

Megatron

Ill Bill

- Where's Bill? Where's Bill?
- Please stop hitting me.
- Where's Bill?
- I don't know who Bill is!
- Bullshit!

Ill Bill, Mr. Ill Bill, Mr. Ill Bill, Mr. Ill Bill

[Verse 1]

It's the cult leader Megatron
I transform into a Predacon, I'm my uncle on methadone
Brooklyn to the core, System of a Down, pistols on your mouth
Your mission isn't that, this is something else
Listen how we drift about, risking our freedom by flipping out
Biscuits in the round, bitches hit the ground, sins of the devot
ut
Spinning in and out of consciousness
Riddled with about a thousand clips
Criminally found around the manically sick
Physically endowed to wild and flip
Muffle horrific sounds, cancel you, quiet is kept
Dump an entire TEC in your lungs occupying your breath
On your knees in front of me begging and crying for death
Demonically possessed, economically the best
Obsessed with sodomy and death, my commodities infest
Yeah we wash brains and fly planes, you don't overstand yet?
Lucifer's the angel that God pays, homie

[Outro]

Can you dig it?