

Ill Bill

"Glenwood Projects"

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[Uncle Howie]

"Glenwood mother-fuckin' Projects, that was the fuckin'
place man. Fuckin'
crack smoking all night. Cookin' it up, sellin' C4,
weapons, blowguns, every
mother-fuckin' thing - what a fuckin' rush. We were
cookin' the shit up, an'
I smoked it up an' the Jamaicans man, they came back,
fuckin' torched the
place, with me mother-fuckin' in it! I couldn't get out
the fuckin'
apartment, they locked me in, I had to go out the fuckin'
window, it was
fuckin' dynamite!"

[Ill Bill]

Ill Bill lost sanity - lost humanity
Lost in a maze of purple haze, cannabis sativa - spit
ether - violently
Very vociferous - victorious - hotter than a crematorium
- I'll kill all of you
Kill you - mother-fuck you - Drop dead faggit it's the
dragon
.44 Magnum - splatter you in front of your family
My fire arms, never be tired - up in the air
Throw a bullet up in each eye - an' one in ya ear
I speak heroin, breathe weed, sniff cocaine
Tweaked levels when I peeped Courtney kill Cobain
We got the whole world scratching they heads
Life is like a high-jacked airliner, but we managed to
win
Back to the crib, breakin up the cats in the brig
Havin a bitch - flashin the tits - While you crashing the
whip
Laughin at hoes, taking fakersss to amateur flicks
While the Ill Bill albums kidnapping your kids

[Chorus - Ill Bill x2]

I put the D into Drugs an' the G into Guns
I put the D into Dubs an' the T into Thugs
I put the C into 'Caine an' the P into Pain

The G into Game, Pop-Pop - three in ya brain

[Necro]

I get impatient like a long bid - get so vexed I hit the
wrong kid
Shit gets awkward, like I'm on a drug an' I can't get off
it
Blank out - rip a shank out
Treat you like Vietcong - hit you like the weed in a bong
Your pussy like a G-string or thong
You think I'm sick? Fucked up? Oh am I?
You think you can't die?
Don't think your crazy cuz a years passed by
Beat you down with my fuckin' hands tied
Now change your attitude, before you get cracked
from different latitudes
By kids that are mad at you - they expect gratitude
I'll strike a foe - even if you don't know me you better
act like you know
Especially if you're soft - I've earned my stripes like
Schwarzkopf
The gun I bust off will tear through your clothes like a
moth
Your sloppy, cuz you start beef, and cop please, but not
meâ€¦!

[Chorus - Ill Bill x2]

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[Goretex]

I rock sickening raps like Woody Allen flares beach hats
A John Hinckley - run up on politicians with ski caps
Laser weapons - I bleed coke, happiness is like a warm
gun
Run in ya crib slitting ya G's throat
Cruise the block, whippin' uzi's an' pop
Loosin the cops, whether new lots or zooming through
Watts
The newest space suite, love rocking titties like
grapefruits
Phase two - Rasta-ice inverted "Hey-Zeus" (Jesus)
I'm up in fat burger - bag some codeine
So clean, pinstripe gat runners are Old G's
serving the fiends crack, dope and weed
Glenwood projects - we living the American dream
Screaming "hey pelican" - trains of coke on my cock
Handle bars like "Vivica" - with nipples and crotch
We toured - drive-bys on the mongoose with glocks

This ain't rhetorical, the story gets worse - you get shot

[Chorus - III Bill x2]

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