

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]