

Eh-yo, man, fuckin'..  
Mothafuckin' Billy, man  
Yeah, man  
That mothafucka, man, just called me and shit  
From fuckin', a, some county jail, man  
Down South or some shit  
He's mothafuckin' crazy  
I thought that nigga was comin' here next week too and shit  
But I guess he went down South with them fuckin' white boys  
You know he love headin' with them white boys and shit

Yo, yo, yo, Billy  
He sniffed dope and swallow acid, took cokes of cold classics  
Smoked hashes, tote plastic glocks and low jackets  
Cross country, cousin Billy with forty monkeys  
Twenty honkeys, Harley Davidson bike junkies  
In a convoy escapin' from Rosco Pico  
And those four redneck cops who had Woppy in a sleepfold  
The SWAT team, U.S. army shock team  
The snipers who shot King, infrared dot beams  
Aimed at windshields, gas tanks and wheels  
From the bank they yanked the mil, hot lead and stainless steel  
Shot through the helments, cracked heads like halibut jaw  
Ripped through the wolves and blew the hood off the car  
A.T.F., F.B.I., D.E.A., chopper in the sky  
Eye witness news on standby  
Built to tell, it was Mit from the metly metly  
Teeth dipped in P.C.P., hit to the head like a D.D.T.  
Hard on the gut like liq' B.L.T.  
C-cipher punks with the A.P.B.  
Only destroys who was drunk of the J.N.B.  
Ran up in A&P, hit the safe at P&C  
Documentary on A&E, eight P.M. E.S.T.  
Five P.T., the ho tapin' on V.C.R.  
Three victims shot, one was saved by C.P.R.  
Fuckin' Billy be wildin'  
Like Robert L. Lee on Storwall Jackson  
He always out for action  
I was at an eighteen hole golf course relaxin'  
When I received the collect call, BOODOODOODOO  
Collect call from cousin Billy

(Eh-yo, Bobby, I'm in trouble)  
Yo, what's goin' on, cousin?  
What the fuck, man?  
(Listen, yo I need fifty thousand)  
Oh sh--, eh-yo, Kinetic  
Check it out, nigga said he need fifty fuckin' g's Son  
(Listen, yo, we got into a fight  
In the bar, shit was just crazy)  
Eh-yo, I heard you was fuckin' with the white boy Tommy again  
Takin' that acid, nigga  
(Yeah, oh yeah, we chillin' though  
I just need you to come get me, for real)  
No problem, son  
Yo, I'll send my nigga Kinetic down to get you and shit (Aight)  
Aight, there it is