

God Gettin Funky

"Swordfish"

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[Verse 1]

Killing snakes that sidewind
Tripping on Jakes & Drive-Bys
Walk around high
Sniffing a Thai eighth and five lines
Five nines, hit you five times
I'll rise from the grave seven days after I die to spit
flames
Spit fireballs, spit volcanoes
Spit molotovs at popstars, exploding bombs under cop
cars
Arms dealers that I met I bought nerve gas and laser
rifles
They CIA they take they names from the Bible
Jesus specialised in chemical weapons and bio-robotics
Met him in Cairo he was chilling with this guy
Mohammed
Ex-PLO Honcho, that went AWOL
He sold black market organs at the CIA store
They introduced me to they bro Moses
Pulled out an eightball of that Grade-A shit, and froze
noses
Then they told me bout Ish and Isaac
Two brothers, one was telekinetic, the other psychic
They was after me, they was asking mad questions
Jesus tells me he suspects they were hired by the
Russians
I always thought that they was cousins
Who gives a fuck? fuck them faggots, when I see them
I'ma buck them

[Hook] X2

It's a hijacking, when I shot that pilot in the eye,
laughing
Landed the plane by myself, the only guy standing
Swordfish, more than Halle Berry showing off tits
it's real, Swiss bank accounts and terrorists

[Verse 2]

Blowing up buildings like Tyler Durden
My minds perverted

Eight women orgies, these congressmens wives are
dirty
Extroverted like Wild Wild West strippers
And death lifts us, to higher levels
I hire devils to kill other devils
I the funds expensive? never any troubles
Shoot outs because of my Uncle, Forever bubble
Bombed the airport, jetted in the cherry red Porsche
Catching head from this whore, that I met at the store
Jesus had the Lamborghini and that bitch from Tahiti
That liked to swallow ecstasy and sip some Martini
A disturbed past, involving all types of terrorism
I know how to dispense nerve gas through televisions
Tera Patrick and Adriana Sage
Undercover FBI agents that look great, and give
fanastic brains
Adriana Gave me a platinum chain
A mercenary in this savage game, I Skyjacked the
plane

[Hook X2]

[Verse 3]

Assasins get fazed, thrown in stealth planes
Exploding death pays, it's gangsta
You fucking faggots know the next phase
You'll get your dome X-rayed
Kidnap you like los pepes
'Til the chrome Tec spray
You get pussy, I own sex slaves
It's God's will, fuck with me you get shot and killed
Chopped into pieces and stuffed in the trunk of a
Bonneville
Globetrot, smoke pot, with bitches that so hot
They go to the Grammys wearing a see through dress
and no bra
No panties, fuck with me I'll kill your whole family
Cyanide now or later she choking on candy
I choreographed the goriest massacres
Bizzary to Africa
No story is graphic-er

[Hook X2]

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