

[Ill Bill]

Non-Phixion be the real hip hop  
We make you wanna kill cops  
Cats hatin, 'cause they know I finga girls twats  
You feel helpless, real jealous, we killed Elvis  
I shot Reagan with the help of the secret service  
Super double agent, shoot your mother with my brothers favorite  
12 gauge waving at your brain, strange universe, I'm too famous  
Leaving the murder scene blameless, drug entertainment  
Thugs that'll blaze with laser guns  
Saying what I wrote, you feel what I feel  
They see the same picture  
We made a biscuit do the talk and it became richer  
Nobody gets a record deal, you gotta take that shit  
Treat the record label like a slut, then rape that bitch  
I keep it simple for these stupid cats  
Claiming you the facts, but in reality, you a trap  
Jesus Christ was a gangsta rapper  
They killed him then he came back and made a platinum album  
The path that travels like the dragon shadow  
Invisible to CIA camera angles  
They got a file on every rap group  
They killed the last man that had proof  
They after me for information that I have too

[Chorus]

I'm paranoid, tell me what the fuck they asked you  
You fuck around with me and I'm a have to blast you  
The CIA tryna kill me, we bad news  
Get the fuck up out my way when I pass through  
I'm paranoid, tell me what the fuck they asked you  
You fuck around with me and I'm a have to blast you  
The CIA tryna kill me, we bad news  
Fuck around with Non-Phixion that's a bad move

[Sabac Red]

Symbolisms, socialism's live life lead, learn  
Struggle war whole drug fiends, the white house burn  
Sex, pain, fear, freedom love, young guns be shootin  
Genocide, revolution, lost souls, prostitutin  
Military confrontation, safe sex, and masturbation  
Peace to all the homeless people livin in the train station  
Project war, spill the one verse four  
Lock the door, burn the disc now everybody hit the mutha fuckin floor  
They bustin out a blunt for this shit  
I'm number six on they list next to kiss and all these kids  
Cause I run wit Asians, Latinos and Black fists  
5 percent is caucasians thugs who live communist  
They broke in my house, planted bugs in ma lamps and my couch  
They after me, what? Let me find out  
I'm not havin it, My rap attract the service like a magnet  
The bastards gettin under like crowded parties wit no laminates  
If I'm a die, I'm a die bustin and strugglin  
I'm hostile for the people, fuck them devils and corruptions  
Nuttin for nuttin, and if somehow they do  
They ID me due to my tattoo

[Chorus]

[Goretex]

Projects for straight jackets, electric shock states  
A rock could fall out, traded for royalty rates  
Get ya drink on, we build the bombs, spit in ya face  
Smart to change cars like cruise the block I do it for chase  
Nice spite work, the fancy knife work  
Hit to Christ Non-Phixion striking prison Ice shirts  
I paid dues, nothin to lose, Steady bustin off weapons In 2's  
When I come home I be smellin shit and furnitures moved  
Eat a slug, take some weight off, I lit it so real  
I do this for the dead, rest in peace I'm holdin you near  
Makin on time, 12 years we on tour we blow you back off  
Support cats that jack the car seats and tear ya scalp off  
Soldiers of merits, inherited for way back  
Cyanide in bullets, so I should follow my stats  
We too futuristic, thugs to robots, experiments  
Four point restraint and my hyper cube on medicines  
Pain Veterans, crippling souls  
Its gettin bigger now the information runnin the globe  
Its just my mechanics, either wit a gat or xanax  
Why spread panic until the sabbath?

[Chorus]

