

Non Phixion, Illuminati

Ill Bill! (Yo) Mr. Ill Bill! (What?)
Bring the Non Phixion politicians witcha skill

(Ill Bill)

Yeah, yo bottles of liquor smashed
Confrontational a nation full of devilish fools
Follow the massive devil plantational
patch is disaster, cash laced cripples your visuals
We bringin weapons, they put metal detectors in the schools
And the shoes, the bare-nickel student sparkin wools
Crown Heights militant, {?} rockin tools
Ayatollah, scholar of Torah, dutch master roller
Utilize the solar, to kill the treaty of Erona
Government documents effect the occupants of projects
We come together, buildin with Muslims durin soundchecks
Tradin methods of revolutionary thought
A bunch of terrorists since eighty-six and still we never been caught
Yo, I keep the Secret Service nervous
Federal agencies be suckin surveillance out of my phone circuits
I'm careful, keep my conversations encoded
They've been stressin me ever since that Federal buildin explpoded
Molotov cocktail, tossin bringer of sorrow
We linger in the Brooklyn borough, where there's no tomorrow
Certified on rugged terrain, military
Shootin up your embassy, kidnappin your dignitaries, WHAT