I'm Ill Pt. 3

Red Café

Ha-haaaeeh!
Yo, ain't no antidote and ain't no answer
It's me then cancer, Jojo Dancer
You could try to fight it but you won't get a chance to
Download the program or even advance ya
Software, I'm about takin' you off here
Turn to somethin' small into guerrilla warfare
Sippin' coffee over your death in my lawn chair
Hot meal made by the chef with the long hair
Wherever you could think about goin' we goin there
Soon as we touch down you know it's on there
Been spendin' the money, like we don't care
And when them boys come last thing you 'gon hear is (RAH!)

Izzar, I done sold it all, out a Grey Rover
I got all the connections, no lay over
Hood diet plan, come to my gallery
I serve "Coke Zero", no calories
Still flippin', bri-dicks, Olympic
Slangin' on the benches, rap flow vintage
Line 'em up, I gun 'em down, tell me who next
Still raw even when I practice safe sex
Fall through the spidot they like "who he?"
They see a nigga in the zone like two three
I had big plans when I left the big house
Bad Boy, then they let me up in B.I.G. house (RAH!)

Yeah, Lore'l
Nasty girl, I'm ill
Squirt, yeah the water works, pussy pay the bills
Got a 101 niggas, Cruella de Vil
Maniac behind the drop top, (?) a mill'
Platforms Versace, some high ass heels
High all day, and I'm tryin' to smoke still
Thug niggas for they guap, Gilbert Arenas
No joke, my ass fat like Sabrina's
A Cali fan, go for west like LeBron mom
I'm ill, everybody wear ya pom poms
Stop callin' me bitch I said ya man gone
The .22'll leave you bloody, no tampon (RAH!)

I'm pass on emergency 'cause it has been a murder
New designer body bag, come at me I will burn ya
Better keep your distance, you ain't heard that I get ill?!
Still shiny, real grimy, still sound like 90 mill'
I'm ballin' so these bitches wanna do me
My life is like a movie, Cardie Rollie Gucci Louie
Rock the carots usually, girl, the platinum diamond rubies
Some men always 'round the coochie, girl I let off like an Uzi
Smooth that he copped and can't wait to flaunt it
That new Beam, blue jean with the H's on it
Stacks on my sweater, come getcha makeup on it
Let's make a porno, part one and two, watch the paper pour in
Soon as the cut the beat and I go ape all on it
My life is one big show, whole day performin'
Night to mornin', I be gettin high scorin'
If a nigga run up on him, let the thing spat up on 'em like (RAH!)

It's Loso
If my name was Willis, they'll prol'ly call me Will
But I'm the illest so that's why they call me ill
EWWWW! You niggas disgust me
And they ain't talkin' 'bout shit unless they discuss me
Funeral Fab, yeah I'm in the building y'all
All black on and I be killin' y'all
So, the name speak for itself
You have a loser plus a lame it'll equal yourself
Live from Bedford-Stuyvesant, the livest one
Still on my "Grizzlies", no Iverson (waddup A.I.?)
You ain't a gangsta, you an off-duty cop
With ya fake ass, they should call you booty shots
Yankee game, better seats than Rudy got
Fruity pot has me with the eyes Matsui got (nice)
That nigga, that you are not
Red dot on ya heads the best tattoo you got, RAH!

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