

## Non Phixion "89.9 Promo"

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[Intro]

Gimme a F, "F!"  
Gimme a U, "U!"  
Gimme a C, "C!"  
Gimme a K, "K!"

[Hook]

We do drugs, Uncle Howie 'til we die  
So long as we alive keep it movin' like a drive by  
We could stack dough sky high  
Listen one to five  
Eighty nine tech nine it's all live  
(2x)

[Ill Bill]

Yeh yeh I shot Reagan plus I shot Nixon, Non-Phixion  
Fuck up competition like nine car collision  
Now ya arm's missin', you look like the drummer from  
Def Leperd  
The walkin' talkin' death weapon that junk that the head  
spins  
Peace to the X-Men, eighty nine tech motherfuckin' nine  
I wrote a hundred fuckin' rhymes about these troubled  
times  
Fuck up ya head like when ya mother dies  
Non-Phixion launch an', you brothers want!

[Goretex]

The quartet, drop you at ya parents doorstep  
It's G-13 with Mister Goretex government issue  
Run in ya chick Israeli pistols, I'm here to dis you  
All them rhymes that you spit on ya shit don't really fit  
you  
Non-Phixion we move like rock stars we burnin' cop cars  
Dust the guards tryna top ours Howie he got charged  
Runnin' the label, I twist tits like twin trae deuce  
I'm takin' the stage pissed the fuck off with twin cables

[Sabac Red]

I spit the confident, zero tolerance splash ya continents  
Future escapades cross the rival dominant, prominent  
Loosed at ya barricade, crush ya masquerade

Rip ya mask off, make you wish you never stayed  
You fuckin' bitch, I make you fuck ya moms between  
her tits  
You paganist, rockin' Avirex, suckin' dick and smokin  
dits  
K-C-R and Lord Seer plus Papito Garcia  
Non-Phixion and we the fuck up outta here

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