

Non Nobis Domine

"We Are The Future"

Visit "[We Are The Future](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

We are - the motherfuckin' future ... future!

[Ill Bill]

Aiyyo we murderous, I be holdin' more heat than
Thermoses,
You get your loot house takin' at the shoot out,
With secret servicemen, it's I'll Bill Non Phixion!
We pop biscuits at these pop musicians -
Claimin' hip-hop, you get your mop twisted!
Breakdance, break every bone in your body!
Bury you alive, and dance on your grave like Rock
Steady!
A lotta rappers bein' pussy like Tom Petty!
I told you 'The Future Is Now', tell me if y'all ready!
Spoke to the Ghost of Christ, the poltergeist,
Design a prototype mind control device - overpriced to
anybody!
Then sold it to Bill Gates for eight billion,
I bought the Empire State buildin', gave it to the
children!
Hold the nine milli, toast really close to villain,
Smoked up with the fresh Philly, stone blind, in the
snow blizzard,
Legend has it that before war I worshipped Satan,
Drink human blood and have orgies amongst Masons,
Catchin' brain from the president's wife,
The Illuminati can suck my dick - so I could bust my
shit,
Hits from the bong with Tom Brokaw,
Twist my dust up with Bible pages and smoke folklore,
Like a coke straw in a drug clinic, I'm inappropriate,
My people stay blooded out - like Soviets!
Blow off the rim with an exploda-motorola flip,
Leave you soakin' wet, like a hot tub, pussy, coke, and
Moet!

[Sabac Red]

I spit the cold shit at chicks to make they nipples pop
out!
Flip the coke shit for bricks when the single hops out!
Luxury whips, equipped for rap stars and drop-outs,

Ghetto celebrities, double D bitches are knockouts!
Never leave the hood cats, two dollar sandwich hood rats,
With a free soda, medicated twice we ogre!
Double dipped blunts, we Non Phixion, game over,
My man solo shit on cable got the game sober,
How I Became a Soldier: paperback's top seller,
My life story, how I went mail fraud to porn seller!

[Goretex]

Y'all know Gore, nice with the words since eighty-four!
Rifles galore - satellites attached to the floor!
Muchin' on veal parm' like human arm, up at your
record label,
Real bomb, smackin' VP's with real charm!
I'm a nice cat 'till the Paxil runs out, and gats dumb out,
Ice picks, ecstasy rings get run out!
Sellin' rap tapes like cancer apples,
I buy a crib with a gate that deflates and shoots arrows,
Produce pharoahs, attack you with chrome,
Shatter your bones, the world's fucked,
Call Jackie Stalone, her wire's tapped as well as my
own,
I lace the president with C4, under his bed,
Them feds never found the books, Freebase are hollow
heads.

[III Bill]

I'm on a five day fast, Flash Gordon blast award,
And cash hoardin', launder money for rainy day
sessions,
Expose your weapons - lessons value life some game
of Battle Ship,
Connect Four, Gat equipped t-t-t-tatta shit, adequate
aim,
We came in and shattered the game, I'm at it to gain,
Imagine the pain, when I splatter your brain!
Conscious lyrics cancelled out demons, monsters, and
spirits,
Martial theorists, freed your soul allowed amongst the
clearest,
Visonaries, Sabac Red's a missionary,
My vision's varies, aligned with the minds of kings of
theory,
Illustrated like Vaughn Bode, Cheech Wizard, explicit,
When I kick it, I only talk it 'cause I live it,
Brooklyn done did it, money fast life, my cash fight,
blast mics,
I've been torn the fuck up since last night,
It's clear, everywhere is war! The streets guard me,
The Godly, singin' freedom songs like Bob Marley,

Watch me, on the trains yellin' street news, sellin'
street blues,
Build with my peoples, Muslims and Hebrews!
Positive cats, I build with cats who wanna shoot ya,
No competition, Non Phixion, Welcome to the Future!

We Are The Future (x4)

Visit [Non Nobis Domine](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.