

## **Dan Wilson of Semisonic & Bic Runga**

### **"Glenwood Projects"**

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[Uncle Howie]

"Glenwood mother-fuckin' Projects, that was the fuckin' place man. Fuckin' crack smoking all night. Cookin' it up, sellin' C4, weapons, blowguns, every mother-fuckin' thing - what a fuckin' rush. We were cookin' the shit up, an' I smoked it up an' the Jamaicans man, they came back, fuckin' torched the place, with me mother-fuckin' in it! I couldn't get out the fuckin' apartment, they locked me in, I had to go out the fuckin' window, it was fuckin' dynamite!"

[Ill Bill]

Ill Bill lost sanity - lost humanity  
Lost in a maze of purple haze, cannabis sativa - spit ether - violently  
Very vociferous - victorious - hotter than a crematorium  
- I'll kill all of you  
Kill you - mother-fuck you - Drop dead faggit it's the dragon  
.44 Magnum - splatter you in front of your family  
My fire arms, never be tired - up in the air  
Throw a bullet up in each eye - an' one in ya ear  
I speak heroin, breathe weed, sniff cocaine  
Tweaked levels when I peeped Courtney kill Cobain  
We got the whole world scratching they heads  
Life is like a high-jacked airliner, but we managed to win  
Back to the crib, breakin up the cats in the brig  
Havin a bitch - flashin the tits - While you crashing the whip  
Laughin at hoes, taking fakersss to amateur flicks  
While the Ill Bill albums kidnapping your kids

[Chorus - Ill Bill x2]

I put the D into Drugs an' the G into Guns  
I put the D into Dubs an' the T into Thugs  
I put the C into 'Caine an' the P into Pain

The G into Game, Pop-Pop - three in ya brain

[Necro]

I get impatient like a long bid - get so vexed I hit the wrong kid

Shit gets awkward, like I'm on a drug an' I can't get off it

Blank out - rip a shank out

Treat you like Vietcong - hit you like the weed in a bong

Your pussy like a G-string or thong

You think I'm sick? Fucked up? Oh am I?

You think you can't die?

Don't think your crazy cuz a years passed by

Beat you down with my fuckin' hands tied

Now change your attitude, before you get cracked from different latitudes

By kids that are mad at you - they expect gratitude

I'll strike a foe - even if you don't know me you better act like you know

Especially if you're soft - I've earned my stripes like Schwarzkopf

The gun I bust off will tear through your clothes like a moth

Your sloppy, cuz you start beef, and cop please, but not meâ€!

[Chorus - Ill Bill x2]

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[Goretex]

I rock sickening raps like Woody Allen flares beach hats

A John Hinckley - run up on politicians with ski caps

Laser weapons - I bleed coke, happiness is like a warm gun

Run in ya crib slitting ya G's throat

Cruise the block, whippin' uzi's an' pop

Loosin the cops, whether new lots or zooming through Watts

The newest space suite, love rocking titties like grapefruits

Phase two - Rasta-ice inverted "Hey-Zeus" (Jesus)

I'm up in fat burger - bag some codeine

So clean, pinstripe gat runners are Old G's

serving the fiends crack, dope and weed

Glenwood projects - we living the American dream

Screaming "hey pelican" - trains of coke on my cock

Handle bars like "Vivica" - with nipples and crotch

We toured - drive-bys on the mongoose with glocks

This ain't rhetorical, the story gets worse - you get shot

[Chorus - Ill Bill x2]

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