

The Ballad Of Billy

III Bill

This be the ballad of BILLY, prime talent for really
Guaranteed, recorded in Brooklyn then mixed down in Philly
This be the death of the party, I shine so bright I explode
Litty from the muzzle fire in the hole
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Pain is my best friend, yes, copilot to the death
Remindin' me I'm alive until I take my last breath
The goonism in the two buildings when they crash checks
Draw the money on the table if there's any last bets
Fuck is you be even thinkin' about, slinkin' about?
Death from the window no doubt and killed off a fifth of the crowd, woah
Shooters and starstruck feelings, no more than lyrics
Mix a little bit of Hennessy with the syrup
Never confuse the energy with they spirit
You can tell who the fuck been doin' this for more than a minute
My demographic be Henny and acid
My algorithms are classic like Barry Manilow ballads, listen
Look, dope fiends breakin' into people's cars
Bleedin' from open scars from the needles in their arms
Graffiti resemble alien hieroglyphics
Bleedin' letters, drip in front of my baby eyes, lifted
I pops out with the shotty out
Knock a body out like a mafiosi, yo papi owes me
I get it rockin' like Howie told me
Young Gotti bully, catch me on the road with Jon Bon Jovi

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Take you from Cannibal Hulk to Fentanyl BILL
Too much dope, you'll overdose and get yourself killed
Ration yourself, correct dosages of the ultimate
Celebrate a soldier from the La Coka Nostra clique
30 in the 3rd trillitary purge
Cult Leader ever since The Non Phixion emerged
Suicide Supreme, ski goggles on the Goon
Badaboom, blew you into space cruising by the moon
Have you circlin' the Sun, murderers with guns
Pools of blood on Persian rugs, funeral shooters and thugs
From the floor seat, we frosty, the plug named Braunstein
Every brick of the game either doubled up or they cost me
We can pull a heist easy like we pull a knife
And if we pull it off right, we'll be set for our whole life
That'd be so nice, rest in peace to Sean Price
Rest in peace to Uncle Howie too, play the song twice