

# Yallah Yallah

## III Bill

Let's go! OT!

I refuse to lose the vision  
I used to smack child molesters and take they food in prison  
I guess the last couple hits got him  
He's bleeding to death, having a seizure, and my bro walked up and pissed on him  
Guards coming, OG got life, so he gon' take the rap  
When we got out, we smoked the PO who told, that's how we paid it back  
Bad work, I had to take it back, the plug was taken back  
But he knows I'm official ticial and everything I say is facts  
Get your bros involved, ask around, we'll smoke 'em all  
I reach for my gun, you reach for phones to call  
Now look at my catalog, I own it all  
Still put five hundred on half a jawn and zone it all  
These other rappers never felt a burden (never)  
The state couldn't charge conspiracy, they couldn't prove I sent the word  
So rest in peace and you can rest assured  
The pain never felt this pure 'til my enemies shoot-shoot-score

Shoot-Shoot-Shooter run up in your crib screaming yallah yallah  
He look Palestinian but he from Guatemala  
Bench race in the park the stakes high as fuck  
Get your face shot the fuck off after they tie you up  
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Strategize with GOATs, took an oath to keep me disguised  
Fraternize with GOATs, patronize secrets and lies  
Shatter rising hopes, hell and heavens he will divide  
People weep at the stars we put to sleep in the skies  
Still sharp and still you can feel what we can devise  
Cuts deep like betrayal from these leeches and lies  
That's life, not sunshine, peaches and pies  
Creatures with knives, streetsweepers and beef of all kinds  
A fork in the road when you put your feet to the fires  
Arms too short to reach for the skies  
From the beginning of time do what we must so we can survive  
Naps, I'm only just reaching the choirs  
I've been known by many names to foes and adversaries  
But those I had to bury won't know just average everyday Joes  
This is life and death, overcome freedom in jail  
Beat the system bleeding and eating, I leave 'em in Hell

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I been waiting for God to do him a favor  
He still waiting with foolish notions that he can rule the globe and kill Sa

tan

We need an exorcist, everyone's possessed here  
Breathin' the desert mist, I feel the presence of Koresh here  
Pazuzu's in the air, lose your Medusa to this prayer  
The walls are prepared for any voodoo that you declare  
Shooters are no bueno zooted off of the cocaino  
Chopped up a Fentanyl equal to sniffing pure Drano  
Make it stretch like a limousine, cut up like a guillotine  
Get him high but not so high it kills the fiend  
But you clientele's very customary  
'Cause these busties sharing all their shit and run back in a hurry  
I couldn't trust a syllable of something that you said  
With you I gotta have eyes in the back of my fuckin' head  
The lowest vibration or level of respect  
Is murder worthy, I should put a bullet in you dead