

Drag On F/ Jadakiss

"Simian D aka Feeling Ignorant"

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"Awwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwww!"

[El-Producto]

Simian drugs, simian drugs
Everybody's in love with our simian drugs

[Ill Bill]

If it wasn't for Microsoft, you faggots wouldn't have no fans
If you lived in the Middle East, you faggots wouldn't have no hands
Still a bunch of jerk offs, I fuck your mother then I murk off

[El-Producto]

You could suck tits like Schillinger's kitten, isolation provokin panic
And fucked in the ass by Sting for seven hours, tantric
Set the phone in a fan-zine for the the man boy love circuit
Society, a stain, plain murderers are worthless

[Ill Bill]

You know you heard it
I grab your crucifix and invert it
Fuck a consequence, I chop the head, gangster apocalypse
Walk into banks and write "withdrawals" on the deposit slip
This female cop ran up on me, so I shot the bitch

[El-Producto]

From the brain of John Malkovich
Insane from the stain frame
The twelve monkeys caught in a corrupted cock blender
Serenity hits the shits
Dickin of lips of Rocky Horror Pics
Face, scar tissue, standard issue

[Ill Bill]

I hit you with your entire generation
I'm friends with God, and I'm friends with Satan
It all depends upon my situation
I'm flippin the chains to keep my pistols equipped with
lasers
Stranger to major labels, Ill Bill
Fuck a tell-lie-vision, this is cable

[El-Producto]

Like an abusive home with sitcom laugh tracks
Grafted from television's golden era
A demolition pirate, drive a plain automobile and spit
metal barbs
Play jacks without Barbie
I'm on a battlecat bombin baby

[Ill Bill]

I'm mad crazy
Used to be a really nice guy, at one time
Now I pull out nines, at one time
And love crime, the drug find
it's way into rhyme
The rhymes find their way into my drug
I'm in love with hate it's great
The hooker had me hooked just after one date
"It's Grrreat!"

[El-Producto]

A time that miscreants
Shit more than just dissin and stimulants
You caught in a small space
Dusted with a psychopath simian
Justice is a garden tool
In the hands of the militant
Primitive villagers with no food
The weaponry is crude

[Ill Bill]

Back from behind bars
I be like Biggie Smalls and die large

[El-Producto]

With Patty Hearst cleaning guns
In the back of a stolen car
With the hands of a bleeding bueracrat
Banned from Ishtar

[Ill Bill]

I like good girls
But triflin bitches get my dick hard

[El-P]

Hard, hard, hard, hard

(Chorus)

Simian drugs, simian drugs

"D-R-U-G-S'S"

Everybody's in love with our simian drugs

"D-R-U-G-S'S"

(x2)

"Where you at monkey?"---> D-Stroy

[Ill Bill]

Droppin from planet rap

The CEOs deflect bullets with laptops

To sell crack rock

We be "Licensed to Ill" like Ad Rock

[El-Producto]

And Stanley, a Mortimer trading places

With a faceless mascot

In a monkey suit with bloody execs and a L.I.R.R.

Reached they last stop

[Ill Bill]

Last cop, beat by my my blueprints

I'ma do shit if the shoe fits

You'll take a whole precinct with you too, kid

[El-Producto]

Mascot of mayhem

Direct from brainstem on tilt

With hands across the genocidal American quilt

"Ahhhhh!"

[Ill Bill]

I walk around like it's game over (sorry)

Peep out the replay

The opposite opponent got his exploded

[El-Producto]

It's all midget whores on stilts

Tall tales from little fucks

Can't you trust a flip flace

Like large Marge in a Mack Truck

Back up

[Ill Bill]

The new paranoia

Look over contracts on behalf of lawyers

Laugh at toys, I blast at asteroids

Go ask your daughter

[El-Producto]

Illicus, spillicus

Plus funcrush that's killin this

Willingly similar pendages

Filling this blank page with syllabus

Centuries certified murder hurts

Best when flesh left on quarterized

Labeled my words in the dirty earth

Feelin this

[Ill Bill]

If not, you better have your fuckin head examined

The type of shit I'm on

Cats have only read about and carved in granite

Pull up your skirt and cause your heart to vanish

I start the madness

Pull out and bust my art upon the canvas

[El-Producto]

Yo, loose leaf

You're spooky too, shoot community

Via CIA spook without truth and immunity

Pehaps doom will be the proof, in the streets

Soon to see, looters on the loot

They got guns and impunity

(Chorus)

[El-Producto]

Yeah, baby

Mr. Len cuts and scratches for the rest of the track

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