

Non Phixion, Rock Stars

"And now it's time bring out the headliner for the evening..."
"Very Special... Please welcome to the stage..."

(Goretex)

Escape from New York, but I be on some Brooklyn bullshit
I pull clips as fast as I dose chicks with dope tits
Tommy Lee called, said the coke's arriving at six
Got my name all in your mouth like you're liable to brick
Click me on the tube, chain swinging down to my shoes
Light up the room, African boom, spark it and zoom
Disciple of rock, the type who aims rifles at cops
I'm spiteful, fakes get left shaking like Michael J. Fox

(Ill Bill)

I be like the AIDS infected needle acupuncture
Gangster and hustler
Murderer and kidnapper suspect
Rapper and dust-head
From Blood red to Crip blue
My shit's too colorful
Running through with a hundred goons and maniacs
If a bitch like to suck dick, she a brainiac
Bust up in they mouth piece, see how they react, take it back
Like a instant replay
Live in the PJs
Watching my Uncle freebase
Analyzing the angles on a fiend's face
I learn to love my trees laced
The way the PCP tastes
The way it make me see things
Old school like spy bilks (?) and sheep skins
As I write this I'm rocking Iceberg jeans and Tims
Thinking where I'm going be in 2007
Either a house in the Hamptons or a house in Heaven
I be chillin' on the beach in the South of Venice
Or murkin' the President live on Channel 7

(Chorus: DJ Premier scratches) - repeat 2X

"Coming through rocking"
"Wild like Rockstars who smash guitars"
"Non-Phixion"
"Unadulterated"
"Emcees"

(Sabac Red)

I be Brooklyn till I die don't even question it twice
My crew nice, late night at the corners we shoot dice
It's like, summertime in New York, jeans, shorts, Tims, Nubuck
Tanktops to koofies, groupies acting loosely
Who be, in a black drop, with his hat cocked, that cat 'Bac
Puffin' a stog(ie), get spit in snapshots
I'm trying to live, feed the kids, drive some whips, handle biz
Own a crib, do my shit, in the streets, that's how it is

(Ill Bill)

If I say Rockstar, I'm talking about rocking the mic
My shit's hot like the rock fiend drop in a pipe
These cats are idiots, with raps so pussy they catch periods
I'm serious, my life is like a drug experience

A porno movie with no plot, and I'm the only guy in it
Like Vivid video's with Kobe Tai dye bitches
Ill Bill rap crusader, chilling in the black Navigator
Canarsie to Pennsylvania

(Chorus)

"Wild..."
"Like..."
"Rock...Rockstars"
"Who...Who smash guitars"

"Coming through rocking"
"Wild like Rockstars who smash guitars"
"Non-Phixion"
"Unadulterated"
"Emcees"

(Goretex)

Break with me you're out, bangin' with shells and heaters out
Blast off the terrorist, blow bombs and speakers out
Hookers and bricks, gunning cats, bitches and pimps
Cripples and Gimps, ex-cons, pushers and tricks
Street poet, speak the essence, what's realer than this?
Up in the club smoked out coke, the feeling of Cris
You light in the wrist, Richard Simmons 'fro with a pick
Taking my record label hostage if they stoppin' my shit

(Sabac Red)

I remember them cold nights and long lines for clubs
Now it's strictly V.I.P., free drinks and drugs
Pounds and hugs, getting back rubs, be them Underground thugs
Who stayed street but got new found love
Take a Continental, drive a rental, travel the globe
Non Phixion 'till the end, worldwide we rock shows
Explode from out the projects, Glenwood to Drysneck
Hold your drink up, and make a toast to how the gods get

(Chorus: DJ Premier scratches) - repeat 2X

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