

East Coast Avengers

"Kill Bill O'reilly"

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[Chorus]

I wipe the dirt from my hands as I walk from your grave
Those ain't facts, those are lies in the statements you
Made

So we gotta get em get em

We gotta chill em chill em

We gotta get em get em

We gotta kill em kill em

[Verse 1: Esoteric]

You don't believe homeless vets exist? (Shut up)

You put a spin on everything like the Exorcist

You a lying coward, lost soul, most statements you
make

Are not so

That's how chicken hawks roll

I find the fact that you a Fox News asshole

Ironic cause you never been in a foxhole

I hope that you rot slow, you and your talk show

No Spin Zone, that's a vertigo inferno

Fire and brimstone, we seeing all your neo-con bullshit

Fuck a pressroom, you want the president pulpit

I cringe at your right-wing lunatic fringe

There's no elegant speech to shelter beliefs

Hate dominates like the Celts in the east

Michelle Malkin wants to snitch like you're telling

Police

She oughta be shot, they gotta be stopped

Infrared to Bill O'Reilly's head, that's the key spot

I'm not a violent man but actually your blasphemy

Is badgering me to blast you and your factual

Inaccuracy

Naturally, media matters to me so we gotta

Shut down Fox News, that's the way it has to be

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Trademarc]

Dear Bill, I'd like you to get your mouth off that
Conservative cock
Long enough to sit and talk it out
Scratch that, let's backtrack, I'll stalk your house
Knock you out, gag your mouth, drag you out, thought
This out
I wanna hurt you, immerse you in torture
Fuck making fun of you in punch lines
I'd rather kill your family in front of you by lunch
Time
A one lock execution at sunshine
It's crunch time? Let's take it to the front line
Bless the union of marriage? Oh that's classic

Dick in your hand making phone calls to Andrea
Mackris
You got it backwards, phone sex leading to threats
To get her flat up on your mattress is as sick as
The list of adjectives put upon your favourite
Actresses in your book
No spin, so grim, you borderline rapist, sexist, racist
Makeshift talking head celebrity that need a facelift

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Esoteric]

I transcribed all your lies till my dome was sore
Separated all your letters like an underscore
I'm in your driveway like "Bill O, what you running
For?"
You want beef but you'd never send your son to war
That's my favourite reason but I got a hundred more
You a political prostitute, a money whore
Your ass is upper class saying that you come from poor
Backgrounds
You need to get smacked down with guns galore

[Verse 4: Trademarc]

Or something more hardcore, slasher flick, mashed to
Bits
Scatter your chitter chatter is littered with little
That matters
You mad hatter blabbering on, I'm deadpan steady-
handed
Kill you on a webcam body battered till I got red hands
And leave trail of dead fam (aha, damn)
That's a Youtube number one download
Dump you at the end of your town's road
Or hang you like Benito Mussolini if the ground's cold

[Chorus]

[Verse 5: Esoteric]

You're the worst person on the planet, credit yourself
You mutilate a nominee now you edit yourself
Plus your lawsuit proves it, Bill, you read it yourself
You're a sick man, you're better off deading yourself
Pan left, maximum carnage like Grand Theft
Pan right, see the mic through the antichrist chest
O'Reilly get to shanking, he's a liar, falsifier
And I'm a wolf out for his blood till he retires

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