

# There Is No Future

Non Phixion

How can I make a clear decision in the haze of drugs?  
Prostitutes & Guns  
I stumble up the ladder with Sabac and Chunk  
By my side when I ride in LA  
We party with the stars & the starfuckers  
And everybody love us  
Yeah I do cocaine yeah I love to drink  
Love to get my dick sucked and need drugs to think  
It's sick  
exploding school buses  
Jews, Muslims, Christians  
What the fuck's the difference?  
We all want money, drugs & bitches  
Anybody that doesn't rubs me suspicious  
I don't trust none of y'all  
I don't trust religion  
I don't trust the police or the justice system  
Peace to erez the hustler locked up in prison  
See you when you get home  
We gonna puff the ism  
The future is right now  
Y'all motherfuckers listen

There is no future, the future is now  
It's non?phixion; we're coming at you like pow

Your future is morbidity  
Like Martha Stewart's fluids  
The new shit I kick is putrid  
Like Bea Arthur's pubics  
Jump off the roof and dive headfirst into the concrete  
Till the knee splits and blood red squirts  
There's no brawling with the strategy of energy  
Your cavity splattered your falling  
Now gravity's your enemy  
Shooting a bullet through your head  
Is all it takes to make you dead?  
Put a gat to your head  
Only thing left to do is pull it  
Simple like pressin record  
on the remote erasing your life  
Elimination, the message is stored  
I got a fascination for assasination  
Half the nation saw Kennedy murdered as Jackie O Nassis faced him  
When I'm rapping it's like an autopsy  
awesome audio, audacity or an orgasm  
From dying on crosses to spying war ships  
The future is present, peasant  
Wake up or stay lying with corpses

Alien rehab, with L. Ron Hubbard the drug bucket  
Pediatrics bugging on snuff flicks with Tera Patrick  
Digital dick, out for cheddar bled on the mattress  
Close encounters, add a Peruvian march and pout about it  
A planet that turns actors to crack faggots  
We in the ben hearse macking P-Funk & Black Sabbath  
Playing it off, stinking like I'm bathing a corpse

Getting frisked by pigs in my Porsche like I'm David Lee Roth  
It's the new mutants, torched your school like I see students  
Metal detectors & dogs putting frost on intruders  
I'm flashing my teeth, legal now for stashing your E  
My cyborgs ill, this bad bitch with ass that speaks  
Put it down with Charlie to eat, God pardon my speech  
Godfather, dust blunts, the Judge Dredd of the streets  
The Wizard of Gore, forensic, a legend that speaks  
Sporting nipples like symbols till heaven repeats

I'm not just a rapper, I'm an artist, I pound the hardest  
Bars tha shot the globe to make the dope sound retarded  
The guards get involved with some of the harshest mosh pits  
Non phixion's back bitch, roll out the red carpet  
I spar with legends, pray to the stars & crestens  
A lost presence got me through rough times and hard sessions  
Like deaths in the family, my method's insanity  
A mixed conscienceness with a twist of profanity  
We plan to be some of the sickest riches in the business  
We mean business from the start to the finish  
This is for the presidents, drug dealers, scholars & authors  
Warriors, terrorists, professors in college & lawyers  
Fathers & mothers, children, sisters & brothers  
Pimps & hustlers, gangsters, riches & busters  
There's no justice, I'm on some fiending by the thug shit  
You're loving on your enemy, pull your gat and bust it BAM