Non Phixion, Black Helicopters

(Ill Bill)
Had the time of his life a capitalist with a communist wife
Started to fight and did to cats what God did to Christ
Hardly the type to give garbage advice
He was larger than life
He'd penetrate the roof of your car with a spike
Trained by an insane ex marine
CIA trained a renegade assassin android
Passport pilot to black helicopter choppers over Bosnia
Sniffing so much coke nose is fucked up and bled alot
For all ya'll bystandersin baggedy- ass jeans to hide ya banga-bangas
Thugged the fuck out hang with bash in ya face gat gangsta's
The governments these other kids it's like a drug abyss
That sucked a hundred dicks its yo party the crowd great
Plus the hooker lies great sniff another line to get ya mind straight
Pull out the nine and start shooting people
Money ain't the root of evil it be much more than that
America taught me how to kidnap and torture cats
Chorus: repeat 2X
Exit the stargate initial perception quickens my heart rate
This dark place planet Earth orbits one star
Come from afar far away state of mind
Open up your 3rd eye Black Helicopters in the sky
(Goretex)
I need G's so I can jet easier
My crib's tapped I suspect Ether
Thats why I'm out of touch with the media
Undercovers like Pete Seiger
I couldn't tell neither
Watchin the projects with a van of speakers
Peepin how my kids rest bangin my wiz for hours
Surveillance tape pissing in King's Plaza - even got us after hours
Drug party's golden showers on the poor shiksa
Work for the FBI so anytime I might whisper
My scary team be like barely clean rockin Israeli jeans
Thats why I mostly heard and rarely seen
Realization soaked in urgency
Can't escape history's pen I be the worst of me (*echoes*)
Chorus 2X
(Sabac)
This cop bring the city hoppin like a rocka with binoculars
Took me and these 2 Rastas and a mobster cat for hostage
Said that we were imposters He's an impatient government agent
From the United Nations and said we had the proper information
About the aliens vegetarians devils and aryans
These are civilized Barbarians we'll fuckin bury them
One Rasta said "ya pussy blood clot" and got shot
I'm like fuck this I'm blowin up spots this shit is hot
We know about the plan to fill the projects with contraband
Drop bombs on Brazil so you can kill and conquer land
You drug trafficking your new creation for disease
To control the population in the States and overseas
To put poison in the weed and the milk we feed our seeds
You looked shocked that Sabac could know the plots to all of these
Took his glock lift a shot when the bastard wasn't lookin
Threw him out then the mobster flew the chopper back to Brooklyn
Chorus 2X