

Red Cafe f/ The LOX

"I'm Ill"

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[Chorus: Sample of "A Billi" by Jay-Z] (Sheek Louch)
(*Red Cafe) (**Jadakiss) RAH!!!! I'm ill!!! I'm ill!!! I'm
ill!!! (THIS IS THE REMIX!!!!) RAH!!!! RAH!!!! I'm ill!!!
I'm ill I'm ill!!! I'm ill!!! I'm ill!!! (D-BLOCK!!!!) RAH!!!!
RAH!!!! MOTHERFUCKER I'M ILL!!! MOTHERFUCKER I'M
ILL!!! MOTHERFUCKER I'M ILL!!! (Talk to 'em) RAH!!!!
RAH!!!! (Nigga) I'm ill!!! I'm ill!!! I'm ill!!! I'm ill!!!
(**EH-HEH!!!!!!) RAH!!!! RAH!!!! [Verse One: Jadakiss]
(Sample of "A Billi" by Jay-Z) Uh! Yo! Ain't no antidote
and ain't no answer It's me then cancer Jojo Dancer You
could try to fight it but you won't get a chance to
Download the program or even advance ya Software
I'm about takin you off here Turn to somethin small into
guerilla warfare Sippin coffee over your death in my
lawn chair Hot meal made by the chef with the long hair
Wherever you could think about goin we goin there
Soon as we touch down you know it's on there Then
spendin the money, like we don't care And when them
boys come last thing you 'gon hear is (RAH!!!) [Verse
Two: Red Cafe] It's R!!!! I done sold it all, out a Grey
Rover I got all the connections no layover Hood diet
plan come to my gallery I serve Coke Zero no calories
Still flippin, bri-dicks olympics Slangin on the benches,
rep, flow vintage Line 'em up or gun 'em down tell me
who next Still raw even when I practice safe sex Fall
through the spidot they like who he? They see a nigga
in the zone like two three I had big plans when I left the
big house Bad Boy they done let me up in BIG house
[Chorus: Sample of "A Billi" by Jay-Z] (Red Cafe)
(*Sheek Louch) RAH!!!! I'm ill!!! (I'm ill) I'm ill!!! (I'm ill)
I'm ill!!! (*THIS IS THE REMIX!!!!) RAH!!!! RAH!!!! I'm
ill!!! I'm ill!!! I'm ill!!! I'm ill!!! (*D-BLOCK!!!!!!) RAH!!!!
RAH!!!! MOTHERFUCKER I'M ILL!!! MOTHERFUCKER I'M
ILL!!! MOTHERFUCKER I'M ILL!!! (*SHAKEDOWN!!!!
WHATTUP FAMILY!!!! BAD!!! BOY!!!!) RAH!!!! RAH!!!!
I'm ill!!! I'm ill!!! I'm ill!!! I'm ill!!! RAH!!!! RAH!!!!
[Verse Three: Sheek Louch] Donnie G, I gotchu son. I'm
ill! Nine milli on a Louie belt Hands been on the same
woman Reggie Bush felt Donnie, chains go bang,
Cirocs on the table Trees all around me like I'm in Turks
and Caico Cars too foreign and I ain't never been to

Maaco Used to sleep on me, now they study my flow
(Sheek LOUCH!) I'm i-ll, that's how I win vanillas,
shades on Sittin in the +Back+ like I'm Wynton Marsalis
Still play the hood, even though my money grow Top
down, CNN, N.O.R.E. and Capone (Ha ha!) I'm ill, no
worry if the Lox got a deal Just getcha lil' money, it
might be your last meal RAHHHHH!!!! [Verse Four:
Styles P] Sicker than H1N1 (sick!) Kill the top 5 rappers,
then some Know it's redrum, when the lead come The
gun's the washer and dryer who want they heads spun?
I only give a fuck when the bread comes (That's it!)
...Street niggas know the repertoire +Public Enemy+
like Dillinger and Escobar (haha!) I keep shooters on
the roof Goons on deck with wolves for the resta y'all
(all that!) Make you ill when D-Block calls (D-Block!)
That's a knife goin in, our gun goin off S-P's hard, they
think ALL Y'ALL soft! WHAT! [Chorus: Sample of "A
Billi" by Jay-Z] (Red Cafe) (*Sheek Louch) RAH!!!! I'm
ill!!! (I'm ill) I'm ill!!! (I'm ill) I'm ill!!! (*THIS IS THE
REMIX!!!) RAH!!!! RAH!!!! I'm ill!!! (*YEAH!!!) I'm ill!!!
I'm ill!!! I'm ill!!! (*D-BLOCK!!!!) RAH!!!! RAH!!!!
MOTHERFUCKER I'M ILL!!! MOTHERFUCKER I'M ILL!!!
MOTHERFUCKER I'M ILL!!! (WHAT ELSE!!!!) RAH!!!!
RAH!!!! I'm ill!!! (STILL GOIN!!!!) I'm ill!!! I'm ill!!! I'm
ill!!! (YEAH!) RAH!!!! RAH!!!!

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