

## 89.9 Promo

Non Phixion

Gimme a F, "F!"  
Gimme a you, "you!"  
Gimme a see, "see!"  
Gimme a K, "K!"

We do drugs, Uncle Howie 'til we die  
So long as we alive keep it movin' like a drive by  
We could stack dough sky high  
Listen one to five  
Eighty nine tech nine it's all live

Yeh yeh I shot Reagan plus I shot Nixon, Non-Phixion  
Fuck up competition like nine car collision  
Now ya arm's missin', you look like the drama from Def Leperd  
The walkin' talkin' death weapon that junk that the head spins  
Peace to the X-Men, eighty nine tech motherfuckin' nine  
I wrote a hundred fuckin' rhymes about these troubled times  
Fuck up ya head like when ya mother dies  
Non-Phixion launch an', you brothers want!

The quartet, drop you at ya parents doorstep  
It's G-13 with Mister Goretex government issue  
Run in ya chick Israeli pistols, I'm here to dis you  
All them rhymes that you spit on ya shit don't really fit you  
Non-Phixion we move like rock stars we burnin' cop cars  
Dust the guards tryna top ours Howie he got charged  
Runnin' the label, I twist tits like twin trae deuce  
I'm takin' the stage pissed the fuck off with twin cables

I spit the confident, zero tolerance splash ya continents  
Future escapades cross the rival dominant, prominent  
Loosed at ya barricade, crush ya masquerade  
Rip ya mask off, make you wish you never stayed  
You fuckin' bitch, I make you fuck ya moms between her tits  
You paganist, rockin' Avirex, suckin' dick and smokin dits  
K-see-are and Lord Seer plus Papito Garcia  
Non-Phixion and we the fuck up outta here