

Non Phixion, I Shot Reagan

Chorus One: Non-Phixion

Yeah yeah I shot Reagan, fuck a pagan
ate falafel with Menachem Begin
Who the fuck is Carl Sagan?

Chorus Two: Non-Phixion

I'm the space invader
Ill hieroglyphic translation navigator
Read your thoughts, make you think we chill
then I blast you later

(Sabac Red)

We burn the fuckin flag

I shot the Devil down like we in Baghdad

His wife's the hostage

Her bodyparts up in a grab bag

Now watch the gun blast, holdin your chest, marked for death

The President's been shot, somebody notify the press

It's all Reaganomics, welfare, weapons and drugs

The government is thugs, that's why the leader caught a slug

Handle your business, we're writin Yiddish on your wishlist

My mind's the sickest, deknawledged devils on my shitlist

(Necro)

Necrodamus, hip-hop psychic, bring you the next shady election

then infected your mind was unprotected

You think me approachin you with a knife looks bad

It'll be worse, when I slice up your flesh it look all plaid

Keep the muskets up in the bookbag, and when a crook stabs

you in the brain, verbally you feel like you dog tagged

The mental grave, one Jew buried under the dug plot

The walk-in drug spot, a nice picture for me the mug shot, what?

Chorus One 2X

(Goretex)

Super secret surveillance assailants, Hebrews in Kansas

Wrap you up in bandage, mummified stitch weapons I brandish

Like trucks and bum, coffins airtight, mucus in vessels

Russian Roulette with bloody headbands, Christopher Walken type

A +Deerhunter+, parts unknown, rockin the jeweled throne

like Solomon, I killed your congressman with two stones

Best in the fuckin country, Israeli camou' dressed bummy

Ghetto guerillas, religious cats be thinkin Muncie

My solar sect stretch throughout rocks like Stan Goetz

and my vestibule bang on my chest from bad sess

Come and challenge or battle, get skull-fucked, but don't be sore

God ultimately saves those whose motive is pure

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Chorus One 2X

(Ill Bill)

We Elohim, alien brain in my cranium

They locked me in a sanitarium, behind walls of titanium

Fifty-One forbidden classified spy Area

Doctors from Nigeria, Lebanon interior

South Bronx, I walk through epochs and airlocks

Disengagin doorways into time, breakin cellblock number 13

The Earth scene, reverse gleam, a life beyond, humanoid existence
from light-year distances

I navigate rip the fabric of space in this race against time

Transmit a message backwards through the phone lines

Control minds with fairly common alien technocracy

We laugh at your misguided principals and prophecies

My species shapeshift, take on the form of an Earthling

If I fail to return back home, alert the King

Bring the reinforcements, program the telport coordinates

My spatial origin's the starting point begin your voyage

into mystery, strange universes, strange history

Yeah I shot your fuckin President, you know my steez!

Not Public Enemy, except we non-fiction, Non-Phixion
Positive and negative because the world's a contradiction
Chorus One
Chorus Two
Chorus One
Chorus Two