

# A Bullet Never Lies

## III Bill

A bullet never lies, it always tells the truth  
My words are gunshots that influence the youth  
Assassinate presidents like John Wilkes Booth  
Put the message in the barrel of your gun then \*bang\*  
[Verse 1: Ill Bill]  
Fuck the Source, fuck XXL, fuck any media machine  
Or magazine that front my team  
Word to my comrades in the struggle  
Peace to HHC for putting me and Necro on their cover  
Their favourite rappers are Non Phixion fans  
Your wifey is an Ill Bill groupie with my dick in her hand  
United and dead-set, these young hoes wanna fuck me  
Excited like rednecks at gun shows in Kentucky  
I rocked Soca City  
Saw ten thousand Colombians screaming, "Non Phixion god."  
Don't be confused, this ain't that bullshit you listen to  
We that shit that your bitch finger her pussy to  
? chemical warfare, songs for hardcore goons  
The rest of y'all scared  
It's that radioactive green chronic in the blunt music  
Brooklyn homie run up and pop you with a gun music  
Break it down for the blind, the brainwashed  
Religious politicians and thugs pray to the same god  
Bloods and Crips, Democrats, Republicans  
Red and blue states to represent the sets they're running with  
Other gangs play the game too  
A blood named George Bush and his team smoked the entire Hussein crew  
Classic example of former friends turned to rivals  
Words ofinhe bible, despise murder, turn to survival  
Die for your set, bang for Muhammad and Jesus  
A shitty public school system and a car that's decent  
I'm an American, I need a blowjob and a pizza  
So I'll overthrow you for oil, Mastercards, and Visas  
[Chorus x 2]  
[Verse 2: Ikon the Hologram]  
This is a mother fuckin' siege and slaughter, another story of war  
A holy vision of the purity and glory before  
I warned you before about Leviathan and biochips  
And about the second coming of the Messiah shit  
About the motherfuckin' mark of the beast  
About the CIA distributing the crack in the streets  
A savage ? leave your body wrapped in a sheet  
He from Brooklyn, I'm from Philly, we was trapped in the streets  
My rap is complete, with everything from clappers and heat  
Pay us homage as you're praying at your enemy's feet  
That's why none of y'all can feel the god's real pain  
And none of y'all will never know God's real name  
Me and Bill is like the lightning and the thunder  
Like in 1985, Iron Mike and his hunger  
A triflin' brother, give me the weed and the 'caine  
So I can chop it up in pieces and distribute the pain  
I know that that's some ignorant shit to be saying  
But if I was you and you was me then you would spit it the same  
You viciously maimed, bleeding in a visceral flame  
Till your spirit enter in a metaphysical plane