

Non Phixion, We Are the Future

We are, the motherfucking future

(Ill Bill)

Aiyo we murderous, I be holding more heat than thermoses
You get your loot housed, then get into shootouts, with secret servicemen
It's Ill Bill, Non Phixion

We pop biscuits at these poppy sissies claiming hip hop
You get your mop twisted

Break-dance, break every bone in your body
Bury you alive and dance on your grave like Rocksteady
A lot of rappers be pussy like Tom Petty
I told you "The Future is Now" dummy
Is y'all ready?

Spoke to the ghost of Christ, the poltergeist

Designed a prototype mind control device

Told the price to everybody

Then sold it to Bill Gates for 8 billion

I bought the Empire State Building and gave it to the children

Hold the 9 milli toast really close to villain

Smoked it with the fresh philly snow blind in the snow blizzard

Legend has it that before war I worship Satan

Drink human blood and have orgies amongst masons

Catching brain from the President's wife, the Illuminati can suck my dick

So I can bust my shit

Hits from the bong with Tom Brokaw

Twist my dust up in Bible pages and smoke folklore

Like a coke straw in a drug clinic I'm inappropriate

My people stay blunted out like Soviets

Blow up the rig with an exploding Motorola flip

Leave you soaking wet

Like a hot tub, pussy, coke, and Moet

Spit the coldest shit at chicks, to make they nipples pop out

Flip the coke shit for bricks, when the single hops out

Luxury whips, equipped for rap stars and drop outs

Ghetto celebrities, Double D bitches and knock-outs

Never leave the hood cats, two dollar sandwich hood rats

With a free soda, medicated twice we ogre

Double dip blunts, we Non Phixion, game over

My man's solo shit on cable got the game sober

How I became a soldier, paperbacks, top seller

My life story: how I went from mail fraud to porn seller

Y'all know Gore, nice with the words since 84

Rifles galore, satellites attached to the floor

Munching on veal parm' like human arm

Up at your record label, real bomb, smacking VP's with real charm

I'm a nice cat, till the Paxil runs out, and guys dumb out

Ice picks, ecstasy rings get run out

Selling rap tapes like cancer rappers

I'm by your crib with a gate that deflates and shoots arrows

Produce pharaohs attack you with chrome, shatter your bones

The world's fucked, call Jackie Stallone, her wire's tapped as well as my own

I lace the President with C-4, under his bed

Them Feds never found the books, freebase, or hollowheads

I'm on a five day fast, Flash Gordon blast award

And cash hording; launder money for rainy day sessions

Expose your weapons, lessons value life like some game of Battleship Connect 4

Gat equipped, t-t-t-tatter shit adequate aim, we came in to shatter the game

I'm mad at your gain; imagine the pain, when I splatter your brain

Conscious lyrics cancel out demons, monsters, and spirits

Marsha dearest, freed your soul allowed amongst the clearest

Visionaries, Sabac Red's a missionary

My vision varies align with the minds of kings in theory

Illustrated like Vaughn Bode, Cheech Wizard
Explicit when I kick it I only talk it cause I live it
Brooklyn done did it, money fast life, my cash right
Blast mics, I been tore the fuck up since last night
It's clear, everywhere is war, the streets scarred me
The god be singing freedom songs like Bob Marley
Watch me, on the trains, yelling street news, selling street blues
Built with my peoples, Muslims and Hebrews
Positive cats, I build with cats who want to shoot you
No competition, Non Phixion, welcome to the future

(Scratched)

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