

## Ill Bill

# "Glenwood Projects (Snippet) (feat. Uncle Howie & Necro)"

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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 faker's 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  
me  
[Chorus III 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  
[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]  
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

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