



[Ill Bill]

I hit you with your entire generation  
I'm friends with God, and I'm friends with Satan  
It all depends upon my situation  
I'm flippin the chains to keep my pistols equipped with  
lasers  
Stranger to major labels, I'll Bill  
Fuck a tell-lie-vision, this is cable

[El-Producto]

Like an abusive home with sitcom laugh tracks  
Grafted from television's golden era  
A demolition pirate, drive a plain automobile and spit  
metal barbs  
Play jacks without Barbie  
I'm on a battlecat bombin baby

[Ill Bill]

I'm mad crazy  
Used to be a really nice guy, at one time  
Now I pull out nines, at one time  
And love crime, the drug find  
It's way into rhyme  
The rhymes find their way into my drug  
I'm in love with hate it's great  
The hooker had me hooked just after one date  
"It's Grrreat!"

[El-Producto]

A time that miscreants  
Shit more than just dissin and stimulants  
You caught in a small space  
Dusted with a psychopath simian  
Justice is a garden tool  
In the hands of the militant  
Primitive villagers with no food  
The weaponry is crude

[Ill Bill]

Back from behind bars  
I be like Biggie Smalls and die large

[El-Producto]

With Patty Hearst cleaning guns  
In the back of a stolen car  
With the hands of a bleeding bueracrat  
Banned from Ishtar

[Ill Bill]

I like good girls  
But triflin bitches get my dick hard

[EI-P]  
Hard, hard, hard, hard

(Chorus)  
Simian drugs, simian drugs  
"??? the ?S's?"  
Everybody's in love with our simian drugs  
"??? the ?S's"  
(x2)  
"Where you at monkey?"---> D-Stroy

[III Bill]  
Droppin from planet rap  
The CEOs deflect bullets with laptops  
To sell crack rock  
We be "Licensed to Ill" like Ad Rock

[EI-Producto]  
And Stanley, a Mortimer trading places  
With a faceless mascot  
In a monkey suit with bloody execs and a L.I.R.R.  
Reached they last stop

[III Bill]  
Last cop, beat by my my blueprints  
I'ma do shit if the shoe fits  
You'll take a whole precinct with you too, kid

[EI-Producto]  
Mascot of mayhem  
Direct from brainstem on tilt  
With hands across the genocidal American quilt

"Ahhhhh!"

[III Bill]  
I walk around like it's game over (sorry)  
Peep out the replay  
The opposite opponent got his exploded

[EI-Producto]  
It's all midget whores on stilts  
Tall tales from little fucks  
Can't you trust a flip flace  
Like large Marge in a Mack Truck  
Back up

[III Bill]  
The new paranoia  
Look over contracts on behalf of lawyers

Laugh at toys, I blast at asteroids  
Go ask your daughter

[El-Producto]  
Illicus, spillicus  
Plus funcrush that's killin this  
Willingly similar pendages  
Filling this blank page with syllabus  
Centuries certified murder hurts  
Best when flesh left on quarterized  
Labeled my words in the dirty earth  
Feelin this

[Ill Bill]  
If not, you better have your fuckin head examined  
The type of shit I'm on  
Cats have only read about and carved in granite  
Pull up your skirt and cause your heart to vanish  
I start the madness  
Pull out and bust my art upon the canvas

[El-Producto]  
Yo, loose leaf  
You're spooky too, shoot community  
Via CIA spook without truth and immunity  
Pehaps doom will be the proof, in the streets  
Soon to see, looters on the loot  
They got guns and impunity

(Chorus)

[El-Producto]  
Yeah, baby

\*Mr. Len cuts and scratches for the rest of the track\*

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