

RZA, Billy

(Intro: RZA)

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

(RZA)

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 sleepfold

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

(Phone Skit: RZA ("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