

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)