

# The Name's Bill

III Bill

ILL BILL, spit the real  
What the dilly yo?  
The name's BILL

What up BILL!

Dropping screen tanks, driving cars  
Jack you out your green Benz  
Drop the top, take a deep breath then I begin  
The way the world bounces  
Fuck a nickel bag, we burn ounces  
You a gangsta?  
Fuck shootin' you, we burn houses  
Have you runnin' out your crib, butt naked with a half a brick  
Hangin' out your asshole, lookin' like an asshole  
Fussin' with me, guarantee homicide  
Devil and God collide  
Why you wanna make your mamma cry?  
Hang you with shoelaces, Doomsday  
A free thinker, squeeze the trigger like its tooth paste  
The game's different now, the rules changed  
It's like who's broke and who's paid?  
Who's dope and who's played?  
Who's smoke and who's sprayed?

Reverse a back exit  
Drive ya car, jack you out your black Lexus  
Drop the top and sell crack wreckless  
A loaded gun's cool, but yo I wanna own a judge too  
A gun plus a judge equals blow me and fuck you  
Get it where you fit in  
Cause dummy recognize dummy  
Pussy recognize pussy  
And money recognize money  
Gangsta recognize gangsta  
And you faggets is funny  
Tens years slangin' crack and you cats is still bummy  
Whack rappers I be snatchin' your fade  
Snathin' your chains, snatch up all your ice  
Then empty my gat in your brain  
You never heard of me?  
Word, you cats is insane  
ILL BILL motherfucker, dare to challenge the name

Bless the Lord in Heaven  
Try to hijack a seven-forty-seven  
A terrorist, hardcore forever  
These other cats is makin' dance music  
My music make you bust gats to it  
Shoot at your feet to make you dance to it  
BILL's ILL, BILL smoke weed, BILL smoke blunts  
BILL guzzle Hennessy and BILL smoke dust  
BILL hates cops, still gots to get my props  
Don't get too close because you might get shot