

## **Non Phixion**

### **"No Tomorrow"**

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[Talking]

Yo you dealin' wid militant goons ya know what I'm sayin?

Necro on the track, peace and love to BK

Far Rock, drop it

[Verse 1]

I stash concealables under my underables, fuck them other crews

I got a hundred goons bustin' you wid puncture wounds

Nothin' but rage, nineteen ninety nine the world change

Now it seem, the devil leaves the righteous man slain with the brain function, weak and callin'

Reproduction, revolution, assassination, execution, collision

It's best to find my religious credential politicians

Devil's decisions populate prisons

Resistin' arrest, officer investigate my place

Industrial strength flashlight, bash me in my face

These police they, motivate, drug market maneuvers

Gat shooters, visionary military computer operation specialist

My intelligence breeds benevolence

Subtract infested cam of the inheritance

No evidence, gunshots like three blast

Dippin' out the back wid the jet black ski mask

Can't indentify, who he?, you can't see

Jumble the visibility, we camouflage to crimes be

My mind be, venturin' into territories

Eighteen hundred and twenty five days end of story

Hook:

Everywhere I go 5-0 wanna follow

Everytime I flow it's like there's no tomorrow

I can bring happiness or I can bring sorrow

You don't wanna mess around there's no tomorrow

(2x)

\*scratching of\* "Nah kid" "It's only a matter of time"

[Verse 2]

It's Abraham baggin' grams on a beach in France

Militia dancer my Tony Sicero stance exaggerated

And overblow grimace like the technique of Sugar  
Ray's left hook  
born to menace, my hop wid Christ, bootless bandits on  
the streets  
Bless beats wid treats strictly grimey, for all my peeps  
Non-Phixion, incredible goons bringin' the legacy  
Shit, meaner than actresses rockin' dope on  
vasectomies  
I represent like Canarcy argue  
Quick to stick a party, intoxicated from Bacardi  
Real shit, legit like pigs who carry biscuits  
Intrinsic, like your kind of mind in your compress kit  
Don't risk it, like Mumia before a caper  
Upstate lats get buried, on two point five acres  
A crook wid line plus my alibi designed to jerk  
Housing officials and feds lookin' for tech nines  
I been through more shit than Rocky Dennis  
or Craig Mack's blemish, emcees suck mine and then  
replenish  
Back in Iceland we handy wid the gadgets  
Crime ridden like jackers extortin' karats I'm savage  
Keep it rugged like Tommy  
Waco will play ya devastation  
And sixty X's for my nation

Hook (2x)

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