

# 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)