

# The 3 Wise Men

III Bill

[Verse 1: Ill Bill]

I never liked Imus, always thought he was a dickhead  
The media want to try to censor my lyrics instead  
I'd be a fucking idiot if my lyrics didn't reflect  
The pain caused by a world by a business of death  
Blowjob from your mother and wife at the same time  
Sit back, recline with my cocaine rhymes  
Heroin beats, let the rhythm hit him, terrible heat  
Relentlessly, effortlessly hit them  
Street villainess, we the chosen of man now get in the van  
I get it cookin' like meth in a pan  
Tie your arm up with a belt and inject in a scab  
Round trip to the drug spot set in a cab  
Rolling Stone concert flicks, thousand dollar chips  
Model chicks with Katana tits and hypnotic hips  
Get sprayed at your table at the Babylon club  
Left dazed, mangled, disabled, and splattered in blood

[Verse 2: O.C.]

Me and Bill are both martyrs  
Flows so similar to Harvard books inside libraries  
One step beyond smarter  
Cajun hot, we throw it up like a half-court lob  
Into the quarter when the shot clock does 'em  
So sick, fuck around, become a victim  
Don't blame me, young cats put themselves in this position  
You're facing a dilemma  
There's no telling when you might end up face off with a nutcase and a sinne  
r  
Embrace this and parish, face that shows terror  
No punches or edits, I rival up the devil  
I walk past everything falls dead  
Verbally spreading my medula  
Hoe store speech released unchained mechanics  
In the form of bar with the music  
Join us and permantly sleep cause your appointment  
Two guns, me, O.C and bill, we're double-jointed  
[Verse 3: Jeru The Damaja]  
the rhyme alchemist, hip hop scientist  
Mix bonds in a lab like an Al Quada terrorist  
My shit narcotic from start to finish  
I knock out so many teeth I get kick backs from dentists  
I feed MC's to the vultures, man  
While their chicks' asses up in the air like Chin Chan  
Wanna test this? Have a good medical plan  
Cause I bash you in the dome like Captain Caveman  
And this dope's a billion bucks a gram  
I wipe the blood off my mic and fuck a female fan  
You never thought you'd see me, Bill, and O on a track  
So dope the DEA thought it was crack  
When it comes to rockin a mic I do works  
So many exotic feats they call me Captain Kurk  
Shit-faced like the jerk  
My shit's a street sweeper, your shit just squirt