

Non Phixion, No Tomorrow

(Talking)

Yo you dealin' wid militant goons ya know what I'm sayin?
Necro on the track, peace and love to BK
Far Rock, drop it

(Verse 1)

I stash concealables under my underables, fuck them other crews
I got a hundred goons bustin' you wid puncture wounds
Nothin' but rage, nineteen ninety nine the world change
Now it seem, the devil leaves the righteous man slain
with the brain function, weak and callin'
Reproduction, revolution, assassination, execution, collision
It's best to find my religious credential politicians
Devil's decisions populate prisons
Resistin' arrest, officer investigate my place
Industrial strength flashlight, bash me in my face
These police they, motivate, drug market maneuvers
Gat shooters, visionary military computer operation specialist
My intelligence breeds benevolence
Subtract infested cam of the inheritance
No evidence, gunshots like three blast
Dippin' out the back wid the jet black ski mask
Can't indentify, who he?, you can't see
Jumble the visibility, we camouflage to crimes be
My mind be, venturin' into territories
Eighteen hundred and twenty five days end of story

Hook:

Everywhere I go 5-0 wanna follow
Everytime I flow it's like there's no tomorrow
I can bring happiness or I can bring sorrow
You don't wanna mess around there's no tomorrow
(2x)

scratching of "Nah kid" "It's only a matter of time"

(Verse 2)

It's Abraham baggin' grams on a beach in France
Militia dancer my Tony Sicero stance exaggerated
And overblow grimace like the technique of Sugar Ray's left hook
born to menace, my hop wid Christ, bootless bandits on the streets
Bless beats wid treats strictly grimey, for all my peeps
Non-Phixion, incredible goons bringin' the legacy
Shit, meaner than actresses rockin' dope on vasectomies
I represent like Canarcy argue
Quick to stick a party, intoxicated from Bacardi
Real shit, legit like pigs who carry biscuits
Intrinsic, like ?????? in your compress kit
Don't risk it, like Mumia before a caper
Upstate lats get buried, on two point five acres
A crook wid line plus my alibi designed to jerk
Housing officials and feds lookin' for tech nines
I been through more shit than Rocky Dennis
or Craig Mack's blemish, emcees suck mine and then replenish
Back in Iceland we handy wid the gadgets
Crime ridden like jackers extortin' karats I'm savage
Keep it rugged like Tommy
Waco will play ya devastation
And sixty X's for my nation

Hook (2x)