

## Non Phixion "Rock Stars"

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And now it's time bring out the headliner for the evening  
Very special, please welcome to the stage

Escape from New York, but I be on some Brooklyn,  
bullshit  
I pull clips as fast as I dose chicks with ope tits  
Call me Necor, set the coke surviving the sticks  
Got my name all in your mouth like your liable to brick

Click me on the tube, chain swinging down to my shoes  
Light up the room, African boom, spark it and zoom  
Disciple of rock, the type to range rifles and cops  
I'm spiteful, fake's get left shaking like Michael J Fox

I deliver aids infected acupuncture  
Gangster and hustler murderer and kidnap a suspect  
Wrap her in [unverified] with blood red to crip blue  
My shit's to colorful  
Running through with a hundred goons and maniacs

If a bitch like to suck dick, she a brainiac  
Bust up in they mouth piece, see how they react, take it back  
Like a instant replay, live in the PJ's, watching my uncle  
Freebase  
Analyzing the angles on a fiend's face  
I learn to love my trees lace, the way the PCP taste

The way it make me see things  
Old school dice spot bills and sheep skins as I write  
Yes, I'm rocking Iceberg jeans and Tims  
Thinking where I'm going be in 2007

Either a house in the Hamptons or a house in Heaven  
I be chillin' on the beach in the South of Venice  
Or merking the President live on Channel 7

Coming through rocking  
Wild like rock stars, who smash guitars  
(Inspectah Deck)  
Non Phixion, unadulterated, emcee's

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I be Brooklyn till I die don't even question it twice  
My crew's nice, late night at the corners we shooting  
dice  
It's like, summertime in New York, jeans, shorts, tims  
Tanktops to roofies, groupies acting loosely

Who'll be, in a black drop with his hat cocked that can't  
block  
Puff on the stove, get spit in snapshots  
I'm trying to live, feed the kids, drive some whips,  
handle biz  
Own a crib, do my shit, in the streets, that's how it is

If I say, rock star, I'm talking about rocking the mic  
My shit's hot like the rock fiend dropping a pipe  
These cats are idiots, with raps so pussy they catch  
period's  
I'm serious, my life is like a drug experience

A porno movie with no plot and I'm the only guy in it  
Like Vivid video's with Kobe Tai dime, bitches  
Ill Bill rap crusader, chilling in the black Navigator  
Canarsie to Pennsylvania  
Wild like rock, rock stars, who, who smash guitars

Coming through rocking  
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Break Mumia out, bang you with shells and heaters out  
Blast off the terrorist, blow bombs and speakers out  
Hookers and bricks, gutter cats, bitches and pimps  
Cripples and Gimps, ex-cons, pushers and tricks

Street poet, speak the essence, what's realer than this  
Up in the club smoked out coke, the feeling of Cris  
You lighting the wrist, Richard Simmons fro with a pick  
Taking my record label hostage if they stompin' my shit

I remember them cold nights and long lines for clubs  
Now it's strictly VIP, free drinks and drugs  
Pounds and hugs, getting back rubs  
Be them underground thugs

Stay street but got new found love  
Take a Continental, driver rental, travel the globe  
Non Phixion to the end worldwide we rock shows  
Explode from out the projects, Glenwood to Dryneck  
Hold your drink up and make a toast to how the gods  
get

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