

Non Phixion, 89.9 Promo

(Intro)

Gimme a F, "F!"
Gimme a U, "U!"
Gimme a C, "C!"
Gimme a K, "K!"

(Hook)

We do drugs, Uncle Howie 'til we die
So long as we alive keep it movin' like a drive by
We could stack dough sky high
Listen one to five
Eighty nine tech nine it's all live
(2x)

(Ill Bill)

Yeh yeh I shot Reagan plus I shot Nixon, Non-Phixion
Fuck up competition like nine car collision
Now ya arm's missin', you look like the drama from Def Leperd
The walkin' talkin' death weapon that junk that the head spins
Peace to the X-Men, eighty nine tech motherfuckin' nine
I wrote a hundred fuckin' rhymes about these troubled times
Fuck up ya head like when ya mother dies
Non-Phixion launch an', you brothers want!

(Goretex)

The quartet, drop you at ya parents doorstep
It's G-13 with Mister Goretex government issue
Run in ya chick Israeli pistols, I'm here to dis you
All them rhymes that you spit on ya shit don't really fit you
Non-Phixion we move like rock stars we burnin' cop cars
Dust the guards tryna top ours Howie he got charged
Runnin' the label, I twist tits like twin trae deuce
I'm takin' the stage pissed the fuck off with twin cables

(Sabac Red)

I spit the confident, zero tolerance splash ya continents
Future escapades cross the rival dominant, prominent
Loosed at ya barricade, crush ya masquerade
Rip ya mask off, make you wish you never stayed
You fuckin' bitch, I make you fuck ya moms between her tits
You paganist, rockin' Avirex, suckin' dick and smokin dits
K-C-R and Lord Seer plus Papito Garcia
Non-Phixion and we the fuck up outta here