

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 ecstacy 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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