

# What's Wrong?

## III Bill

What's Wrong With Bill - Inspired by swords that kill  
Coldhearted, how can a person be taught to feel?  
Thoughts concealed by shield of alcohol and pills

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God is an atheist, why should I believe in religion?  
I'd rather get my dick sucked and cook K's in the kitchen  
Driveby, leave you on your block bleedin' and twitchin'  
Break bread with demons and witches, I'm evil and twisted  
Half of us in jail, the other half in Beemers and Sixers  
CEO's wondering who let these creeps in the business  
Creep with the biscuit, I'm peril when the fiends are vendicted  
Lights the American Nightmare - the trees of the wicked  
We cry blood, sniff cocaine and die young  
Time's up, caught up in the blowjobs and mindfucks  
The metal that killed my enemys, occupy guns  
Say goodbye cause you only die once  
My minds grotesque and so ugly, so focused, so hungry  
Trust me, young Gene Simmons, get in between womans  
Ill Bill - solo album, how we gon' take it?  
Leave you ducktaped and stuck in the Matrix

Tell me where the fuck I went wrong  
Took the wrong turn, wrong path  
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Two women love me, one gave birth to me, nurturing  
The other one don't understand me  
Sometimes you wanna murder me, sometimes you wanna marry me  
I paid my insanity gravely, it crowd me  
I think that I'm about to go AWOL, lose my shit  
As reality slips away I'm startin to loose my grip  
No smile is genuine or real  
I find myself loosing faith in every thing and every person that I hold dear  
I'm in a bad place, so who do I trust?  
I don't trust myself, how the fuck I'm gonna trust you?  
If I don't love myself how the fuck I'm gonna love you?  
I made this album to reveale my inner thoughts and discuss truth  
What it's like, me without death  
Would you appreciate the sunlight without the darkness?  
But I appreciate my grandmother raising me cause she'd never pass away  
So many things I never had a chance to say when she was here  
I see you when I get there  
I hope that there's a heaven even though I know I'll prolly burn in hell  
- I lived it, it couldn't get much worse I guess  
Suicidal thoughts, I think that I've become obsessed with death

And I know it's fucked up, but yo I'm trying hard so get the fuck out o'my f  
ace  
I'll work it out myself, it's my problem, I'll solve it  
Picking up the pieces of a life shattered  
I never knew my life mattered

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