

Eh-yo, man, fuckin'..
Mothafuckin' Billy, man
Yeah, man
That mothafucka, man, just called me and shit
From fuckin', a, some county jail, man
Down South or some shit
He's mothafuckin' crazy
I thought that nigga was comin' here next week too and shit
But I guess he went down South with them fuckin' white boys
You know he love headin' with them white boys and shit

Yo, yo, yo, Billy
He sniffed dope and swallow acid, took cokes of cold classics
Smoked hashes, tote plastic glocks and low jackets
Cross country, cousin Billy with forty monkeys
Twenty honkeys, Harley Davidson bike junkies
In a convoy escapin' from Rosco Pico
And those four redneck cops who had Woppy in a sleephold
The SWAT team, U.S. army shock team
The snipers who shot King, infrared dot beams
Aimed at windshields, gas tanks and wheels
From the bank they yanked the mil, hot lead and stainless steel
Shot through the helmets, cracked heads like halibut jaw
Ripped through the wolves and blew the hood off the car
A.T.F., F.B.I., D.E.A., chopper in the sky
Eye witness news on standby
Built to tell, it was Mit from the metly metly
Teeth dipped in P.C.P., hit to the head like a D.D.T.
Hard on the gut like liq' B.L.T.
C-cipher punks with the A.P.B.
Only destroys who was drunk of the J.N.B.
Ran up in A&P, hit the safe at P&C
Documentary on A&E, eight P.M. E.S.T.
Five P.T., the ho tapin' on V.C.R.
Three victims shot, one was saved by C.P.R.
Fuckin' Billy be wildin'
Like Robert L. Lee on Storwall Jackson
He always out for action
I was at an eighteen hole golf course relaxin'
When I received the collect call, BOODOODOODOO
Collect call from cousin Billy

(Eh-yo, Bobby, I'm in trouble)
Yo, what's goin' on, cousin?
What the fuck, man?
(Listen, yo I need fifty thousand)
Oh sh--, eh-yo, Kinetic
Check it out, nigga said he need fifty fuckin' g's Son
(Listen, yo, we got into a fight
In the bar, shit was just crazy)
Eh-yo, I heard you was fuckin' with the white boy Tommy again
Takin' that acid, nigga
(Yeah, oh yeah, we chillin' though
I just need you to come get me, for real)
No problem, son
Yo, I'll send my nigga Kinetic down to get you and shit (Aight)
Aight, there it is