

# Non Phixion, It's Us

(Chorus)

It's the N-O-N, P, H, I, X, I-O-N (x4)

(Ill Bill)

What does that spell? It spell Non Phixion my friend  
The Future Is Now, nuclear shower y'all powerball  
I devour all, buildings collapse, towers fall  
Killers with gats, millions of carnivores start the war  
I shoot rocket launchers riding on dinosaurs  
Flying saucers meet the Bible's author  
Reveal alien tribal culture  
Who the sign of DNA structure  
Genetic functions will me made into that of which was God's construction?  
Now bust the combustion Big Bang  
Gangbangers that spit slang  
Be the truth, not that King James version they teach in schools  
Jesus knew, he was thugged out too  
A bugged out dude, a loose cannon  
In my future we use Magnums, bombs and explosions  
I spit like Muhammed and Moses  
Ganja smokin, thoughts in constant motion, my mind is ferocious  
I spit for gangstas and baby decks that defy prognosis  
It's Ill Bill, my reality's my psychosis

(Chorus x4)

(Goretex)

What does that spell? It spells Non Phixion my friend  
A brave new world, the slave for more gods to men  
Bars of phlegm so therapeutic it's part of the end  
The way I spit pain it's hard to pretend, hardly depends  
Sticking up delis for quick chips and starving again  
Our marketing plan's guarantee I'll be parking a Benz  
My words are like carcinogens, we be starting the trends  
I sharpen the edge with sixteen bars to defend  
The arm, leg, leg, arm, head God is HaShem  
Non Phixion extra-terrestrials, Martians with Tims  
Smart as the dead, we at war with the Narcs and the Feds  
Uncle Howie sparkin the stem with the positive grin  
Napalm shots, Israeli camo, ammo with the car bomb  
I don't exist, close the garage and leave the car on  
Amen, suicide watch and state pen  
Street trilogy, one love I'll see you again

(Chorus x4)

(Sabac Red)

What does that spell? It spells Non Phixion my friend  
These predicaments got me thinking, spitting again  
Living a thousand lives, died a thousand deaths  
Been on house arrest  
Lost control, tortured soul depressed  
Watch how foul it gets  
Suicidal thoughts, wrists slit, it's overdose  
Wigs split, mixed with coke, fix the road a comatose  
Eyes bulging, mind swollen, my spirit left the physical  
Burning skin, return again, redeem the breath of miracles  
You're born suspects, we love porn sex  
The drug Ex make the thugs get wild and bust sets  
Like a gangsta, our music stimulates your brain  
Make you wanna bang something start to create change  
I'm hard to breathe, just before the gods and the thieves  
If we want peace then why is it so hard to achieve?  
I believe in us, when you faggots sleep on the gods

Uncle Howie, Non Phixion bitch, we beating the odds

(Chorus x4)