

Non Phixion, The C.I.A. Is Trying To Kill Me

[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 muder 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

I'm paranoid, tell me what the fuck they asked you
You fuck around with me and Im'a have to blast you
The CIA tryna kill me, we bad news
Get the fuck up out my way when I pass through
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Fuck around with Non-Phixion thats 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 laminents
If Im'a die, Im'a die bustin and strugglin
I'm hostile for the people, for those devils and corruptions
Nuttin for nuttin, and if somehow they do
They ID me due to my tattoo

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[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 Chirst 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 (x)anax
Why spread panic until the sabbath?

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