

## **Non Phixion "I Shot Reagan"**

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Chorus One: Non-Phixion

Yeah yeah I shot Reagan, fuck a pagan  
ate falafel with Menachem Begin  
Who the fuck is Carl Sagan?

Chorus Two: Non-Phixion

I'm the space invader  
Ill hieroglyphic translation navigator  
Read your thoughts, make you think we chill  
then I blast you later

[Sabac Red]

We burn the fuckin flag  
I shot the Devil down like we in Baghdad  
His wife's the hostage  
Her bodyparts up in a grab bag  
Now watch the gun blast, holdin your chest, marked for  
death

The President's been shot, somebody notify the press  
It's all Reaganomics, welfare, weapons and drugs  
The government is thugs, that's why the leader caught  
a slug

Handle your business, we're writin Yiddish on your  
wishlist

My mind's the sickest, deknawledged devils on my  
shitlist

[Necro]

Necrodamus, hip-hop psychic, bring you the next  
shady election

then infected your mind was unprotected  
You think me approachin you with a knife looks bad  
It'll be worse, when I slice up your flesh it look all plaid  
Keep the muskets up in the bookbag, and when a crook  
stabs

you in the brain, verbally you feel like you took tabs  
The mental grave, one Jew buried under the dug plot  
The walk-in drug spot, a nice picture for me the mug  
shot, what?

Chorus One 2X

[Goretex]

Super secret surveillance assailants, Hebrews in  
Kansas

Wrap you up in bandage, mummified stitch weapons I  
brandish

Like trucks and bum, coffins airtight, mucus in vessels  
Russian Roulette with bloody headbands, Christopher  
Walken type  
A +Deerhunter+, parts unknown, rockin the jeweled  
throne  
like Solomon, I killed your congressman with two  
stones  
Best in the fuckin country, Israeli camou' dressed  
bummy  
Ghetto guerillas, religious cats be thinkin Muncie  
My solar sect stretch throughout rocks like Stan Goetz  
and my vestibule bang on my chest from bad sess  
Come and challenge or battle, get skull-fucked, but  
don't be sore  
God ultimately saves those whose motive is pure

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Chorus One 2X

[III Bill]

We Elohim, alien brain in my cranium  
They locked me in a sanitarium, behind walls of  
titanium  
Fifty-One forbidden classified spy Area  
Doctors from Nigeria, Lebanon and Syria  
South Bronx, I walk through epochs and airlocks  
Disengagin doorways into time, breakin cellblock  
number 13  
The Earth's seen the first gleam of life beyond  
humanoid existence  
from light-year distances  
I navigate rip the fabric of space in this race against  
time  
Transmit a message backwards through the phone  
lines  
Control minds with fairly common alien technocracy  
We laugh at your misguided principals and prophecies  
My species shapeshift, take on the form of an Earthling  
If I fail to return back home, alert the King  
Bring the reinforcements, program the telport  
coordinates  
My spatial origin's the starting point begin your voyage  
into mystery, strange universes, strange history  
Yeah I shot your fuckin President, you know my steez!  
Not Public Enemy, except we non-fiction, Non-Phixion  
Positive and negative because the world's a  
contradiction  
Chorus One  
Chorus Two  
Chorus One  
Chorus Two

