

License to ILL

Ill Bill

I landed on top of the buildin, jumped out and exploding helicopter
Draggin the pilot by his jaw
Used his body to break the fall
He died on impact, blood splattered his back was broken
Bounced wit a slight limp cause my ankle was swollen
Get your ass up and lets get ill
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Cia assassin turncoat, burnin toke it serve coke
The worst, loke the fuck out we burst chrome
Double agent CIA merk both sides, and low ride
I'm so high, I can touch the sky
Fuck wit mine you get your head, bust wit 9's
Splattered like 10 pump out of our bathroom floors
Blast you whores, the dead mans the last who draws
I be the first one to let off
Gun slinger with the done figure throw ya head off
Gun slinger with the done figure throw ya head off
Gun slinger with the done figure throw ya head off
Like guillotenes I eat dog
Like the phillipeans through leg work I creep dog
Like a millipede, it's military 9 millimeter's pop off
9 millimeters that wave to your dome will drop off
A hollow tip package, slit cabbage
Get your wig handed to the coroner and examine
Life is for real, I deal wit the license to Ill Ill
It's Ill Bill, wit a rifle and the license to Ill
[Chorus]
Get your ass up and lets get ill
Ill Bill wit a rifle, and the license to Ill
I seen the president get shot at point blank range
Slipped thousands of people drinks and made em act strange
Had my gat in a hollowed out book in the last page
Silliowetter and dessert eagle to splash brains
I'm in the fast lane with cats that high-jack planes
Murderous wit terrorists they know what cash means
I'm sellin candy to these billion dollor crack feinds
Dont even ask me what my path be
Run up on your family wit a gat blastin
Top of the pile, rockin like nigel withal
I turn you out like a virgin wit a cock in ya mouth
Wit a gun to ya head, they find you ina trunk of a benz
Chopped into thousands of little pieces next to one of your freinds
America pimp, my first ho was a married bitch
Now I'm pimpen the first ammendment like larry flint
A true hustla wit a license to kill
It's Ill Bill, wit a rifle and a license to ill
[Chorus: continues until end]