

I Shot Reagan

Non Phixion

Chorus One: Non-Phixion

Yeah yeah I shot Reagan, fuck a pagan
ate falafel with Menachem Begin
Who the fuck is Carl Sagan?

Chorus Two: Non-Phixion

I'm the space invader
Ill hieroglyphic translation navigator
Read your thoughts, make you think we chill
then I blast you later
We burn the fuckin flag
I shot the Devil down like we in Baghdad
His wife's the hostage
Her bodyparts up in a grab bag
Now watch the gun blast, holdin your chest, marked for death
The President's been shot, somebody notify the press
It's all Reaganomics, welfare, weapons and drugs
The government is thugs, that's why the leader caught a slug
Handle your business, we're writin Yiddish on your wishlist
My mind's the sickest, deknawledged devils on my shitlist
Necrodamus, hip-hop psychic, bring you the next shady election
then infected your mind was unprotected
You think me approachin you with a knife looks bad
It'll be worse, when I slice up your flesh it look all plaid
Keep the muskets up in the bookbag, and when a crook stabs
you in the brain, verbally you feel like you took tabs
The mental grave, one Jew buried under the dug plot
The walk-in drug spot, a nice picture for me the mug shot, what?

Chorus One 2X

Super secret surveillance assailants, Hebrews in Kansas
Wrap you up in bandage, mummified stitch weapons I brandish
Like trucks and bum, coffins airtight, mucus in vessels
Russian Roulette with bloody headbands, Christopher Walken type
A +Deerhunter+, parts unknown, rockin the jeweled throne
like Solomon, I killed your congressman with two stones
Best in the fuckin country, Israeli camou' dressed bummy
Ghetto guerillas, religious cats be thinkin Muncie
My solar sect stretch throughout rocks like Stan Goetz
and my vestibule bang on my chest from bad sess
Come and challenge or battle, get skull-fucked, but don't be sore
God ultimately saves those whose motive is pure

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Chorus One 2X

We Elohim, alien brain in my cranium
They locked me in a sanitarium, behind walls of titanium
Fifty-One forbidden classified spy Area
Doctors from Nigeria, Lebanon and Syria
South Bronx, I walk through epochs and airlocks
Disengagin doorways into time, breakin cellblock number 13
The Earth's seen the first gleam of life beyond humanoid existence
from light-year distances
I navigate rip the fabric of space in this race against time
Transmit a message backwards through the phone lines
Control minds with fairly common alien technocracy
We laugh at your misguided principals and prophecies
My species shapeshift, take on the form of an Earthling
If I fail to return back home, alert the King
Bring the reinforcements, program the telport coordinates

My spatial origin's the starting point begin your voyage
into mystery, strange universes, strange history
Yeah I shot your fuckin President, you know my steez!
Not Public Enemy, except we non-fiction, Non-Phixion
Positive and negative because the world's a contradiction
Chorus One
Chorus Two
Chorus One
Chorus Two