

# Legend Has It

III Bill

[Verse 1]

A drug deal gone bad, dead drug dealers, dead D.T.'s  
A duffel bag of yeyo, at least seven keys  
Pool party shoot out veteran, call me Jim Shooter  
Whores copped, left me two guns with twin Rugers  
Grand Theft Auto, sawed-off shotty party  
Canarise Artie, rep the hood, the rap John Tardi with nines on me  
Tell me who you be or you be gone  
We squeeze chromes, stop you in your tracks  
Fuck up your life like teen moms  
One Hour Photo, creep out like Mork From Ork  
Use the HK to speak when I talk to the talk  
Walk quietly and pop with the MP-7  
Put it to your melon, pop off and empty seven  
Split you in half like when my mom and dad was divorced  
Me and my peoples be the real life gangs of New York  
I'm so sick with it, I spit it like Cannibal Corpse  
We be causing a mosh pit like Cromags at La Moss  
So who you think this is? Ill Bill, ride and I'm gone  
Horrrifying like a Time Square suicide bomb  
Beyond and beyond, we let the drama start  
Terrorize you like freedom fighters  
Exploding on the streets of Islamabad  
Unapproachable, unfriendly, untouchable  
Bulletproof, torture you to death, punish you  
Connect heart, react like Colombian death squad  
Funded by CIA drug money, possessed by

[Chorus x 2]

Legend has it that before I war I worship Satan  
Drink human blood and have orgies amongst Masons  
Amongst the faces of presidents that crush nations  
Stuff a nun, sacred slut, draped in lust and hatred

[Verse 2]

I put the biscuit in your mouth and spit it like System Of A Down  
Get your weight up, I'm throwing pistols at the crowd  
Now a powerbroker, Non Phixion, the future is now over  
Prisoners of war tortured by proud soldiers  
Tell horror stories, Medal of Honour for war ceremonies  
Transport drugs like heavy metal roadies  
While they transmit their bullshit through television cameras  
Super powers throwing their gang signs like gang bangers  
Fuck CNN, fuck Meet The Press, fuck Al-Jazeera  
Fuck all of y'all, I won't be brainwashed by the media  
Speak it how I live it, powerful lyrics  
Leave an entire crowd in hysterics  
Popping the four pound when you hear it  
I been the worst thing since the CIA trained Bin Laden  
The kids ride when I pop off, Crooklyn to Compton  
I be the crypt keeper, the Grim Reaper, I spit ether  
Guaranteed fatalities, leaving your wig leaking

[Chorus x 2]

[Verse 3]

When I die I pray to God that I arrive in Heaven  
At least an hour before the Devil know that I'm dead  
It's gonna take more than a single bullet hole to my head  
You're gonna have to nuke the whole Brooklyn borough instead  
I trust nobody, question everything, I'm the king

Turn the weak into wolves and the wolves into sheep  
Teach you how to kill police then dispose of the heat  
My foes throw themselves off of buildings in the throes of defeat  
I'm like the Moses of this whole shit  
I got bitches that sell blow, blow dick, and suck their own tits  
Choking on weed smoke, we squeeze toast  
My enemies scream, "No, please don't!"  
Get your whole team soaked  
We coked out like Chris Farley the day he died, survive  
And your life don't mean shit if you ain't even really alive  
I walk off backwards with my nines in your faces  
While you watch me brainwash your entire generation  
[Chorus x 2]