

## **Ill Bill**

### **"Run For Your Life '94"**

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[Ill Bill]

I'm coming out from inside the walls like asbestos  
A ghost disappearing and reappearing when least  
most expected

I yank kids on there own bloods when the monster  
I'm a monster, responsible for missing camp  
counsellors

I'm analyzing bio-rhythms, leaving my victims with  
incisions

My sensory sees catastrophic visions

Over the image of Jehovah I burn sulphur

In retrospect I infect your innards just like an ulcer

Then I twist facial be just like Rocky Dennis, when I  
menace

It's horrendous, my bloody appetite's tremendous

Enormous, watch the metamorphosis, stickin' snitches  
through orifices

Remorseless on my thoughts, when I catch a corpse

I navel in the arts that are not permitted

Leaving carcasses after carcass, maggots within  
regardless

I'm a psychopathologist, pathologically I'd exist

Infamous, run with the twist

[Chorus: repeat 16X]

Run for your life

[Ill Bill]

Reports provided by department of forensics

Reveal nothing but innocent of murder on this premises

The only evidence being the body

No fingerprints or murder weapons located

But still they follow me

Constantly I'm under surveillance

Numerous, federal agencies provide the whole  
policestep interference

So now there's all types of pigs bleeding haemoglobins

Left in my tees are frozen solid from the head to the  
toes and

Pieces of people I take and then I reanimate

Beyond the gates I can see the bloody face of Sharon  
Tate

I make you submit when I dominate

Nothing you could ever do to restrain my campaign of

hate  
I measure my pleasure by the amount of pain  
I inflict you in your torture, officer I make you suffer  
So listen  
I'm giving you five minutes to flee  
Here's a butcher knife  
Motherfucker, run for your life!  
[Chorus]  
[III Bill]  
I vaccinate sockets with lip bloods, like if I was to flip  
once  
I snag a body bag them dirty fucking cunts  
Shooting chemicals directly into my jugular - look  
around  
Shits getting uglier and uglier  
Spinning' within my hyper-barrack chamber  
Nothing short of a bloody rusty razor  
Fingerprint that could stop my behaviour  
Generally, and federally  
Etcetera, etcetera, shooting Storm Troopers like dead  
era  
I emphasize like emphysema  
Every word I speak creeps up in your bloodstream like  
Leukaemia  
I instigate mutilation  
Under federal investigation escaping police stations  
Taking all types of narcotics made to enhance my  
optics  
I'm lacking consciousness when I pump acid trips  
And want to kill the pigs (mumbling)  
I'm lacking consciousness to let the razor rip open my  
wrist  
[Chorus]

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