

The 3 Wise Men

III Bill

[Verse 1: Ill Bill]

I never liked Imus, always thought he was a dickhead
The media want to try to censor my lyrics instead
I'd be a fucking idiot if my lyrics didn't reflect
The pain caused by a world by a business of death
Blowjob from your mother and wife at the same time
Sit back, recline with my cocaine rhymes
Heroin beats, let the rhythm hit him, terrible heat
Relentlessly, effortlessly hit them
Street villainess, we the chosen of man now get in the van
I get it cookin' like meth in a pan
Tie your arm up with a belt and inject in a scab
Round trip to the drug spot set in a cab
Rolling Stone concert flicks, thousand dollar chips
Model chicks with Katana tits and hypnotic hips
Get sprayed at your table at the Babylon club
Left dazed, mangled, disabled, and splattered in blood

[Verse 2: O.C.]

Me and Bill are both martyrs
Flows so similar to Harvard books inside libraries
One step beyond smarter
Cajun hot, we throw it up like a half-court lob
Into the quarter when the shot clock does 'em
So sick, fuck around, become a victim
Don't blame me, young cats put themselves in this position
You're facing a dilemma
There's no telling when you might end up face off with a nutcase and a sinne
r
Embrace this and parish, face that shows terror
No punches or edits, I rival up the devil
I walk past everything falls dead
Verbally spreading my medula
Hoe store speech released unchained mechanics
In the form of bar with the music
Join us and permantly sleep cause your appointment
Two guns, me, O.C and bill, we're double-jointed
[Verse 3: Jeru The Damaja]
the rhyme alchemist, hip hop scientist
Mix bonds in a lab like an Al Quada terrorist
My shit narcotic from start to finish
I knock out so many teeth I get kick backs from dentists
I feed MC's to the vultures, man
While their chicks' asses up in the air like Chin Chan
Wanna test this? Have a good medical plan
Cause I bash you in the dome like Captain Caveman
And this dope's a billion bucks a gram
I wipe the blood off my mic and fuck a female fan
You never thought you'd see me, Bill, and O on a track
So dope the DEA thought it was crack
When it comes to rockin a mic I do works
So many exotic feats they call me Captain Kurk
Shit-faced like the jerk
My shit's a street sweeper, your shit just squirt