

Soldiers Of Fortune

III Bill

[Verse 1: I'll Bill]

Yo, yo, yo, yo, yo

I see past everyone else, my name is Billy Idol and my influence is heavily felt

Do it myself, my DNA inflict your slaughter like Tony? talks shit to his daughter

As I approach the hour of reprisal

In a black truck, black moon, black guns, black metal, black sun

Two minutes until midnight, we amped up

Homie, stand up, leave the competition blammed up

Walk quietly and carry a humongous biscuit

I'm that guy that smacked your moms and fucked your sister

I care less whether you love Buddha or Jesus

Not even Mohammed could stop these bullets from freezing

Your blood ice cold in your arms and legs

Lie in a lifeless pose plus you're missing part of your head

I often thought if I could travel through time, what I would do

Often I drift between breaths of ganja fumes

Seeing mayhem unfold in the yards of schools

Seeing Satan on the chrome screaming God's a fool

Peep the angel of death creeping on you dudes

You're confusing my customers, man, you're not the truth

[Verse 2: Slaine]

We walk close to the edge and we don't care what the limit is

This is business, we the new Cohens and Simmonses

The bad seed you cats are growing your images

You don't know any lyricists, you only know what a gimmick is

I know about parents' dreams, I know what a? is

I know about guns, drugs, I know the whole city, kid

I know what an idiot is, where he lives with his bitch and his kid

For the ditch that he digged was dug

I know about hate, I know there's no love

I know about the stress from an AIDS test, I fuck with no glove

Tattoos from a dirty needle spelling my alias

Ask about me in the Bean and they'll tell you how real he is

I'm the monsoon goon, pistol packing with coke

Packaging ropes, bringing blades to the back of your throat

Every record that I made is like a package of dope

So take a sniff of fury, homie, take a whack of the hope

[Verse 3: Everlast]

Call me Mr. White, call me Whitey Furrah

Play me out, call me Devil and I'll send you to God

You pretend to be hard, yo I bring the Jihad

I make war on the man that makes war on the D

Bismillah ir-Rahman ir-Rahim, caporegime, captain of the team

I know I'm uncivilized, I know I'm unclean

I know I get high, I know I'm sick, I'm obscene

Subliminal hymning, original sinning

Purple drinks swimming, chasing young loose women

There's flames for the coward, praise for the martyr

I'm older, I'm wiser, I'm James fucking Carter

In the meanwhile you're going out like Reagan

If your girl goes wild, sacrifice that pagan

'Cause it's Coka, it's going down

Do you want it by the key, do you want it by the pound?

Yo it's Coka, it's going down

Do you want it by the key, do you want it by the pound?

Yo it's Coka, it's going down
Do you want it by the key, do you want it by the pound?
Yo it's Coka, it's going down
Do you want it by the key, do you want it by the pound?
Yo it's Coka