

# Swordfish

## III Bill

Killing snakes that side-wind  
Tripping on Jakes and drive-bys  
Walk around high, sniff an entire eighth in five lines  
Fire nines at you five times  
I'll rise from the grave seven days after I died and spit flames  
Spit fireballs, spit volcanoes  
Spit Molotov's at pop stars and explode bombs under cop cars  
Arms dealers that I met, I bought nerve gas and laser rifles  
They CIA, they take they names from the Bible  
Jesus specialized in chemical weapons and bio-robotics  
Met him in Cairo, he was chilling with this guy Mohammed  
Ex-PLO Honcho that went AWOL  
He sold black market organs at the CIA store  
They introduced me to they bro Moses  
Pulled out a eight-ball of that Grade-A shit and froze noses  
Then they told me bout Ish and Isaac  
Two brothers, one was telekinetic, the other psychic  
They was after me, they was asking mad questions  
Jesus told me he suspects that they were hired by the Russians  
I always thought that they was cousins  
Who gives a fuck, fuck them faggots  
When I see them, I'm a buck them!

It's the hijacking, when I shot that pilot in the eye, laughing  
Landed the plane by myself, the only guy standing  
Swordfish, more than Halle Berry showing off tits  
It's real, Swiss bank accounts and terrorists  
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Blowing up buildings like Tyler Durden  
My mind's perverted  
Eight women orgies, these congressmens' wives are dirty  
Extroverted like wild wild west strippers  
And death lifts us to higher levels  
I hire devils to kill other devils  
The funds expensive, never-ending troubles  
Shootouts because of my Uncle, forever bubble  
Bombed the airport, jetted in the cherry-red Porsche  
Catching head from this whore that I met at the store  
Jesus had the Lamborghini then that bitch from Tahiti  
That liked to swallow ecstasy and sip some martini  
A disturbed past, involved in all types of terrorism  
I know how to dispense nerve gas through televisions  
Tera Patrick and Adriana Sage  
Undercover FBI agents that look great and give fantastic brain  
Adriana gave me a platinum chain  
A mercenary in this savage game  
I skyjacked the plane!

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Assassins get fazed, thrown in stealth planes  
Exploding death pays, it's gangsta  
Y'all fucking faggots know the next phase  
You'll get your dome X-rayed, kidnap you like Los Pepes  
The chrome TEC spray, you get pussy, I own sex slaves  
It's God's will, fuck with me you get shot and killed  
Chopped into pieces and stuffed in the trunk of a Bonneville  
Globe-trot, smoke pot, with bitches that so hot  
They go to the Grammy's wearing a see-through dress with no bra  
No panties, fuck with me I'll kill your whole family  
Cyanide, now or later she choking on candy  
I choreographed the goriest massacres  
Missouri to Africa, no story is graphic-er!

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