranteed when I flood your block up

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Look homie, I hug the block, I duck the D's
I love the cheese, I love that cheese, I'm a street villain
I hate cops, love the Glock, love the way it pop
The way you back niggas down when I let off one shot
One squeeze from the Glock will put his ass in a box
And you'll get what he got if you fuck with my gwop
And niggas know me, I need mine off the top
Like the roof off the coupe when I cruise in the drop
So fresh and so clean but so mean but so what?
Yeah, I stuck them niggas up cause them niggas so butt
Look, G, I'll make it pop even when the hood hot
Makin' twenties, even dumbies, man I hustle don't stop
Get the X for the D or the salt for the rock
And keep my name out your mouth if you ever get knocked

'Cause snitches get stitches 'cause gangsters don't box
You pull out them razors and them suckers get oxed

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