

## Ill Bill

# "Canarsie Artie's Brigade (Feat. Necro,...)"

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[Ill Bill]

You like to take drugs and hear music, my album is  
engineered  
Like biotechnology, attach me to ya ear  
I make the devil do the work of God and God do evil  
I'm both positive and negative, I'm like two people  
Both from New York, New York, so trife they named it  
twice  
Only idiots is broke, the hood is paved with ice  
Paved with gold but never let it rape ya soul  
Turn the tables on the dough homie take control  
Fuck not eatin' shot the sheriff, made 'em stop  
breathin'  
Anybody that ever fucked with me I got even  
Wanna be here hardcore homie but you not leavin'  
Starin' down at yourself prayin' maybe you'll stop  
bleedin'  
God hates us all, use a brick to decorate the wall  
Put a bullet in ya dome, desecrate ya skull  
A world of pain so hot, Bill burst into flames  
Psychological spit it like a person deranged

[Necro]

I'm one of Brooklyn's best sickos, I'm not egotistical  
Just statin' facts hollow tip bullets keep the biscuit full  
My rap speaks for itself, it's alive  
It says fuck with me and I'll have to murder you to  
survive  
Their ain't many like me not too many like me  
Too many wanna be like me it's not likely  
Ya packin' a sword and a bat  
But me I'm runnin' across the chessboard with a gat,  
ain't that ya queen  
I don't gotta play this game clean  
But I'm a play it like I mean business and I'm a utilize  
my brain to scheme  
Rap been produc'in' directin' pimpin' an evil thinkin'  
clappin'  
It's gruesome dissections  
I started rhymin' in 88 like eighth grade in New York  
state  
The only emotion I displayed was hate  
From pigs with gats and kids that rapped

Fuck a snitch, you can't blame me for an animal like  
that  
[Q-Unique]  
I clash with the mind of a machathetto  
And laugh if you cryin' when I blast the metal  
March with an army of darkness until ya shotty go shot  
less  
With a cock that'll make ya mommy drop topless  
Write a bible quote with his blood on the wall  
Another horror flick victim is just, runnin' to fall  
Now the FBI say that theirs a nut on the crawl  
It's Q the fuckin' maniac, brought a gun to the brawl  
Pop the tow truck cop from my automobile  
Then slide up in the club and party with my portable  
steel  
Violence for the violent consumer, keep ya ear to the  
beat  
Ya eyes glued to the luger and true to the herd  
Hopin' to hurt ya fancy life  
Cuz I paid taxes and vote for the anti Christ  
Unholy trinity, vacate the whole vicinity  
Scrappin' dignity and quickly take the hoes virginity  
[Gortex]  
Cause back to before zodiacs, sharpshooter, top of the  
pack  
I keep it poppin' like I'm thrown in Iraq  
Y'all know the cults back, the most hated with the  
sickest flow  
Control freak handin' out cups like I was Jim Jones  
Bury the rubble, half y'all live in the bubble  
Fakin' my own death to forge passports and body  
doubles  
Flash to 86, bubble coats toast and sneakers  
Slay ya wrists, keep the posse thick, ropes and beepers  
Dead celebrities, real life ain't as dope as the movies  
Mental funeral the trauma unit since it was juvis  
Out the hood groupies, coke head thugs and rock  
cuties  
Motley Crue sluts love to chew cock and cop boobies  
Swing the war hammer, see me on tour flyin' the Gor  
banner  
The pigs tryin' to catch me out shoppin' I'm so modest  
The gods are metal so consider the dream  
Elvis is dead and 2Pac, he livin' in Queens

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