

Canarsie Artie's Brigade

III Bill

[Ill Bill]

You like to take drugs and hear music, my album is engineered
Like biotechnology, attach me to ya ear
I make the devil do the work of God and God do evil
I'm both positive and negative, I'm like two people
Both from New York, New York, so trife they named it twice
Only idiots is broke, the hood is paved with ice
Paved with gold but never let it rape ya soul
Turn the tables on the dough homie take control
Fuck not eatin' shot the sheriff, made 'em stop breathin'
Anybody that ever fucked with me I got even
Wanna be here hardcore homie but you not leavin'
Starin' down at yourself prayin' maybe you'll stop bleedin'
God hates us all, use a brick to decorate the wall
Put a bullet in ya dome, desecrate ya skull
A world of pain so hot, Bill burst into flames
Psychological spit it like a person deranged

[Necro]

I'm one of Brooklyn's best sickos, I'm not egotistical
Just statin' facts hollow tip bullets keep the biscuit full
My rap speaks for itself, its alive
It says fuck with me and I'll have to murder you to survive
Their ain't many like me not too many like me
Too many wanna be like me it's not likely
Ya packin' a sword and a bat
But me I'm runnin' across the chessboard with a gat, ain't that ya queen
I don't gotta play this game clean
But I'm a play it like I mean business and I'm a utilize my brain to scheme
Rap been producin' directin' pimpin' an evil thinkin' clappin'
It's gruesome dissections
I started rhymin' in 88 like eighth grade in New York state
The only emotion I displayed was hate
From pigs with gats and kids that rapped
Fuck a snitch, you can't blame me for an animal like that

[Q-Unique]

I clash with the mind of a machathetto
And laugh if you cryin' when I blast the metal
March with an army of darkness until ya shotty go shot less
With a cock that'll make ya mommy drop topless
Write a bible quote with his blood on the wall
Another horror flick victim is just, runnin' to fall
Now the FBI say that theirs a nut on the crawl
It's Q the fuckin' maniac, brought a gun to the brawl
Pop the tow truck cop from my automobile
Then slide up in the club and party with my portable steel
Violence for the violent consumer, keep ya ear to the beat
Ya eyes glued to the luger and true to the herd
Hopin' to hurt ya fancy life
Cuz I paid taxes and vote for the anti Christ
Unholy trinity, vacate the whole vicinity
Scrappin' dignity and quickly take the hoes virginity

[Gortex]

Cause back to before zodiacs, sharpshooter, top of the pack
I keep it poppin' like I'm thrown in Iraq
Y'all know the cults back, the most hated with the sickest flow
Control freak handin' out cups like I was Jim Jones
Bury the rubble, half y'all live in the bubble

Fakin' my own death to forge passports and body doubles
Flash to 86, bubble coats toast and sneakers
Slay ya wrists, keep the posse thick, ropes and beepers
Dead celebrities, real life ain't as dope as the movies
Mental funeral the trauma unit since it was juvis
Out the hood groupies, coke head thugs and rock cuties
Motley Crue sluts love to chew cock and cop boobies
Swing the war hammer, see me on tour flyin' the Gor banner
The pigs tryin' to catch me out shoppin' I'm so modest
The gods are metal so consider the dream
Elvis is dead and 2Pac, he livin' in Queens