

# Non Phixion, Obscure Disorder

(I-Con)

Apocalyptic, born to spit it  
Niggas thinking the Lord did it  
Regardless of their efforts to be the hardest, critics  
Y'all with it, if not my verbs spit shots  
Give your ass the equivalent of a stiff cock  
I'm still hot, despite the ice of a wrist watch  
Sip scotch J and B, flow type dynamite, TNT  
Spend grandly, with explosive  
Spit fire raps and holsters  
I make heat smolter with a quick draw  
Verbal four fifth y'all, contrast your raps are mere spit balls  
If y'all think y'all can be defenders  
Hit y'all with more sentences than repeat offenders  
Will we surrender? NO  
Though keep steady rocking with chances of stoppin me  
Lower than finding a newborn able to take sodomy calmly  
How do you adore me, strips some beef which informs me  
The fame or the army

(Goretex)

With bare feet I walk the desert feelig no heat  
Beliefs of dangers live up on the street, holding my meat  
Shoot up the Earth that we rejoice in prayer  
We never care, and groupie tours are busting enema bags and coke stares  
Racking mass we rock annual  
I'm coming out, I'm that bastard son of a shocking cannibal  
With mad clout, ain't no way out  
I think I was made to degrade you  
Pull your eyes brains and veins out, to watch you change you  
Lyrically I raised you, but I'm going to smash you for spite  
Bash you with mics, before the head be stashed on ice  
Non Phixion, Obsucre we together for war  
Fallout, remaining soldiers in 2004

(A-Trak - turntablism)

"You know the feeling when things ain't right"  
"When these Non Phixion niggas start to rap on the mic"  
"You know the motherf\*\*king situation" &lt;-- GURU  
"Obscure" "Disorder"  
"Slapping you senseless"  
"You know the feeling when things ain't right"  
"When these Non Phixion niggas start to rap on the mic"  
"Non Phixion" "Obscure"  
"Hit you with two doses of dopeness"

(Eclipse)

Early to bed, early to rise  
Make a man healthy and wise  
For losing over sleep out of spite  
There ain't no sunshine battling with space and time  
Continue in obliviance, to tell you dealing with crime  
And then the plot twist, solidary game of risk  
It's like a death wish, this style comes so unfortunate  
Well my blood coagulates between the good and the bad  
Suddenly I'm all red. so my system so sags  
Different state of mind, my watts emphasize on the size  
Money bags stash in the Caymen Isles, more interest on the rise  
You still wondering why, the Earth hails storms and cries  
Just one guy with a black eye, Non Phixion from the NY  
Want it back, by the bent ride  
If you're deaf, nigga rewind  
Full slept, fill the chalkline  
O-D, is on the war crime  
(Ill Bill)

You gots to murder me 'cause suicide's your only other option  
Run up in your crib and blast ya, while your mother's watching  
Shot the president, then the pope mobile  
Exploded the mobil phones and global fear  
End of the f\*\*king world is here, we come prepared  
Part through customs with a gat, the new shit  
You know a laser gun, days of rubble like signing Quebec acts as a raver  
drug  
F\*\*k it, I be the ill pilgrim  
Decaptiate MC's in such a way you had to know that Ill Bill killed them  
Harlem world tour, should have mind for you with Obscure  
Spit the pure, uncut raw coke for all of y'all  
Two jealous cats be get f\*\*ked up quick  
Step to us you get shot stabbed knocked our or pistol whipped  
Smack you the f\*\*k backwards, invisible gat post wrapped plastic  
Fat bitches with fat asses that into lap dances  
Y'all that hate me, you can suck my motherf\*\*king dick  
Ask how you could not know the name by now  
It's Non Phixion bitch

(A-Trak - turntablism)

&quot;You know the feeling when things ain't right&quot;  
&quot;When these Non Phixion niggas start to rap on the mic&quot;  
&quot;You know the motherf\*\*king situation&quot; &lt;-- GURU  
&quot;Wack MC's want to flex but their styles ain't right&quot;  
&quot;You know the feeling when things ain't right&quot;  
&quot;Non Phixion&quot; &quot;O.D. representative&quot; &lt;-- Logik  
&quot;Hold this shit down&quot; &quot;in 2004&quot;  
&quot;Non Phixion&quot; &lt;-scratched and cut up  
&quot;Brooklyn's baddest on the street&quot;  
&quot;With goons and hardrocks, but wait it's on me&quot;  
&quot;Collaborate with&quot; &quot;Dave-One&quot;  
&quot;Hey yo I'm feeling it&quot;  
&quot;'Cause this is how it should be done&quot;