

# Run for Your Life '94

III Bill

[Ill Bill]

I'm coming out from inside the walls like asbestos  
A ghost disappearing and reappearing when least most expected  
I yank kids on there own bloods when the monster  
I'm a monster, responsible for missing camp counsellors  
I'm analyzing bio-rhythms, leaving my victims with incisions  
My sensory sees catastrophic visions  
Over the image of Jehovah I burn sulphur  
In retrospect I infect your innards just like an ulcer  
Then I twist facial be just like Rocky Dennis, when I menace  
It's horrendous, my bloody appetite's tremendous  
Enormous, watch the metamorphosis, stickin' snitches through orifices  
Remorseless on my thoughts, when I catch a corpse  
I navel in the arts that are not permitted  
Leaving carcasses after carcass, maggots within regardless  
I'm a psychopathologist, pathologically I'd exist  
Infamous, run with the twist

[Chorus: x16]

Run for your life

[Ill Bill]

Reports provided by department of forensics  
Reveal nothing but innocent of murder on this premises  
The only evidence being the body  
No fingerprints or murder weapons located  
But still they follow me  
Constantly I'm under surveillance  
Numerous, federal agencies provide the whole policestep interference  
So now there's all types of pigs bleeding haemoglobins  
Left in my tees are frozen solid from the head to the toes and  
Pieces of people I take and then I reanimate  
Beyond the gates I can see the bloody face of Sharon Tate  
I make you submit when I dominate  
Nothing you could ever do to restrain my campaign of hate  
I measure my pleasure by the amount of pain  
I inflict you in your torture, officer I make you suffer  
So listen  
I'm giving you five minutes to flee  
Here's a butcher knife  
Motherfucker, run for your life!

[Chorus]

[Ill Bill]

I vaccinate sockets with lip bloods, like if I was to flip once  
I snag a body bag them dirty fucking cunts  
Shooting chemicals directly into my jugular - look around  
Shits getting uglier and uglier  
Spinning' within my hyper-barrack chamber  
Nothing short of a bloody rusty razor  
fingerprint that could stop my behaviour  
Generally, and federally  
Etcetera, etcetera, shooting Storm Troopers like dead era  
I emphasize like emphysema  
Every word I speak creeps up in your bloodstream like Leukaemia  
I instigate mutilation  
Under federal investigation escaping police stations  
Taking all types of narcotics made to enhance my optics  
I'm lacking consciousness when I pump acid trips  
And want to kill the pigs (mumbling)

I'm lacking consciousness to let the razor rip open my wrist  
[Chorus]