

# Black Metal

## III Bill

[Verse 1]

I spit on behalf of my death cult made of millions of morbid angels  
Standing in a burning church in Norway lost in hatred  
Of course Satan smiles through the face of a child  
Whose born with the number of the Devil scraped into his scalp  
We don't like none of y'all at all  
My fuck your mother in the mouth type of dawgs might write this song  
Triple X bitches call me and invite me home  
They run up on me on the street in then invite me dome  
I spit the truth for the youth movement, it's goon music  
Engineered to make you bang your motherfucking head to it  
Learn ships, live fast lives and spit flames then burn bitches with crackpip  
es like Rick James  
Ill Bill, I'm from Brooklyn where the stars are born  
I make drug music plus I be involved in porn  
I be the chosen like Robby Benson beyond comprehension  
Holding a toaster like Bronson in Death Wish

[Chorus x 2]

Black metal, I cock back react thorough  
In la botanica con el santero  
Black mask, white robe, shrouded in peril  
Trapped me in the war between God and the Devil

[Verse 2: Sick Jacken]

I know a babalawo who cuts chicken heads  
I fuck chicken heads man that Santeria shit is fucking wild  
I'm feeling like my time running out  
I'm the middle of the block guns drawn when they gun it down  
I break speed limits on the highway to Hell  
They got the Devil chasing me trying to give me life without bail  
I drink spirits and smoke form for medicine  
And inhale elements of sickle cell  
You can catch me in the hood like VD  
That Sixth Side Street shit homes and we ain't deal with the PD  
The most hated on the block with no greatest  
Crash through the storm and attack the storm raiders  
I shoot the shit with Shaman, my spirit is still starving  
Imagine all the shit that my soul famine is causing  
Knife-carving nine on the psychos at night swarming  
I fight to be righteous but the murder is more calm

[Chorus x 2]

[Verse 3: Q-Unique]

I been forced to fulfill a dark and hateful agarro  
And was born the son of a Satan santero  
Burn black candles for a black Sabbath  
After the fact the priest converted her to a crack addict  
It's flat madness with black gats and black magic  
Sit and watch the death of faces and laugh at it  
With two white pale goth bitches lost in an orgy  
And you too could subscribe for the cost of a forty  
I got the blood of the faceless pagans on me  
A sacred place praying to raise a Haitians army  
The Babalawo wolf from Brooklyn in all white  
White fitted, white Nikes, moving that pure white all night  
Make a bluha scream changhol and fuck their brains out  
Your ice crucifix won't save you, tuck your chains now  
Between Heaven and Hell, pa' arriba y pa' abajo  
Knowing the Devil itself itself vamos pa'l carajo

[Chorus x 2]