

# Non Phixion, Beutiful Mind

(Ill Bill)

They got AIDS infectin' the globe, Laser weapons and Clones  
Comfortable as Presidents, Death, Artificial intelligence  
Frozen organs, post-mortem, alien ?  
Get your vibe together  
Who decides truth? guys in ties and suits?  
Violent coups from private schools?  
We got rules of taunt, duals of war, using thoughts like swords  
Pay for groceries, the DNA clothes in your vocal cords  
The order of the world has already been bought  
Robocops programmed to kill and ready for war  
Drink your cocaine 'cause drugs is legal  
Androids rule, the streets of New York, screamin' &quot;F\*\*k the people&quot;;  
Even a priest can fall in love with evil  
If a bitch to suckin' his dick, swallow nothing, gulp the semen  
Election day, young americans will vote for demons, overachieving  
Yo we sniff blow, or blow up pieces

(Chorus)

Welcome to futurama, where the cyborgs will shoot ya mama  
A cross between terminator 3 and Tutankhamun  
This is I'll Bill reporting for a new assignment  
Ready to rock with the ruger nine shinin'  
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(Goretex)

The noose is tightening, news of sightings, the truth's frightening  
Kabbalah studies in 51 produced by the titans  
Follow the sergeant, the one handle and largest, the vents  
Made the top of department, fire bomb and projects intent  
Video farewells off to majesty is all for salary  
Ya never hold a grudge, they can judge us to Applebee's  
My team's fast, the IRS be thuggin' with masks  
On the run for war games, bugs, and funneling cash  
I rob anyone, a lawyer with a gun in his stash  
Beneath, the remains of human ash, the gun and the ?bag?  
Gangsta, Sherry Ketamine the medicine Pirelli spin, the new water  
(Speakin through television like Benny Hin?)  
We rock blazin', pop collars like hockey raids  
'Pac was framed, they cloned him in the spot near the caves  
To vegetate, claimin credit to detonate  
Human bombs, nuclear arms, super market, cancer and farms

(Chorus)

(Ill Bill)

At the fight club, fist, knives, and guns  
Tribes are ?, cannabalistic humanoid  
Underground drugs, rainin' blood  
Sorta like slayer did in '86, communicate with aliens, there he is  
I made run DMC sell me, the devil's soul, make your head explode  
With the planable chip, by remote control, I told them all what to expect  
F\*\*k love and respect, when you're on your knees with a gun to your head  
See masonic temple's lost truth, god's that were size proof  
Nickel plated 9's shoot, crimes loot  
I recruit the true mistics, I turn goon's futuristic  
We too sadistic, comin' at you with 2 biscuits

(Chorus)